THE

CHVRCH MILITANT,

HISTORICALLY

Continued from the Yeare of Our

SAVIOVRS Incarnation 33. untill this present, 16.

BY

WILLIAM VAUGHAN
Knight.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE *RICHARD*, EARLE OF CARBERY.

The Argument.

The *Authour* here my *Noble Lord* acquaints
What *Paths* they tread who lead the lives of *Saints*,
What *Comforts* he ſhall finde, what good ſucceſſe,
While he walks in the *New-mans* Dioceſſe.

I *Sound not forth* Old Souldours *turn'd to Swine*
By Harlots *Charmes, by fulſome Cheere or Wine*;
But the New-borne (*a Theame to Worldlings ſtrange*)
ſing the Minds *more then the* Bodies *Change*;

I ſing the Churches Change, Eclipſe, Decreaſe,
Her Eaſt, and Weſt, with her Full Moones Encreaſe.
Such Newes *I blaze, which no good* Proteſtant
Shall juſtly taxe for Sparkes *exorbitant,*
Like to thoſe Brats *expos'd to* Brambles Flame
By Midwives *Doome to hide the* Parents *ſhame,*
Or thoſe, for which of late our Pauls Church-yard
And Smith-field *in the Spoiles with* Vulcan *ſhar'd.*
Truth *ſmites the* Chaſt: *while* Wantons *long to heare*
Falſe Tales, *at which they Nod, or fondly ſeere,*
Fooling away the Time, their pretious Time,
Lent them for better uſe in Proſe *or* Rime,
To win ſome Strayes *by meanes of* Vertuous Books,
Not Soules *to tempt with* Fornications *Hookes.*
There, with much Gall Gulls *one another flout:*
Heere for Miſtakes, the Lie, or Toyes they pout,
Forgetting Satans *Ambuſh for Good Wits,*
Tongues trip, Pens blur, None free from Paſſions Fits,

And yet for Words *and* Names, *Externall things,*
They perſecute their Chriſtian Mates *with ſtings,*
Till tir'd at laſt with Conſcience-griping Cares,
Both Parties howle within the Divels *Snares.*
Others by Lines *and* Cubes *aſpire to know*
The Higher Orbes, *or in the* Globe *below*
They levell Spires, *the* Climates, *or the* Lawes,
Into whoſe Depth they pry no more then Dawes;
And yet to gaine applauſe, or Golden Fees,
They hope for Swans *to chop their gaggling* Geeſe.
Some Court Faire Dames *with* Fancies Madrigalls,
Chaulking the Way to Paphian Lupercalls,
Which they frequent with uncontrouled Luſt
Till Honour, Wealth, and Health lye in the Duſt.
Sometimes Pelagian-*wiſe they ruminate*
On Mans Free-will, *and the* Predeſtinate,
Till they from Grace *quite excommunicate*
Doe pitch on Hell, *and on the* Reprobate.

Now, of long-handed Kings *the mounted ſtate,*
Anon, their ſlips or Fall they perſonate
With Satyres *ſting, untill themſelves are ſtung;*
Or elſe they ſooth Great men *with glozing Tongue,*
Untill they feele worſe Racks with Conſcience ſear'd,
Then Poets *faign'd for ſtroaking of* Joves Beard.
Some other Whiles they dare more Curious peepe
Into the Concaves of th' Infernall Deepe,
Of Limboes Vault, *or* Purgatories *Paine*
Redeem'd for Gold *the* long-white Robe *to ſtaine.*
With ſuch Bald Stuffe *moſt* Writers *doe oppreſſe,*
In hope to purchaſe Fame, the Printers Preſſe.
Which ſhewes, that Soules, *like* Seas *toſt with unreſt,*
Wave, till they ſet into Gods *Port of Reſt;*
Or elſe that they, like Swine, *fall to worſe* Seas
Then Gaderens *for their prodigious Pleas,*
Remonſtrances, *and* Problems, *which they pend,*
Of Rampant Zeale the Churches Peace *to rend.*

So buſie is Mans Braine : *It alwayes workes*
And ſeekes to know what from the Sences *lurkes,*
Abſtruſe and hid, like Planets *moving ſtill;*
But in default of Objects good or ill,
Becauſe it finds no buſineſſe from without,
Turnes Monke *within, an* Ideot, *or a* Lout;
Or on it ſelfe with Atomes *and* Chymeres
Playes Whirligig, *untill it ends in Feares,*
Diſtractions, Lies, and Schiſmes, *juſt Penalties*
Due for the Search of Knotty Novelties.
For want of Grace, *and of* Celeſtiall *Armes,*
Sighes, Teares, *&* Vowes, *thus by the* Serpents *charmes*
Are Men ſeduc'd Old Adams Tree *to taſt,*
And with vaine Fruit *to break their needleſſe Faſt.*
Becauſe Gods Word, *whereby they might be ſav'd,*
They ſlighted, 'tis no marvell though they rav'd.

But our New man *wean'd from the* Carnall Teat
By Truths *calme Breath, the* Flaming Paraclete,
With Drier Braine holds a Cleere Intellect,
So solid, that he others can direct
A safer Course of knowledge to affect
Then what the Wind-mill *grinds of* Satans Sect.
Though Natures sting *in our* Originall
Hath made us prone into the Snare to fall:
Yet we New-borne *fight with the* Spirits Sword,
And triumph by the Second Adams Word
Over the Dragons *false enchanting Arts,*
With constant Faith *repelling all his* Darts,
Those sober Cates *contenting our repast,*
Which lawfull are for tender Soules to tast.
We would seeme Inward *more then* Outward *wise,*
Yet Both addresse with Saints *to sympathize.*
For carnall Samians transubstantiate Change,
(*The* Old Mans Quirk) *the* New man *we exchange.*

Instead

Instead of Lethes Lake, *or* Phlegeton,
We Tophets Paine *sing due to* Babylon.
For Limbus Patrum, *or th'*Elizian Camp,
Gods Paradise *for* Saints *renewes our Lamp.*
A Dolphin *bore* Arion *from the Seas*;
Amphions Harp, *they say, did* Thebes *appease*:
But Jesus Christ *the Third day to have rose*
From Josephs Tombe, *we really disclose,*
Or by a Whale *we* Jonas *bring to Land,*
Who Niniveh *converted out of hand.*
For Cerberus, *we blaze proud* Satans Losse;
For Hercules *his* Club, *our* Saviours Crosse.
For Triviall Tales, *and sence-alluring Toyes,*
We read on Bookes *Soule-ravishing to joyes.*
For Thalmuds *we the* Scriptures *native sence*;
And for Nice Schoole-mens *Glosse, in our Defence,*
We can produce by Truths *Prerogative*
The Chiefest Starres *of the* Church Primitive,

Or

Or thoſe, who in the Laſt and Preſent Age
With Volumes *rare repair'd our* New mans *Stage.*
To baniſh Humane Lies, *and Brain-ſick Dreames,*
What Tree *more full? what* Field *yeelds riper Theames*
Then Chriſt his Life, *and the* New Teſtament?
Or in her Swathes *the* Churches *fragrant ſcent?*
This Lady *here my* New man *warbles forth,*
Though fully not according to her worth,
Yet ſo, My Lord, *that you may cleerely ſee:*
Though ſhe was long obſcur'd, ſhe now raignes free,
Cloath'd with the Sunne, *Crown'd with a dozen* Starres,
And no Eclipſe *you from her Influence barres.*

But out alaſſe! how many boaſt of Faith?
Who never markt what Chriſtian Scripture *ſaith:*
For what is Faith *without* Good works, *or Fruit,*
But a dead Stock? not worth a Moores *purſuit?*
Unleſſe

Unleſſe he dreames of Mechaes *fond Delights?*
Or Millenairs *to ſnare* Voluptuous Wights?
Or of vaine works *of* Supererogation,
Soules to bewitch with Babels Fornication?
Our Saint *is not with ſuch Conceits defil'd,*
Nor turnes with ſuch Extravagances wild,
For he well knowes, that as good Trees will bud,
And beare good Fruit, ſo Saints *doe alwayes Good,*
And never ſcorne to greet the Simpleſt Man;
To call home Strayes they labour what they can.
Such is our Saint, *the Naked he attires,*
And helps to warme their Soules with zealous Fires.
According to his Power great or ſmall,
He ſaves diſtreſſed Saints from Tyrants *Thrall.*
He ſues for Peace, and grieves to ſee debate.
And daily prayes Lawes Rigour *to abate.*
If he be forc't to Law *in his defence,*
He doth it without ſpleen, or Saints *offence.*

And

And if his Clapper *hap to clatter wild,*
Before Sun-set *he growes more Calme and mild;*
Or if that Filmy Piece *in others blabbs*
His ſhame, he counts it like the Noiſe of Drabbs.
He ſets not out his Lipps to Farme, nor ſlander,
Nor lets his Tongue *before his* Wits *to wander.*
He holds his Word *as pretious as his* Seale,
And ſcornes Falſe Cards *unto the Leaſt to deale.*
He dares not plot Revenge, nor ſcoffe, nor raile,
But beares with Knaves and Fooles for Saints *availe.*
He covets no mans Goods, but if at Play
He Winnes, He gives it to the Poore *away.*
He ſpends his vacant Howres in thrifty Courſe,
Leſt Idleneſſe *corrupt him worſe and worſe.*
He prizeth Coine *but excrementall Droſſe,*
And toiles for Others Good, though with his Loſſe.
He doth his Beſt to curbe Promooting Scribes,
Leſt God *require of him their winkt-at Bribes.*

At Night he ſcores the Deedes he did that Day,
And the next Morning ſcowres their ruſt away.
The Sabbath, *like the* Puritan, *he waighes,*
And, like the Papiſt, *keepes the* Faſting dayes:
The Former *mindes him of the* Spirits *Mart,*
The Latter *helpes to ſtint the Senſuall Part.*
He daily ſtrives ſo to compoſe his Minde,
That ſeldome him doe Idoll-paſſions *blinde,*
Nor cauſe him long to doat on Pleaſures *ſhape,*
Be it a Horſe, *or* Hawke, *a* Dog, *or* Ape,
He kindly ſpeakes, meanes well, doth good to all,
But moſt to Saints, *and helpes up them that fall.*
God *root theſe* Works *in me, leſt whilſt his Way*
I others teach, my ſelfe a Caſt-a-way
Become, like him, anothers Floore that ſweepes,
And yet his owne New houſe moſt naſty keepes.

THe Heart *ſtill moves*: *It* Loves *and ſpreads with* Joy
Or wrung With Gall *and* Griefe *it feeles Annoy*.
The Former *flow*, *becauſe* Gods Flames *inſpire it*,
The Latter *chance in abſence of his* Spirit.
Of theſe Affects *our* Inward Man *partakes*,
Amidſt his Joyes *ſometimes his* Spirit *akes*:
Yet his Griefes *ſmart ſpring not for worldly Cauſe*,
But for mens Breach of the Creators Lawes,
For the Encreaſe of Idols, Avarice,
Of Drunken Healths, *or the like Heath'niſh vice*,
For Concords Breach, *for* Chriſtian Blouds *effuſion*,
For loſſe of Time, *our* Talents *vaine profuſion*;
Or elſe becauſe he ſees the Church *of* Chriſt
Oppreſt by Fiends, *and* Saints *by* Antichriſt.
Sometimes he feeles ſtrange Qualmes, *neer deſtitute*
Of zeale-bred heat, *till entring to diſpute*

W

With his Proud Foe, *he like One cheer'd with Wine*,
Threats him with Thumps, *to make his Pride decline*:
He calls him Monſter, Belly-god, *and* Slave,
And vowes his Fare to ſhorten, *if he rave*.
With Davids Sling *he knocks* Goliahs *downe*,
For ſtanding out againſt his Maſters Crowne.
Though he enjoyes an outward faire Eſtate,
And ſeemes to ſome to be moſt fortunate;
Yet in his Mind he waighes the Cauſe, *th'Event*,
Mens Frailty, *and his owne coincident*,
Thereat he Lion-like for braver Prey
His Courage lifts at full, *not giving way*
To poore Conceits, *but to the Nobleſt Ends*
His Cares, *his Thoughts*, *and his deſignements bends*;
Which he Effects by a New Sacrifice
To God, *who gave thoſe undeſerv'd Supplies*
With knowledge of his Myſteries Divine,
And Prudent Rules *Old Paſſions to confine*,

When

When Thousands of his Brethren want that store,
Who would perhaps have glorifi'd him more,
And never ceas'd, like Angels *here on Earth,*
To praise those helpes, since Others dye of Dearth.
His Spirit *scornes that which the* Body *joyes;*
And checks that Lump, *because it did rejoyce*
In Aiery Toyes, *in things meere transitory,*
Which draw the Sence *from the bright* Sun of Glory,
And like to Golden Clouds *may passe away*
By Humane Plots, *or by* Death *in a day.*

HE *reapes Content to see his* Neighbours *thrive,*
And their Amendment *doth his Soule revive,*
For he the Pooreſt Saint *in* Christ *preferres*
Before the Greateſt Potentate *that erres.*
He Joyes, that he breathes of the Common Aire;
Which is allotted for the Saints *repaire,*

With whom he ſings, grieves, and Communicates,
Aſwell for Sacred Rites, *as* Needfull Rates.
He Joyes, *that he had learned from his* Youth,
Like Timothy, *the* Word of Sacred Truth,
That taught to ſerve One God, One Advocate,
He could not brooke of Balaams Snares *to prate.*
He Joyes, *that he no raking Money owes,*
Then what to pay he on ſhort warning knowes,
Without grim Sergeants *Threats, or* Suerties *Thrall,*
Or without Robbing Peter to pay Paul.
He glories more of Soules *and* Bodies Health,
Then in the Blaze of Honour, Fame, *or* Wealth.
To cheere his Nobleſt Part *he ſoares aloft,*
And viewes the Starres *of* Holy Stories *oft;*
He Courts the Of-Spring of faire Memory,
Aſwell Divine *as* Humane Hiſtory;
By which true Glaſſe he findes how ſhort and vaine
Thoſe Pleaſures are, which Worldlings *hold for Gaine,*

Though Cauſe of Paine eternall after Death,
If not before of Dolour-racking Breath.
Another while Wraths Comet *to prevent,*
Which he obſerves with burning Arrowes *bent*
To aime at change, *by* Learned Art *he ſtrives*
To blunt their Shafts, and into Phyſick *dives*
Aſwell by Prayer *as by* Galens Quill,
With Zealous Heart, as by Arabian Skill,
Like Good Saint Luke, *for the* Foure Humours *foule*
He ſtudies Cure, as Solace for the Soule.
For which Intent, and the Complexions *Good*
He forbids Food, which might inflame the Bloud:
For what exceedes the Temper Oily warme,
Or Mayes mild Heat *he knowes breeds after-harme.*
Leſt Nature *droupe, he breathes his Pack-horſe oft,*
Not on the Rheumy Vale, *or* Mariſh *ſoft,*
But on dry Hills *to ſuck moſt wholeſome Aire,*
There, with Pure Gales the Spirits *to repaire.*

While

While Gulls *fly out with* Golden Wings *exceſſe,*
He lives at home content with Fortunes leſſe,
Not daring by Anothers Idoll-ſtore
To mete his wants, where Saints *do languiſh more:*
And if he ſhould laſh out in Pompe like thoſe,
His Pompe and Store would cauſe him after-woes,
When the Great Judge *requires his* Talents *uſe,*
With ſtrict Account of Stocks and Times abuſe.
He Drinks *no more then doth a* Saint *beſit,*
And ever riſeth with an Appetite,
For, as a Type of Bleſſed Abſtinence,
He Joyes *to ſing of* Diets Excellence,
And to relate, when Girald *liv'd, that they*
Of Cambriaes Soile *did feed but once a day;*
As how the Greekes *thought* Platoes Tale *a Lye,*
That twice a day they meal'd in Sicily.
No Beauty, Wine, *nor* Muſicks *Harmony*
Contents our Saint *more then Good Company,*

Knowing their Vowes, *and mutuall Hearts Conſent*
Availe him more then Worldlings *Blandiſhment.*
To end his Joyes, *on this he ſets his Reſt:*
That a Good Conſcience is his daily Feaſt.

THeſe harmeleſſe ſteps *a* Chriſtian *ought to tread,*
And the ſame Life I ſtrive and hope to lead.
And if theſe Rules My hopefull Nephew *ſcan,*
He then ſhall paſſe for a Right Noble Man,
Excelling vulgar Wits as Porcellan,
Courſe veſſels, as the New *the* Outward Man,
By Vertue *rankt within* True Honours *File*
Among the brave Heroes *of this* Ile,
Crown'd with a faire and brighter Coronet,
Then One with Gold *and* Pretious Stones *beſet,*
And be ſo skill'd in Both the Fortunes Cures,
That Poore mens Cries *tend not to* You *nor* Yours.

While

While Vengeance *ſtrikes a* Nembrodizing Lord,
And his Proud Race *with* Fates two-edged Sword,
Like Mordecai, *unwearied in your wayes,*
You ſhall weare out on Earth moſt happy Dayes;
And after Death when they feele endleſſe Paine,
You ſhall with Chriſt *in* Peace *for ever Raigne.*
Such bliſſe purſues a Pious-minded Peere,
And ſuch I hope attends you there and heere,
Which to ſeale up, and to ſet forth Your Traine,
Heere take your Choiſe of Poſies *various Straine:*
Without the New-mans Robes *none are indeed*
True Noble-men, *but borne of* Mongrell Seed.
" *To be borne* Great, *great* Honour *ſome eſteeme it:*
But to doe Good I greater Honour *deeme it.*
" Vertue *ſo farre excells* Sires Heraldry,
As doth Day-light *the Darke, the Sap the Dry.*
" *A* Noble Minde *ſurmounts a* Noble Birth;
But who hath Both ſhines like Sunne *on Earth.*

Magnus

Magnus honor naſci præluſtri ſtemmate, Major
Stemma *Piis Factis* nobilitare ſuum.
" Quantò *Lux* Tenebras, Siccum vel *Succidus Humor*,
Tanto depictos *Mens Pia* vincit Avos.
" *Virtus* Naturam ſuperat, ſed amictus utriſque
Dotibus ut *Lumen Solis* in orbe nitet.

THE

THE CHVRCH MILITANT HERE ON EARTH FOVNDED AND RENEWED BY OVR SAVIOVR *CHRIST*.

Who is this that comes from Edom, *with red Garments from* Bozrah? Eſay. 63.

The Argument.

The Church is built on Chriſt, who under-went
The Curſe, Roſe up, and then to Heaven went.
This wonder-rapt ſome Angels *of that Spheare,*
That they with Joyes ſpeake of his comming there.

IN Paradiſe the Church of Chriſt began, *The* 1.
Whē after Breach God opened unto Man *Age.*
The hopefull meanes, whereby he might (deface
The Sting of Sinne, and bee reſtor'd to Grace;

It

The 1 *Age.*

If on *the promise of the Womans Seed*
Man would rely, he might redeme his Deed.
But *Bloody Cain* with his accurſed *Race*
Went Whoring afrer *Satan*, ſleighting *Grace.*
And then the *Church* in *Seth, Methuſalem,*
In *Noe and his Arke*, in *Godly Sem*
And *Iaphet* fix't: from whence no liking *Cham*
She downeward paſt to *Iob*, and *Abraham,*
And ſettled in the *Circumcized Ligne,*
Vntill *the Promis'd Seed* with *Light Divine*
And *Goſpels Sound* arriu'd, graft things anew,
And by his *Croſſe* our *Charter* did renew.
The *Gentiles* then by his *Apoſtles* bleſt
From *Heaven* gain'd *the Holy Ghoſt* for Gueſt,
To cheere their *Church*, within her to reſide,
And evermore her *Chriſtian Broode* to guide,
As long as they *Him* for their *Rock* proteſt,
Whome *Peter thrice* for all his *Mates* Confeſt.
So *Thouſands* did with *Angels Gifts* encreaſe
From *Age* to *Age*, and found in *Conſcience* Eaſe,

The 1. *Age.*

As teſtify *the Pulpet* and *the Preſſe,*
Which holp our *Church* to bloome with good ſucceſſe.
So Others, ſince *the Word* late came in vſe,
Inſpir'd have wrot and Preacht of *Faiths* Abuſe.
And ſo likewiſe we ſee, that in our Dayes
Some feele *the Heate of that bright Spirits Rayes.*
By them *our New man* reapes the *Fruits of Truth,*
Transformes *Old wily Age* to *Saintlike Youth,*
Mary for *Eve*, for *Adam Chriſt* he ſings,
Whoſe *Blood* then *Abels* ſpeakes forth better things,
Entrancing Soules with *Gifts Propheticall,*
And otherwhiles with *Numbers Sphericall,*
That by thoſe *Meanes* and ſweet enchanting *Layes*
They might confirme themſelves, as call home *Strayes.*
At firſt, like *Babes* with Bells, ſmiles mixt with threats,
He weanes the weake before their Sence he beates
With *Zealous Charmes* from worldly vanities,
Adapting them for purer Qualities,
Which our *Good Sire* with *Metaplaſtick Mould*
Hands ready to infuſe more fine then *Gold.*

This

THis Prudent courſe Some take in *Verſe* as *Proſe*
For ſtilling Swarming Bees, or Stubborne Foes,
To winne Applauſe to their more waighty work,
Which in their Braine, like ember'd Fire, did Lork.
They tickle firſt with ſmooth Conceptions *Youth*,
Laurell their Name, and then gaine Roome for *Truth*
To ſpread without Repulſe, or ſowre Diſtaſt,
Before they dreſſe rare *Manna* for their Taſt,
Clozing their Feaſt with Healths from *Sions* Fount
Like *Petrarch*, *Beza*, and *Mirandols Count*,
Who with ripe Fruite by good mens Suffrages
Ranſom'd their Froth, and greener paſſages.
Such Wits I wiſh with Lines of Sacred Truth
From Carnall Dreames to ſcare our Straggling Youth
And ſuch I hope by Grace here to produce,
As Types of Vertue drawne for Holy uſe.

ON the *Lords Day*, though not with full content,
I late ſung *Chriſts* from *Olives Mount aſcent*
Up to that *Orbe*, whoſe height no Earthly Scribe
Can by the Booke, or Aſtrolabe deſcribe.
Though *Galilees* new Glaſſe a World eſpies
Within the Moone, yet Moone-ſick are the Spies,
While clog'd with fleſh, not Spirit-rapt, they pry
Into Gods Thrones Tranſcendent Myſtery.
At *Heav'n* I glaunc'd, wherein his Man-hood reſts,
Preparing Roome for his *Beleeving* Gueſts,
Who ſu'd to Chriſt, Mens Advocate alone,
Not parcelling his Worſhip into halves,
As *Iewes* for *Moloch*, *Baal*, and *Golden* Calves;
That ſo the Sabaoths change at Pentecoſt
Succeede with Gifts ſign'd by the *Holy Ghoſt*,
The Comforter, which ſhould the *Church* renew,
And grace thenceforth the Gentile and the Jew,
Till the Returnes, as *Man-Emanuell*
Within the Cloudes to Iudge the World and Hell:

The 1. *Age.*

HEre now againe with *Fiery Flights* I hover,
And his *Aſcent* more ſpaciouſly runne over
Then I did late, becauſe our *Church* hath dreſt
And cookt upon *another Day* this *Feaſt*.
The way of *Chriſts up* to *Gods Orbe Aſcention*
Tranſcends above fraile *Natures* Apprehention.
I dare not wreſt *Chriſts Body*, nor confine
His *God-head*. There, *He Raignes a Man-Divine*,
As *Man He* ſues for Men. As *God* he ſends
The Holy Ghoſt to gratifie his Friends,
And by *Infuſion* heere *his Church* to grace,
If we *Beleeve, and Love, and Pray for* Grace.
Although as *God* his *Preſence* never fayles us,
His *Bodies Abſence* heere yet more availes us,
As he is *Man*, or elſe his *Bodies* Sight
Had made us Careleſſe of *the Spirits Light*.
His *Manhood* by his owne Experience ſaw
Our Natures weakeneſſe, & how *Fiends* would draw

The 1. *Age.*

Vs from *Gods will*, and from true *Innocence*,
Whereby none could avoid Hells Peſtilence.
Vnleſſe himſelfe did ſtand within the Gap
Betwixt our Sinnes and *Wrathes* fierce Thunderclap;
And that made him remove his *Perſon* hence
To Heaven, there to eaſe our Puniſhments,
By ſuing to *Gods Grace*, as *Advocate*,
That for his ſake he would repayre our State.

GReat were *the Angels* Ioyes, when *Ieſus* came
In humane ſhape with ſuch *Imperiall* Fame
Vp to th'*Empyrean Sphere*, where none before
Of that *New Forme* could like a *Phœnix* ſoare.
As by his *Croſſe* lay hulht *Hells* damned Crowd,
So wondring heere Some *Angels* ſung alowd:
Whats He that mounts, and ſits on *Gods right hand*,
With *Bozraes Robes*, come from red *Edoms* Land?
Clad like to One, who hath the *Winepreſſe* trod,
Yet looking like unto the *Sonne of God*,

The 1. Age.

Who did ride on the Cherubins and fly,
Yea, fly upon the wings of winds moſt High?
Perhaps He is a New *Melchiſedeck*,
Gods Spouſe to grace, or her with Gemmes to deck?
Or elſe the Cauſe of this New Mans Aſcent
Might be her *Vowes* and *Offrings* to preſent;
Or for her Strayes to ſue as Advocate,
Thoſe whom the *Goſpels Light* reclaimes of late.
His comming here with ſuch Triumphant Port
Doubtleſſe to Men Salvation doth import.
This *Myſtery* and Ioyfull Spectacle
Above all Wonders prove a *Miracle*
Vnparalell'd, that by Divinity
Infus'd in Fleſh, men gaine Eternity;
And that the *Gentiles*, as the *Iewiſh Tribes*,
In *Truths* rare Secrets grow moſt learned Scribes,
Pertaking Grace without diſparity,
Made onely Iuſt by *Faiths* dependency,
Not by their Owne, but by Anothers Deedes,
Tis ſtrange how they are clear'd of their miſdeedes.

What

The 1. Age.

What ſparkling Eyes more beautifull then Wine?
Whoſe Teeth like Milke? whoſe Body lookes Divine?
Of mild Aſpect, yet of S. *Michaels* ſtrength
Prepard, to Plague and foile our Foes at length?
Whoſe *Haires* more white thẽ Wooll, or the full moone
And whoſe bright Face outſhines the *Sun* at Noone?
Whoſe voyces Tunes like ſilver Brookes reſounds?
And whoſe faire *Feet* like fineſt Braſſe doe ſound?
O what is He? a Prophet? Prince? or Peere?
Who in mans ſhape climb'd up our Higheſt Sphere?
And there inſtal'd with the Divineſt Light
Weares now a Crowne more bright then Chryſolite?

WHat can he be *then* ſaid Others, the Lord,
Who to ſave men became th' *Incarnate word*?
And having led on Earth an Humble life?
He hath trod on the Dragons Crowne of ſtrife?
Who Preacht to Soules with hideous Miſts perplext,
Yet for his Love by his owne Nation vext,

Who

The 1. *Age.*

Who ſlaine at laſt by *Romes* Authority,
Yet ſpite of *Hell Roſe* up with Majeſty ?
This *New man God* the Third day rais'd from Death
To be our King, and Comforts more to breath ;
Who made Light things, or *Spirits*, to deſcend,
Now upwards holp *Chriſt's Body* to aſcend ;
Whoſe *Body* now we ſee Incorruptible,
Moſt Glorious, New, of ſtrength Invincible,
Divine aſwell as *Humane*, not with hands
Of Mortalls wreſt, as *Errour* underſtands.
Yet his long *Hands*, I meane, his *Spirits Armes*,
Extend to ſhield his *Church* from deadly *Harmes*.
His cleareſt *Eyes* all Penitents behold,
And his white *Teeth* doe Temperance infold.
His *Silver Haires* his knowledge Ripe declare,
And his bright *Face* foretells his Favours rare.
Out of his Mouth flowes *Truths melodious* Word,
But his juſt Wrath darts forth a Lightning Sword.
From Heaven He ſurvayes each Holy Place,
And raps with myſtick Trance Men chang'd by *Grace*

The 1. *Age.*

At their great Feaſt He is the *Soules Colleague*,
In *Spirit* matcht with *Hypoſtaticke League*
As really, as in One Horoſcope
Two *Soules* that plight with hands their mutual *Hope*,
Whilſt up to *Him* with Thankes ſhe lifts and heaves
Her Raviſht Thoughts, like Wheates ripe eared ſheaves,
For *Captive He hath led Captivity*,
Gives Gifts to Men, and doth their Chaines unty,
Diſſolving quite lewd Paſſions Linkes aſunder,
Like knots of *Eeles*, or Swarmes of *Waſpes* by thunder
Supreme there He all Creatures overſwayes,
And there in his high *Manhoods* Perſon ſtayes,
Till All th'*Elect*, the *Gentile* as the *Iew*,
Seal'd up for *Grace* come in, and till they rue
With ſhamefull Guilt their Rancour, Guile, & Pride,
Who his pure *Word* and *Deity* ſtill deride.
His *Garments red* ſhew, that He trod alone
The *Winepreſſe*, how in *Need* him ſuccour'd None.
His *Robes* likewiſe reſembling *Bozraes* Graine
In Crimſon dipt, imply, that Men againe

Will

The 1. Age.

Will in his Members him oppreſſe and gore,
As they their Head and Maſter did before,
With Aſpicke Tongues hir'd to empoyſon Fame
With ſtrife and Loſſe, or Plots ſurmizing Blame
Whereby weake Natures Brood torne by Diſſention
Might loſe the hopefull uſe of *Chriſts Aſcention*;
Or with Croſſe Flames more fiercely violent,
Them in their lives laſt Petiod to torment,
Becauſe *falſe Chriſts* they would not every where
Kiſſe, and adore *Chriſts Body* heere, and there.

BVt leaving them for *Antichriſtians Limbs*,
Let us applaud, and greet with Ioyfull Hymnes
The Reall Forme and *Body of the Lord*
From mangling now to Laſting Life reſtor'd;
This *Crowned Lambe*, the firſt Fruits of the Dead,
Whom God ordain'd to be our Prince and Head:
Great Ieſus Chriſt borne on Sinnes necke to tread,
And to divide the Right from the Miſſe-led:

The

The 1. Age.

The Sonne of our *Iehovah Elohim*,
Whom Saints their *Saviour* call, and None but Him;
For unto Him *our Maker* hath reſign'd
All Creatures ſway with Power unconfin'd,
At whoſe dread Name all Angels, Saints, and Men
Muſt bow, and at his Praiſe vent forth *Amen*,
Not onely with loude ſounding Tunes expreſſion,
But likewiſe with *Loves* Inward Flames impreſſion.

The New mans Cloze of Thankesgiving for our Saviours Aſcending up into Heaven.

All Glory be to *God* for evermore,
Who with New Layes hath multiplied our ſtore,
And taught us by *the Holy Gholy* to finde
Where *Chriſt* remaynes rais'd in his Humaine kiud.
That the *New man* put downe our Carnall Sence,
Twas well therefore that he departed hence,
His *Body* rapt till *Doomeſday* from our ſight,
Yet by his *great Victory* infuſing Light

With

The 1. *Age.*

With *Wondrous Gifts* on the *Apoſtolick*,
And ever ſince on the *Church Catholik*,
Or more or leſſe, as *She* with *Zealous Hope*
Dayes Turret climb'd, or in *Nights vale* did grope.

For theſe high *Flames* more bright then Sunny Rayes
We ſing to *Three in One*, New Songs of Prayſe.

THE

THE MOST MEMORABLE OCCVRRENCES, WHICH hapned in Our Chriſtian Church, from the Thirtieth Three yeere of Our Saviours Incarnation; and from the Eighteenth yeere of *Tiberius Cæſars* Raigne the Roman Emperour, untill the yeere of Our Lord 100. at which time *Trajan* the Emperour began his Raigne.

The Argument.

Behold what Thanks from Worldlings worſe then (Mad
For Preaching Truth, *the chiefe Apoſtles had.*
Not One eſcapes a ſad Tormenting Fate,
Which holpe to build at firſt the Churches *ſtate.*

WHat better *Fruit* can a *New Sparkling Muſe*
Produce then *Holy Odes* for *Chriſtians* uſe?
Then by th' *Apoſtles Glaſſe of Peace* to chime?
Or from late *Iarres* to ſcare the *World* with Rime?

O

The 1. Age.

O would I could, like *Roman Arato*,
In *Engliſh Tune* ſuch Labours undergoe,
As might diſplay *th' Apoſtles Acts and Lives*,
Gladding our *Age* with their *Pure Honey-Hives* !
Which ſpite of *Drones*, *Falſe Brethren*, ſtormy Blaſts,
And tortures ſtood through *watchings, vows & Faſts*
Forear'd againſt *the Foemen of the Croſſe*,
As to prevent from *Hell* enſuing Loſſe.
Although our *Latter* be not built as well,
Nor may that *Church* in *Glory* paralell,
Yet our *Good Will* availes in ſtead of Spice,
And our *New man* helps us to *Sacrifice*;
For we have had our *Martys*, like *the Firſt*,
Yea, and *the Living Rocke* to quench our Thirſt;
We have beheld *the Spirits Lightning Sword*;
Onely, I feare, we want the *Flames of Love*,
Which *Primer Saints* with mutuall Heate did move.
This want Some may with their *Ambroſian Food*
Supply, ſound forth, and publiſh for our good,
If, as they have begunne, they warble out

Supp

The 1. Age.

What I to bring about do ſtand in doubt.
This *Taske Pauls Faithfull Mate in Phyſicke skill'd*,
Though more for *Soules* then *Bodies Cure*, fulfill'd
Sacring *two Workes* to *Greeke Theophilus*,
As *Monuments*, and by his *Lamps* to us;
He left them us to ſhew what *Legacies*
The Heavens lent for *Chriſtian Sacrifice*.
Thence, as his *Ape*, by *Imitations* ſtraine
I hope ſome *Light* for *Brittaines Church* to gaine,
At leaſt to ſerve as *Sparkes*, *Babes* to revive,
Who faile for want of *Torches ſtore* to thrive.

WHen that *our New-mens Sire*, *the Holy Ghoſt*,
With Cloven Tongues, like Fire, at Pentecoſt
Had lighted on *th' Apoſtles* viſible,
As he ſome times inſpir'd inviſible
Gods Prophets: *then Faith*, *Love*, and *Chriſtian Ioyes*
Waighd Delphick Dreames, and *Babelſtarring Noiſe*;

The 1. Age.

Then, Men that learnd no language ſave their owne,
Amid' ſtrange Folkes rung forth *the Lords* Renowne,
And blaz'd his deedes in every *Forraigne Tongue*,
Like *Angels* Quire, with ſweet harmonious ſong
As perfectly, as they their *Natives* were,
So that thoſe *Aliens* ſtood entranc'd with Feare,
For how could they but be agaſt to heare
Iewes ſpeake with *Tongs* peculiar to their Eare.
Some Others deem'd them Mad, or Drunk with Wine
Till *Peter* prov'd them rapt with Joyes *Divine*.
He prov'd them rapt by Gods *immediate* Rayes,
With *Eſtaſies* above all Humane wayes.
And not alone *the gifts of Tongues*, but *Zeale*
To Preach they had, and without Drugs to heale.
Some *Propheſi'd*, ſome *Sung*, whil'ſt others told
What wondrous Acts *the Lord* performd of Old.
Thoſe *Myſtick ſparkes*, which by Degrees we learne,
God then infus'd, as of more Bleſſings Earne,
To paralell *Iob*, *Abraham*, *Salomon*,
For *Patience*, *Faith*, and *Wiſedome* thereupon.

The 1. Age.

O who can blaze the *Wonders* of that Day?
The more I muſe on them, the more Diſmay
Suſpend my Sence, *Lord*, rayſe up my deſires,
To ſing th' Event of that Dayes Glorious *Fires*,
Which comforted the *Gentile* as the *Iew*,
Enrich'd the Barren *Will*, made Old things New.
By ſuch rare Signes came firſt the *Myſtery*
Of *Three in One*, *the ſacred Trinity*
To be more knowne unto *the Church* on Earth,
And ſince *Old Rites* were paſt at our *New Birth*,
That ſhe might name at her ſolemnities
The Holy Ghoſt Colleaged *to Baptize*.
His working we agnize, feele, and admire,
Or who but *He* could *ſtony Hearts* inſpire?

Soone as with *Gifts* this *Holy Flame* appear'd,
Auls Chaos melt, and their dull wits had clear'd,
Gods Word then from *Melchiſedechs* choice Towne,
From the Earths fixt *Meditullium* blowne,

The 1 Age.

Pierst *Egypt*, *Greece*, *Damascus*, *Babilon*,
The *Temperate*, yea, and the *Torrid Zone*,
Where *Negroes*, though of *Circumcised Race*,
Converted by an *Eunuch* looke for *Grace*.
The Gospell pierc'd each *Country* and each *Towne*,
Truths Sound went forth to all the world then know
Whereby no *Nation* might excuses pleade,
But that they might be linkt with *Christ their Head*.

WIth like successe the *Christian Faith* did bloome
And flourish there where brave *Triumphant Rome*
Prepard the way by *Morall Arts* and Aw,
That *Grace* Mens Hearts might so the sooner draw.
While tatling Newes fond *Athens* itch'd to tell,
The *Romans* dri'd her *Aristotles Well*.
These *Second Meanes* for *Planting Christian Rites*
In those dayes much avayld *Romes Proselites*.
Arts usher Faith. *Faith quick* by *Hearing* growes,
But most of all when *the Good Spirit* blowes.

Th

The 1. Age.

There wanted none of these in *Ancient Rome*,
Where vowes & teares for *Grace* had purchas'd roome.
Rome was the *Empires Head*, *Great Cæsars Seat*,
The *Westernes Mother Church*, where then complete
From *Salem* shone the *Crosses* radiant *Starre*,
Which in *Pauls* time enlightning neere and farre
Transferr'd on *Linus*, *Clemens*, *Anaclete*,
The *Martyrs Crowne* with *Flaming Stones* beset,
And thence bespred *Truthes* universall *Course*,
For then all Men to *Tiber* had recourse.
But though I much commend *Old Christian Rome*,
I should forget my selfe and *Christendome*
If that faire Towne of memorized *Fame*
Which first profest to beare the *Christian Name*,
I chance to passe by unsaluted now,
Not doing *Homage* which all *Christians* ow.
Had I rich *Tassoes veine* to set her forth,
Or *Godfreyes* strength to vindicate her worth,
I would possesse all *Christians Catholicke*,
That *Antioch was S. Peters Bishopricke*.

C 3 And

And that it well becomes *a Christian Knight*,
Who first bore *Christian Badge* to doe her *Right*.
I would redeeme her from proud *Ottoman*
From *Muffties* sway, and *Mechaes Alcoran*.
In *Iewry Land* arose the *Gentiles Light*,
From *Antioch* came the *Name*, which *Fiends* doth (fright
And shall out last all Names, untill *our Head*,
As *God and Man* shall judge both *Quick and Dead*,
Till *Christ* resignes to the *Supremest* Mace,
To *All in All*, his *Intercessors* Place.

THis *Light* and *Name* the *Sire of Antichrist*,
In Envie unto *Man*, and spite to *Christ*:
With his *Blacke-Guard* that were depriv'd of *Light*,
And for their Pride enwrapt in *Errours Night*:
They all conspir'd, and strove to prejudice
With all their Might, *the New-mans Sacrifice*.
For this designe, their *Malice* to effect,
They seiz'd the wits of *Annas* and his sect.

They

They first plaid on the soules of *Saducees*,
And gull'd such Braines as idolld *Golden Fees*:
Christ in his Limmes to Crucifie againe;
And all for Pomps support and worldly Gaine.

THe *Creeple rais'd in Iesus Christ his Name*,
By *Fishermen*, that wonder put to shame
The Iewish Scribes, so that they burn'd for Ire,
And fear'd least *Christ* might dim their *Levites Fire*,
Or quite abate their *Old Traditions* Gaine,
Which holpe their present Glory to maintaine.
At first they silenc'd them, and then with Gall
They thundred out big words *sesquipedall*:
That if thenceforth they acted *Miracles*
In Iesus Name, they would as Spectacles
Of Infamy their Bodies publickely
Afflict, or make them in Iaile-Shackles ly.
But since th' *Apostles* them regarded not,
Nor car'd for Threats, nor scourging, then they shot

The 1. Age.

Their *Church-Darts* out of *Excommunications*,
Till a *Law Doctour* calm'd their *Combinations*.
By this Advice, that *no Deuiſe of Man*
Might ſtop the Will of God, do what they can.

ON this the *Levites* reſted for a while,
And ceas'd their hands with *Murther* to defile.
The which Adviſe if *Romes late Catholikes*,
Had waigh'd for them whom they call'd *Heretickes*,
Rome might have held *a Reverend Mothers* Sway,
She had ere this turn'd *Eaſterne Nights* to *Day*:
Where miniſtring now ſcandall to the *Turkes*,
Both they and we deteſt their *Bloudy workes*.
For *Ten Yeares* ſpace, till *Claudius Cæſar* raignd,
The Scribes lay ſtill, their ſpleene a while reſtrain'd,
And ſeem'd to winke at *the Apoſtles Fame*,
Whilſt in that breathing Truce the *Chriſtian Name*,
The Church encreas'd, had all her wants reliev'd,
Antioch receiv'd, *Samaritans* Believ'd,

Ioppa

The 1. Age.

Ioppa rerejoyc'd, *Cæſarea* gained *Grace*,
And many *Iewes* joyd of the *Chriſtian Race*;
Aſwell the *Gentiles*, as the *Circumciz'd*;
Ioyn'd in *One League* for *Chriſt* to be *Baptiz'd*.

In that *Good Time Saints* gaped not for *Gold*,
But liv'd in *Common*, their *Poſſeſſions* ſold,
And without Guile the Price did diſtribute,
Whereby they barr'd the Cauſe of wrangling ſuite,
Of Mine and Thine. Their Care was *Bread and Wine*
For ſacred uſe, and for *the Heavenly Vine*;
To build *Chriſts Church* upon the *New-Mans Rock*,
Not on the *Sand*, *Falſe Keyes*, or *ſtumbling Block*.
What *Wonders* wrought they of ſtupendious ſort
Above fraile Sence? *Or Carnall wits Report*?
By Words they made the *Cripled* wight to walke,
The *Dead* to *Riſe*, *Blinde* ſee, the *Dumbe* to talke.
By *Words* they ſtrooke a *Lying Couple Dead*,
And *Blinded One*, who men by *Charmes* miſſeled.

Through

Through *Ieſus Name* they wrought ſuch *Miracles*,
And freed themſelves from *Tyrants Manacles*.
The Fame of ſuch faire deedes in *Salem* rung,
As Nettle prickes the Envious *Clergy* ſtung.
That *Gentiles* ſhould partake with *Iſraels Tribes*
Of *Gods good Grace*, they brookt not without *Iibes*.
They flouted that the *New-mans* Troupes aſwell,
As their Old *Scribes* ſhould tame the *Fiends of Hell*.
And the moſt part, like unto ſnarling Curres
In Manger lay'd, found fault with Others Cures.
Repining thus at Progreſſe of *the Word*,
Since that no Trickes could ſtop it, by the *Sword*
Zebedees ſonne they caus'd to loſe his breath,
As they by *ſtoning* wrought the *Deacons* death;
By *Cæſars Minion King* they weav'd their *Plot*,
Who would have caſt on *Peter* the like *Lot*,
But that *an Angel* came to free his *Chaines*,
To Plague with wormes *the Tyrant* for his *Paines*.

THis puts my *Muſe* in mind of *Phillips Queene*,
Who wreakd on *Saints* her Gall with ſwelling ſpleene,
Till with her *Gods*, her *States*, and *Calleis Loſſe*,
She felt the weight of a more heavie *Croſſe*;
And of the *Royall Brothers* ſtyl'd *Valois*,
Who di'd in *Blood* for *Blood*, and *Bloody Ioyes*,
Iberiaes Rings can teſtifie likewiſe,
What they have got by *Belgiaes* bloudy *Cries*.

MOre mild yet dealt *Agrippa* with Saint *Paul*,
Not barring him from *Romes Appeale* at all,
But would have join'd with *Feſtus* to enlarge,
And ſave for his *Appeale* him to diſcharge.
Much leſſe would once that ſage *Prætorian Peere*
For *Words* & *Names* the *Iewes* mad Clamours heare.

How

HOw many Snares with Tumultes, spite, and Rage
Did they spread forth for *Christians* in that Age?
By all the meanes, which *Satan* could devise,
Men sought to stop the *New Mans Sacrifice.*
But all in vaine, like trod on *Cammomell*
It grew the more, and with a fragrant smell.
Not *Elimas*, nor *Magus* with *Hell Charmes*,
Nor could *Dianaes Smith* knock down their *Armes*,
Or quench in them the *Holy Spirits Flame*,
Which they conferr'd in *Jesus Christ* his *Name*,
That like themselves at first *Enthusians* rapt,
For *Holy Trances* they made others apt.

VNwearied they in their Vocation went,
And acted Deedes to *Arts* astonishment.
No by-respects to *Glory*, *Wealth*, or *Ease*,
No Emulations Sting could make them cease

From

From the *Pursuit* of the *Immortall Prize*;
No servile *Feares*, *Detraction*, nor *surmize*,
Could let their maine intent, and *Ghostly Race*,
From setting forth *Gods Charter* of free *Grace*.
No *Chollers Heate*, *Debate*, nor *Casuall Brawle*,
As fell betwixt Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paule*
For *Iewish Rites*, as likewise came to passe
For Chusing *Mark* twixt *Paule* and *Barnabas*;
Or as it chanc'd to *Abraham* and *Lot*:
Their Passions sway'd not so, that they forgot
The Progresse of *the Word*, the worke in hand,
But that they ranne, and toil'd by *Sea* and *Land*.
In Accidentalles, though as Men they err'd;
Yet, as Divines, the substance they preferr'd.
Their *Elder Man* they stoupt in spite of vice,
And their *New-Man* went on to *Sacrifice*.
Here *Paule* and *Silas* Preach, *Apollos* there,
While *Barnabas* and *Marke*, doe teach else where.
Mathias, *Iude*, and *Simon* burn'd alike
To execute their Charge *Apostolicke*.

With

The 1. Age.

With the like zeale all *the Apoſtles* rapt
Transformed ſoules for *Myſticke Trances* apt.

THey *Catechiz'd*, and ſought their *Saviours* Praiſe,
Their *Soveraigne Ioyes* were to reclaime ſome Strayes
With Conſtant *Faith the Goſpel* they did blaze,
And daily wrought great wonders of amaze;
Till by *Romes Mace* the Type of *Antichriſt*,
Which ſlue their *Maſter Chriſt*, they di'd for *Chriſt*.
In all their Deeds they were ſo farre from Pride,
That when ſome *Gentiles* would have *Deified*
Good *Barnabas* and *Paul* with glorious ſhout
In ſtead of yeelding thankes they ranne about
With cloathes all rent among the woudring throng,
And beg'd of them the *Deity* not to wrong,
Nor by detracting from their *Makers Grace*
With *Sacrifice* his ſervants to diſgrace.
They vilified themſelves, tooke up the *Croſſe*,
Contemning *Pompe* and *Gold*, like ſcumme or droſſe.

They

The 1. Age.

They varniſh'd not *Gods Word* with *Gloſſe of ſchooles*
But ſought the *wholſome ſpring*, not Muddy Pooles,
And ſpar'd their *New built Church* to interrupt,
With knotty doubts of Phantaſies Corrupt.
Now for a Type of their eſſentiall Care,
I will produce this One Example rare,
When *Proſelites of Phariſaicall* ſort,
Would *Gentiles* to ſtrict *Moſes Lawes* exhort:
In *Salems Councell the Apoſtles* ſate,
And in few lines reſolv'd their Queſtions ſtate:
Whereas by ſome ye were perplext with Feare
About Old Rites, we warne you to forbeare
From Meates Prophane at Idolles Sacrifice,
From beaſtly Luſt, or Wives Pluralities,
From ſtrangled Fleſh, and ſhedding Humane Blood,
If as your owne, yee Carke anothers Good:
And do abſtaine from the ſaid ſinnes withall,
Yee ſhall doe well. By *Barnabas* and *Paul*,

And

The 1. Age.

And two of the Chiefe Brethren moe they sent
These Pithy *Actes* the *Gentiles* to Content.
Whereby I note on *Weaklings* they impose
No heavier Yoake then what the *New-man* chose.
They combred not *the Church* with *Needlesse Lawes*,
Nor with *Traditions Superstitious Flawes*.
They could not brooke *Food* drest with *Satans sauce*,
Nor at *Christs Feasts* to glut their hungry Mawes.
Thus we observe how easie is *Christs Yoak*,
That to cleare doubts *Faith* beares the Soveraign stroke
Faith linkt with *Love* requires us to forbeare,
And not for Toyes *Christs seamelesse Coate* to teare.

HOw wondrously did *the Good Spirit* breathe
The *New-Mans Gifts*, from darkenesse & from death
To raise up soules ? and Heathen Clouds to cleare ?
Disperssing *Christs Disciples* heere and there ?
By visions *He Immediate* lighted on
Cornelius and Saint *Peter*, both for *One*

The 1. Age.

Effect, to let the wavering *Gentiles* know,
That *God* tooke care within their Hearts to sow
His seed of Grace, which stubborne *Iewes* abus'd,
And *Christ their Head*, Gods husbandman refus'd :
And that *without respect of high or low*,
He loves all them, who to his Service bow.

WHat *Travels* did *good Peter* undergoe ?
By Sea and Land he did undaunted goe,
Though wanting *meanes*, unfurnished of *Money*,
Not for himselfe to gaine a *Patrimony*
Of corruptible *mould*, or brittle *Masse*,
Which like fond *dreames* in time away doe passe ?
But for his Master *Christ* soules wrapt with mists,
Of Ignorance he made good *Catechists*,
Good *Catholicks Apostolickes* he made,
Instructing them in his Soule-fishing Trade.
And as some write, when *Simon* with his Whore,
Helene brag'd, hee like a *God* would soare

The 1. *Age.*

Above the Clouds, by *Peters* vowes he fell;
And brake his Necke, left by his Guard of Hell.

TO *Iewes* and *Gentiles* He *the Goſpel* taught,
But chiefly he the *Iewes converſion* ſought;
Deputed for the *Circumciſions* Charge,
Unto *the Elect* diſperſt hee ſhew'd at large
The *Patent* of his ſeald *Apoſtleſhip*;
Yea, and, if *Fame* belies him not, his Ship
And *Fiſhing-nets* hee left at *Tibers ſtreame*,
Where ſome then ſojourn'd of *Ieruſalem*,
As in the *Acts* wee read; there he baptiz'd,
(If there he was) till *Nero* tyranniz'd.
Now whether *Rome* hath cauſe of him to boaſt,
As for his *ſeate* more then *the Holy Ghoſt*,
Which living *Peter* gave to *men of Faith*,
Some ſince have ſtrove, not following *Peters* path:
'Tis certaine, that he wore no Triple *Crowne*:
None kiſt his Foot, nor trod he *Princes* downe.

'Tis

The 1. *Age.*

Tis knowne, that *Gold and ſilver he had none*:
A *Tanners houſe* was of his *Lodgings One*.
Tis credited, that to *the Croſſe* he bow'd,
A kind of *Death* which onely *Rome* allow'd,
Till *Conſtantine* in love to *Chriſt* forbad
This cruell paine and ſpectacle moſt ſad;
That being *Old* againſt fraile *Natures* will,
Others did *Peter* lead his *Bloud* to ſpill,
As *Chriſt* foretold; but his *Croſſe-fixed* place
(*Romes Empire* lay ſo large) I dare not trace.

BUt ſure I am *Saint Paul* in bloudy *Rome*,
When *Nero* raign'd, endured *Martyrdome*.
There, having twice before that *Tyrant* ſtood,
His *Faiths* Defence he ſealed with his *Bloud*
About the time when that mad *Bouteſeu*,
Had fir'd the *City* with his wanton Crew,
Becauſe he long'd to ſing *the ſacke of Troy*,
And by ſuch Types would execute his Toy,

The 1 Age.

To cloake the Fact, and ſtop the Mutiny,
Yet not repenting of his villainy,
He authour'd *Chriſtians* of thoſe *diſmall cryes*,
And butcher'd them to bleare the Peoples eyes.
Among that *guiltleſſe Troupe* then ſuffered *Paul*,
Who had fore-wrote what ſhould him there befall.
This choſen Saint hath left brave *Monuments*
Unto the *Church*, which *Satans* Ambuſhments
Can never trap, nor Canker-fretting Age
Conſume, but they ſtand firme in ſpight of Rage.

IN *Albions Orbe* an arched ſtately *Roome*,
The chiefeſt *Pile*, I thinke, in *Chriſtendome*,
Of *Pauls* ſole *Name*, revives his memory,
Till *Doomeſ-dayes* blaſt the River *Thames* ſhall dry.
In the meane time grave Saint-like *Miniſters*,
Accompanied with *Aſaphs* Quiriſters,
Sing praiſe to *God* for gracing of *Saint Paul*,
Who once had beene a bloody-minded *Saul*.

The 1. Age.

Of late repair'd it ſhines with zealous *Fire*,
As erſt with *flames* rag'd the ſtupendious *ſpire*.
Bleſt be their Zeale, their Cares, and good Intent,
Which have re-built this famous *Monument*,
Reſembling that of *Salems Second one*,
Renew'd by *Iewes*, firſt built by *Salomon*.

LIke theſe, ſo did all *Chriſts Apoſtles* Fiſh,
And on ſome Coaſt or other never miſſe
To catch for *Chriſt* ſome choiſe and dainty Prey,
Bartholomew and *Thomas* knew the way
Into the Eaſt, and there engrav'd their *Names*.
Saint Mathewes Paines *ſev'n flouded Nilus* fames;
And *prerious Iohn* the *Belull Abiſſine*,
From him and *Philip* claimes *Chriſts Faith Divine*.
Achaia vaunts of good *Saint Andrewes* Cares,
With whom he pawn'd his Bones, till thoſe rich wares,
Some *Scottiſh Saints* by a *Greeke Monke* redeem'd,
Them and their worth, like precious Gems, eſteem'd.

While *Mark* from *Peters* mouth *Gods Word* compiles,
To leave it her, *Niles Alexandria* ſmiles,
Sea-ſpouſing Venice too did ſacrifice
Unto *Saint Mark* a goodly Edifice.

The latter *Iames*, *Chriſt's kinſman by the fleſh*,
In *Salem* liv'd, diſorders to redreſſe,
Where hee, though ſtiled *juſt*, as ſpectacle
Of ſhame, was throwne downe from the *Pinnacle*,
Which *Satan* mov'd to *Chriſt*. There he expir'd,
And *Roman* Force the place ſoone after fir'd.
Yet hath his *Fame* to after-Ages ſpred,
His *Biſhops Seat* with *Chriſtians* flouriſhed,
By *Princes* grac'd, and for *Antiquity*
Puts *Antioch* downe, and *Romes* Priority.
At the Firſt Councell *Iames* ſat Preſident.
There, *Saints* cloz'd up the Circumciſed Rent.
In *Salem* ſate the *High Commiſſion Court*,
Where they decided doubts of moſt import.

Galician

Galicians ſince built up a *ſacred Fane*
At *Compoſtell*, which *later Wits* profane,
Adoring *Iames*, as if *Humanity*
Should offer *Vowes* due to the *Trinity*.

ABout the Time of *Iames* his death, to ſhunne
The Fatall Web for ſinfull *Salem* ſpunne,
Upon the *Siege the Chriſtian Iewes* fore-warn'd
By *Oracle* from *Chriſt*, fled thence unarm'd
With Humane helpes, but guarded by *Divine*
Supplies, themſelves to *Pella* they confine,
Where they on *Iordans Banks* ſecurely lay,
While *Rebell-Iewes* were ſlaine, and ſold away.

SO ſtood the *Church* with them, who flouriſh'd firſt,
Next *Chriſts Aſcent* moſt pure, untill accurſt,
The *Iewiſh Nation* for their *Crying ſinne*,
And *hardned Hearts* deep woes were plunged in,

 And

The 1. *Age.*

And then God pleas'd for *Iewries* unbeliefe,
The *Gentiles* to adopt to *Iewries* griefe,
And our *Church* seemes to them a stumbling sinne,
Till all th'*Elected Gentiles* be come in:
As unto them of *Antichristian Race*
She seemes, till *Babel* feeles her last disgrace.
But why were *Saints*, like *Christ*, so foulely slaine?
Because the more they suff'red here, more Gaine
They reape, the *Nobler Crowne* in Heav'n they gaine;
And shall judge those, who put them here to paine.

IF you would know by Times Gradation mre,
Domitius and *Domitian* yeelds you store;
Read *Tacitus*, when *Rome* lay wast with *fire*,
How *Christians* felt the Formers Franticke Ire:
Some crucifi'd, some burnt, and some were cas'd
In wild beasts skins, by *Mastives* torne and chasd
So cruelly, that who did them contemne,
In hate to *Neroes* spleene then pitied them.

Though

The 1. *Age.*

Though *Christians* were to manifolded paine,
Throughout the twelfe yeere put of *Neroes* Raigne,
Yet like to Palme suppreſt, the more they grew;
The *Church* the more by *Martyrs* did renew.

PAthmos with *Romes* whole Empire tells what paine,
The *Church* endurd in the last *Flavians Raigne*,
With greater Numbers *Martyrs Calendar*
Canonizing then in mad *Neroes* yeare:
During which Rage some Brethren false did rove,
The Deacons Sect, *lewd Family of Love*;
And hee that durst afore *Christs Darling* bath,
But felt the Doome of his incensed wrath;
The Bath-walls fell, crushd *Cerinthe* underneath,
As soone as *Iohn* had menac'd him with death.

THE

THE OCCVRRANCES OF THE SECOND AGE

From the yeere of our Lord 100. untill the yeere 200. At which time *Severus* raigned Emperour of *Rome*.

The Argument.

Saint John *deceas'd, Fiends Seedes of Error sow,*
Yet doth the Church, *though persecuted, grow,*
And from her Wombe spring up a Learned Crew
Of Saints, *who with their* bloud *do* Truth *renew.*

HE that desires a *Saint-like* Life to lead,
Let him the steps of *ancient fathers* tread,
Who neereſt liv'd unto *th' Apoſtles* times;
Thence I collect the Courſe in *Raptur'd Rimes*,

Which

The 2. Age.

Which *Christ* his *Church* then for her *members* held;
What Pathes they trac'd, and wherein she excelld,
If wee mislike her Plaineneſſe, or their Marts,
Love bids us chaſtely gaze, and winke at Warts;
For like the *Moon* at *full*, sometimes the *Church*,
Raignes knowne from her, who lives upon the lurch,
Diſperſed through the World, *Apoſtolicke*,
Yet, like *our God in Three, one Catholicke*,
In sundry shapes repleat with *sacred Fire*;
With many Tongues, in Spirit yet entire
And *Eſſence one*; who, though *diverſifi'd*
For Rites or Forme, remaines yet *juſtifi'd*
By *Faith* with Him, who tryes mens Conſciences,
Beares with their slips, and heares her Grievances.
Returne, quoth hee, Yee people full of strife,
Who Me have wrong'd, like a rebellious Wife.
Alluding to which challenge in his *Word*:
Before the *Lord* and *Angells* I record,
That I beleeve no Church on Earth this day,
Then *Britaines Church* goes a more *knowing way*.

In

The 2. Age.

In ſubſtance pure, and in her good intents,
Seal'd rightly with the *Newmans Sacraments*.
And with the Beſt her *Elders* I conferre,
Yet dare not say her *Troupes* doe never erre,
Nor brag that shee hath neither *Mole* nor *Wen*,
While shee cohabits heere with *mortall men*:
But pray, that she in Fruit more pregnant thrive,
As shee in shape is like the *Primitive*;
And that with *flames* of *mutuall Love* wee glow,
As forward as in *height* we seeme to grow.

One thing I adde againſt her *Foes* in briefe,
And therewithall to eaſe our *Weaklings* griefe;
Although I honour with my heart and Pen,
The *Counccils, Fathers*, and the *Ancient men*,
Who wrote before the *ſeventh Century*
Became bewitcht with *Babels Myſtery*,
Yet we no more give credit to their Lore,
Their Matter, Tropes, and Topick Maximes ſtore

Derived

Derived from *Old Adams double Tree*,
Nor further then wee finde them to agree
With *Gods* owne *Word*, or *Oracles Diuine*,
Dare wee consent with them in every Line;
For men may erre, yea, *Learned Councells* erre
By Factions sway'd, as other whiles they were;
And, as *Eusebius* markt, the *Church* began
To be unchast, soone as *th' Apostles* ranne
The *Hower-glasse* out of their lives Pilgrimage,
By *Cerinths* Toyles, and *Nicholaites* Rage;
Or by those Fogges, which *Epiphanius* brands
For *Heresies* of *Antichristian Bands*;
Or *Sects*, whose *Augustine* expells the mists,
Be they *Pelagians*, or the *Donatists*.

AT the *New Rising* of the *Second Age*,
In the First yeere came *Trajan* on the Stage,
Adopted *Cæsar* by good *Nervaes* choise,
Broiles to prevent, and Cares to counterpoise.

In his precedent Raigne *Domitians* Act
Against the *Church* in *Rome* was somewhat slackt;
But otherwhere the *Prætours* for their Gaine
By *Christians goods escheat*, renew'd againe
The *Old Decree*, and in their *Liberties*
Practiz'd on *Saints* their former Cruelties.
But leaving them a while to racke and rage,
I now glance on the *Wonder of that Age*.

OF Him I sing, who would have kneeled downe,
But was forbod, unto an *Angel*, knowne
Of all the *Apostles* longest to have seene
The *Churches* course eclips'd by Tyrants spleene.
One while assail'd, anon strong *Militant*
Iohn saw her curbe Conceits exorbitant.
Thou hast, O *glorious Saint*, beheld her Pure,
Like to the *Sunne* dispelling Clouds obscure.
When Shepheard *Pan* deceas'd, then *Oracles*
From that time ceas'd through *Christian Miracles*;

The 2. Age.

For when *Tiberius* swayd, Fiends waild their losse,
While they *shipt Tamus* forc'd to bruite the Crosse,
And to proclaime in *Midland Seas* with dread:
That *Pan, the great God Pan*, was newly dead.
Thou hast surviv'd thy *Brethren*, and thy *Mates*;
Thou hast beheld strange Turnes of worldly *States*;
The *Temple* sackt, *Ierusalem* destroyd,
Thy Native soile all hartied and annoyd,
Thou liv'st to see weedes of blacke Heresies,
Amidst the *Church* spring up, *Apostasies*
Growne rife, the *Saints* with *Persecutions flame*
Scorcht every where, and put to open shame,
Thou hast out-dar'd a *dozen Emperours*,
Since thy good *Lord* triumphed over powrs,
When thou beganst to shine, *Tiberius* raignd,
They saw thy Lifes sun-set, whom *Trajan* paind.
What dangers, wrackes, and buffetings of Fiends,
Hast thou oft felt? What snares of glozing Friends?
Portents to make the *Patientst Iob* dismaid;
Thou hast out-liv'd thy Charge, the *Widow-Maid*,

Thy

The 2. Age.

Thy *Mother* deare adopted on the *Crosse*,
To thee his *Minion* left, to ease thy losse,
When therehence out thou tookst her to thy house,
As a true *Nunne*, to helpe thy *Christian vowes*.

HOw long shee liv'd with thee, to calculate,
An *Angel* must the certaine Time relate,
Or name the Place where her *Blest Body* lyes,
Whether she was in Body *Enoch*-wise,
Immediately to *Heaven* assumed up?
Or dwelt with *Iohn* till Age made her to stoup?
And payd her debt as other Mortalls doe
To *Nature*, much it *skills* not us to know?
Since now with *Christ* her *Soule* Triumphant rests,
And as her Life deserv'd with him she feasts:
Admitting no such *Mediatrix style*,
Or *Goddesses*, as some themselves beguile,
That she doth oftentimes command her *Sonne*
To heare a *Sinners suite*, or *Orison?*

The 2. Age,

SAve that I might be into Whirle-pooles brought,
Or for my Gueſſe be too Sagacious thought,
I would Conjecture at the Time when *Iohn*,
Before the Siege of *Salem* undergone,
Departed into *Corinth*, *Epheſus*,
Or other Coaſts, where *Titus* and *Timotheus*,
Were by Saint *Paul* ordain'd to Over-ſee,
There, to confirme each *Saint* in his Degree,
As they by Him, who all thoſe *Churches* bare
Upon his ſhoulders firſt, were bred with Care.
There, he conſum'd the Remnant of his Age,
Untill to *Pathmos* by *Domitians* Rage
Confin'd, he ſaw *in ſpirit Chriſt* againe,
Whothen and there by *Revelations* plaine
To his Rapt Sence, though hid from *Carnall Braine*,
Did propheſie the future Churches ſtaine.
For Comfort of th'*Elect* the *Lord* appear'd
Unto this *Saint*, and his Wits Sences clear'd,
To underſtand what plagues he will effect
In the laſt dayes for his true *Words Neglect*.

Thes

The 2. Age.

THeſe Myſteries *Chriſt* ope ned unto *Iohn*,
Whom he reſerv'd ſo long. And thereupon
I humbly glance by leave of Holy *Wits*,
To whom my *Muſe* her *Raptures* here ſubmits:
That when One asked *Chriſt*, what *Iohn* ſhould do?
Whether he ſhould remaine behinde or go?
His Anſwer was unto this bold Aſſay:
If my will be to have him here to ſtay
Untill I come, what matters that to thee?
And long he ſtaid, as all may cleerely ſee.
Before his Death he did ſo ſettle things,
That *Greece* his Praiſe aſwell as *Aſia* rings.
In *Nervaes* Raigne he came with his Releaſe
To *Epheſus*, where he deceas'd in Peace,
While *Trajan* ſway'd, as *Græcian Clearks* relate,
Having eſcap'd an *Oily ſcalding Fate*,
Impos'd on him by fierce *Domitians* Rage,
Who then exiled him to *Pathmos* Cage,
Where, though cub'd up a while from *Chriſtians* ſight,
He ſaw what cheer'd his *Soule*, *His Maſters Light*.

Both

The 2. Age.

BOth in his time, and after, ſoone began
The Divels Plots to ſcare the *Chriſtian man*,
Which *Valentinian* and *Menander* ſpred,
And many moe, which Weaklings then miſled:
For whoſe Miſtakes *Saint Irenæus* griev'd,
Two hundred yeeres ere *Epiphanius* liv'd,
To blazon them and other Hereſies,
Which then obſcur'd the *New Mans* Sacrifice,
After *Saint Iohns* deceaſe, till *Adrian* raign'd,
The *Roman Prætours* ſtill the *Chriſtians* Pain'd,
Who ſo confirm'd were for the *Fiery Croſſe*,
They fear'd not Death, nor Paine, nor Fortunes Loſſ
The *Truth* when rackt by *Inquiſition ſtrict*,
That *Chriſtians* much were wrong'd by *Romes* Edi
Great Trajan then did unto *Pliny* write,
To mitigate the Fiery Trialls Spight;
Yet not to ſpare them, if they were brought in.
(Damn'd policie ſo cloaking Bloody Sinne)

The 2. Age.

In which implicite Snare *Ignatius* bound,
Like *Chriſts* fine Corne, by Lions Teeth was ground.

NExt after this, the *Second Century*
Points at ſome *Saints* of Glorious Memory,
As Pillars of that *Age*, with whom as Chiefe,
Succeeding thoſe fore-nam'd I ranke in Briefe
A Martyr'd Sire of *Naples Paleſtine*,
One that foretold his death to *Antonine*,
When ſhortly after did a *Cynickes* Hate
Conclude with Flames the *Swans* Prognoſticate,
Having firſt wrote, to calme the Emperours
Spleene his Defence, and to *Romes Senatours*.
In *Iuſtines* time, which by the yeeres account,
Since *Chriſts Aſcention* up from *Olives Mount*,
One Hundred ſhone, good *Chriſtians* liv'd content
With ſimple Meanes, and ſcorn'd the Blandiſiment
Of Gaine or Pompe, with all falſe worldly Wares:
But fixt on *Chriſt*, and Cure of *Soules* their Cares.

The 2. Age.

Platoes and *Moores Eutopiaes Common-Wealth*,
Compar'd to them ſeemes but *Prometbean ſtealth*,
Phantaſticke Dreames, or Speculations Flame,
Which being unpractiz'd breed the *Authours* ſhame,
They taught and wrought with *Reall Charity*,
As if that day they were arraign'd to dye;
Not like to *Stoicks* diſſembling Lookes auſtere;
But againſt *Sinne* with *Diſcipline* ſevere;
With Vowes and Faſts the *Outward man* to tame;
Not for Repute, or Superficiall Fame,
But with intent *to keepe their Veſſels* pure,
And to ſeale up their *Chriſtian Calling* ſure,
They promis'd not but what they did performe,
And ſquar'd their *Deedes* to the *Apoſtles Forme*,
Such *Pious Deedes* with Zealous Sparkes beſet,
As I for *Saints* have in my *Preface* ſet.
From *Juſtines Workes* likewiſe I apprehend
The *Euchariſts* Religious Uſe and End:
We take no Common Bread nor Common Wine,
(Saith he) but like as *Chriſt* by the *Divine*

Bright

The 2. Age.

Bright Word became true *Fleſh*, and for our Good,
Tooke on him our *Attire* of *Fleſh* and *Blood*,
So we by Vertue of his *Word*, Record
That *Food* to be the *Body of the Lord*;
Yet *Sacramentall Wine* and *Sacred Bread*,
Which have our *Soules* by the *Remembrance* fed.
With this ſhort Courſe the *Prefect* of the *Feaſt*,
Inſinuates *I'owes* into each *Sacred Breaſt*;
They fed with *Zeale*: the Throng *Thanksgiving* ſung,
And *Deacons* did unto the Abſent bring
The *Conſecrated Food*, that they likewiſe
Might have a Taſte of the *Soule-ſacrifice*:
Such was the *Ancients Forme*, to diſtribute
The *Holy Food* without *Quirkes* or Diſpute.

IN thoſe Dayes Croſſe to Food bleſt by the *Word*,
Was *Sacrifice* of Fleſh at *Heathens Boord*
To *Idoll-Gods*, which *Chriſtians* did refuſe,
By reaſon of the *Curſed End* and *Uſe*,

The 2. Age.

(As we likewiſe that *Carnall Food* deſpiſe,
Which ſome Create a *God* at *Sacrifice*)
And yet the *Food*, ere it was ſo diſgrac'd,
Could not pollute the honeſt *Takers* taſte.
So when *Gods Word* hath bleſt Ours to record
Our *Saviours Croſſe*, it quickens by that *Word*,
Which full of Life breathes *Spirit*, *Life*, *Reliefe*,
If it be tane by *Soules* firme of *Beliefe*;
For otherwiſe the preſent *Eclaſy*
Doth uaniſh, and away thoſe *Bleſſings* fly:
They at their Feaſt *Emanuels* Preſence loſe,
His *Preſence*, whoſe rare *Forme* ſome Clearks appoſe.
Though they beleeve, that *Chriſt* is *God* and *Man*,
And ſtiled *God* with us, his *Forme* they ſcan,
And queſtion, how could *Paul* and *Stephen* ſee
Emanuel, while on Earth Men living be?
As to the *Pure* this *Myſticke Trance* turnes Pure,
So tis *Damnations Bait* to the Impure.
And when *Faiths Feaſt* becomes a *Sacrifice*
To *Idoll Gods*, it tends to prejudice;

For

The 2. Age.

For this grave Cauſe good *Chriſtians* doe refuſe
Falſe *Altars Meate*, where *Satan* Poiſon ſcrues.

WHat ſhall I write of *Mark Aurelius* Raigne?
When all his Campe diſtreſt for want of Raine,
Were at the point to periſh, *Chriſtians* then,
By *Miracle* gain'd *ſhowres* to ſave his Men?
While hopeleſſe *Pagans* dig'd, by *Prayers* they
Gain'd in One Night what they had toyl'd by Day.
Such wondrous Deedes of the *Church Primitive*,
Like thoſe Bleſt Showrs, will cauſe our *Muſe* to thrive,
If therewithall we moiſten *Thirſty Soules*,
Which long to taſte of our *Nectarean Bowles*,
In hope from *Bruites* to be trasnform'd anew
To better ſhapes, then *Ovid* could renew,
Or *Samian* Forge. Our *New-Man* ſings more ſtrange,
Of Manners, not of Bodies, the *Exchange*.

Within

The 2. Age.

WIthin this *Age* liv'd *Ireneus* knowne
A *Biſhop*, where *France* built her *Lions* Towne.
He ſtoutly did the *Marriage-ſtate* defend,
Whoſe Foes, he writes, blame *God* and *Natures* End.
He taxed *Romiſh Victors* Lightnings Flaſh,
And quallifi'd his Squibs denounced raſh,
Which he preſum'd againſt the *Eaſt* to throw,
For *Eaſters* Date with Supercilious Brow:
(Or did perhaps not excommunicate,
But barre with them *Rome* to communicate.)
So likewiſe did Grave *Policrates* blame
His Cenſure-cauſing Schiſme, and *Chriſtians* ſhame.
This *Reverend Man*, to win the more Applauſe
For his Defence of that propounded Cauſe,
Demonſtrated, that his *ſeven Anceſtours*,
And he the *Eighth* from thoſe *Progenitours*,
Were *Biſhops* all of *Epheſus*, and held
Their yearely Courſe of *Eaſter* unrepeal'd,

Imply-

The 2. Age.

Implying, that his *Lineall Holy Race*,
Confirm'd the *Truth* to cleare that wrangling Caſe.

NExt unto thoſe ſhone *Athenagoras*,
Tatian, and *He*, who with his *Sire* would paſſe
To *Martyrdome*, and but for *Mothers Teares*
Partake, like *Adamant*, not ſhrunke with Feares.
He gloſs'd *Gods Word*, & would have bin more priz'd,
If he had not too much allegoriz'd.
Severus ſent for him (ſuch was his Fame)
To *Antioch*, where he ſtuck to *Chriſt* his *Name*,
And blaz'd his *Word* with ſuch rare Eloquence,
That he return'd by *Cæſar* grac'd from thence,
Diſmiſs'd with Gifts, and *Courtiers* good report,
He came againe to the *ſev'n Flouded Port*,
Where he much *Oyle* in *Alexanders* Towne,
Conſum'd, untill his Errour put him downe.
Where well he wrote, no better *Writer* knowne:
Where ill, none worſe then *Origen* is ſhowne.

Famous

Famous for this: he termes *Christs Flesh and Bloud*
The *Spirits Type*, his *Word Soule-quickning Food*;
Most infamous for this: that first he Gelt
Himselfe, and then for feare he should have felt
A *Buggering Rape* by a *Black-hired Moore*,
He Sacrific'd to *Idolls* (a farre more
Scurfe-spreading *sinne*) for which with Bolts accurst,
By *Alexandriues Church*, to Teares he burst,
When lighting on a *Text* in *Salmes* Towne,
And there desir'd to Preach, he found his owne
Unhappy Act by *Lot*, nay by Divine
Appointment: How the *Precepts* which are mine,
Dar'st thou presume within thy Mouth profane
To teach or read, O thou ungodly Man?
Upon which *Text* poore *Origen* abasht,
With Teares his Crime and his Presumption washt.

THE

THE STATE OF THE BISHOPS OF *ROME* DURING THE TIME OF PERSECVTION, and while they were subject to the *Emperours*.

IT may be heere some Curious Wits expect,
That I their Lives and Deedes should recollect,
Whom Priestly Votes heve voyc'd for *Roman Popes*
In *Peters Chaire*, on whom they fixt their Hopes
To binde and loose their manifolded Crimes
Both then and now, and in ensuing Times.
But such a Taske I dare not undergoe,
Nor will I have with Fraudfull Styles to doe:
The Servant when of Servants One proclaimes
Himselfe, and yet a *Monarques* Power claimes.

Let

The 2. Age.

Let them who build on Fleſh and Blouds Deſires,
Entangling their *Beliefe* with needleſſe Fires
Of High Ambitious Thrones, not warranted
By *Gods deare Lambe*, who for our ſakes here led
An Humble Life: Let them I ſay bow downe
Before the *Gold-croſs'd Shooe* and *Triple Crowne*.
But I am ſure they no *Record* ſhall finde,
Nor *Chronicle*, that mentions in that kinde
The leaſt Reflexe of *Royall Majeſty*
Due to *Romes Popes* with *Both Swords Soveraignty*,
Untill the *French* the *Lumbards* overcame,
Till *Charlemaine* did *Deſiderius* tame.
Since *Phocas* Time they Nine ſcore yeeres before,
Above all *Prieſts* the *Chiefeſt Miter* wore:
Since *Conſtantines*, who *Phocas* did precede
Three Hundred yeeres, a *Patriarchs* ſway I read
They had heere in our *Weſt*. But till that Time
They ſcarce found ſpace to breath, much leſſe to climb,
Or claime a *Mace*, and to be called *Lord*,
A Style, which *Chriſt* forbad, and *Saints* abhorr'd;

For

The 2. Age.

For till the Raigne of *Conſtantine* the *Great*,
Thirty they were, which grac'd *Romes Paſtours Seat*,
And of thoſe *Thirty Biſhops* there were None,
But they were ſlaine, or did through Troubles grone:
As *Engliſh Saints* were in Queen *Maries* dayes
By *Tyrants* ſpleene diſtreſſed ſundry wayes,
Impriſon'd, rackt, and put to Open ſhame,
Depriv'd of all their Goods, and burnt in Flame:
So *Chriſts New Church*, tho with rare Dowries bleſt,
Neere for *Three Hundred yeares* was ſore oppreſt.
Cæſars without, and *Herteickes* within,
Did perſecute, and plunge her Members in
So many Toiles, that hardly they could meet
In Private Place, nor one another greet
With Common ſhewes of Neighbours Amity;
How then could they thinke on *Priority?*
And ſtand on Points of *Prelates Primacie*,
Without diſtruſt of ſome Conſpiracie?

The

THe Truth is this: who were ſtyl'd *Biſhops* then,
They fiſh'd not for fraile Wealth, but *Soules of Men*;
Not to enrich themſelves with Private ſtore,
But like Saint *Paul*, the *Croſſe* they thought on more.
From *Chriſtian Cæſars* they got *Liberties*,
But not ſo great to claime *Regalities*,
About the Yeare *Sixe Hundred ſixty ſixe*,
We finde that *Rome* began to play more Tricks
Then ſhe durſt act within the *Ages* paſt,
As *Paul* and *John* fore-told her *Breach* at laſt)
And never left to lift her *Lofty Creſt*,
Till ſhe *Gods Word* had darkned in the *Weſt*,
And dar'd upon the *Cæſars State* to prey,
The maine great *Let* to her Prodigious Sway.
She never ceas'd to ſtirre up raging Fires,
Till ſhe at *Trent* concluded her Deſires,

Repugnant to the *Vow*, which ſhe profeſt
At her *Firſt Riſe*, *Sixe Hundred yeares* at leaſt,
At ſuch wild Fits I onely glance, not carpe;
This Taske I leave for an *Iambicks Warpe*.

F THE

THE OCCVRRANCES OF THE THIRD AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 200. untill the yeere 300. At which time *Diocleſian* and *Maximinus* raigned Emperours of *Rome*.

The Argument.

Next to the Greekes *the* Latine Scribes *begin,*
Idolaters unto Chriſts Church *to win.*
Romes Tyrants *fret, and* Saints *they martirize.*
Saint Anthony *into a Deſart flyes.*

WIthin this Age the *Church moſt Militant*
And Cautious, ſtrove to ſhun exorbitant
Attempts of Foes; one while to ſecret (Caves
Conſtrained to retire; ſometimes to tame the Braves

The 3 Age.

Of her owne Tribe, Domeſticke Mutineers,
Shee us'd the *Spirits Sword*; Anon the Jeeres
And Flouting Scoffes of *Forrainers* to daunt,
Which did at her Poore Robes and *Altars* taunt,
She fought againſt *Cæcilius* and his *Traine*,
And prov'd their *Vaunt* for *Outward Glories* vaine.
Her State was then unſetled, New, and Poore,
But Time to come might make her flouriſh more.
A thouſand of ſuch Taunts and Fiery Darts,
A Thouſand of great Dangers, Envious Arts,
By *Satans Plots* ſhe daily underwent,
While *Cæſars* ſought their *Pagan-Gods* Content.
The neerer that the *Church* drew to her Time
Of Liberty, leaſt that too high ſhe climbe,
Satan ſuborn'd his Agents in this Age,
Againſt her Race to ſhew their utmoſt Rage.
He knew her *Thraldomes Date* to *Iohn* foretold,
Would ſhortly end. And that made him ſo bold.

As

The 3. Age.

AS otherwhiles a *Woman* Chaſt and Faire
Diſhevel'd ſeemes, or with looſe dangling Haire:
So without Art, and in her *Native* Dreſſe
The *Church* at firſt for want of Time to dreſſe,
And to compoſe her *Outward Ornament*,
Came forth to ſpread her *Saviours Teſtament*,
Not carking much for Superficiall Weare,
But in the Heart the *New Mans Gifts* to beare;
And yet both Chaſte and Faire She comely ſhone,
With Conſtant *Faith* built on the *Corner-ſtone:*
And though ſhe liv'd and raign'd of Men unſeen
With *Carnall Eyes*, yet of *Good Angels* ſeen,
Heard in the *Quire*, which to the *Lambe* belongs,
Anſwer'd by *Saints* with *Sympathizing Songs*,
Nay, ſeene and knowne of Men Reborne anew
Both then and now, who never *kneel'd* to *Baal*,
But to *One Chriſt, the Saviour of us all*,
Who by his *Word*, and bright *Diurnall Light*,
Hath late diſperſt the Tempeſts of the *Night*,

The 3. Age.

Sav'd us, like *Peter*, out of *Herods Iayle*,
From *Babels* Powder-*traine*, for *Saints* availe.
For which ſweet *Grace*, redintegracious *Love*,
The *Saints* on Earth with Thoſe of *Heaven* above,
Unitedin One League ſhall ever ſing
Melodious Songs to our *Triumphant* King.

OUr *Latine Weſt* unto the *Church* of *Greece*,
Acknowledge muſt her ſelfe in ſome degrees
Inferiour and oblig'd. From her ſhe had the Forme
Of *Chriſtian Rites* falſe Altars to reforme,
As ſhe the *Subſtance* from *Ieruſalem*,
More neere to *Greece* then *Rome*, the *Church* Supreme,
From her ſhe borrow'd her prime Words of Art,
Thoſe *Second coin'd Intentions*, to impart
From Man to Man by Termes, Diſcourſe, and Tongue,
What otherwiſe would dormant lye unſtrung.
Her Nobleſt Name of *Chriſtian Catholick*,
The Euchariſt, *the Faith Apoſtolick*,

Types,

The 3. Age.

Types, *Symboles*, and *Eccleſiaſticke Lawes*,
What be they but *Greeke words* for *Chriſtian* Cauſe
Diſguis'd in *Latine* Robes *Faith* to expreſſe?
And to worke on Mild Hearers more or leſſe?
The *Sev'nty Scribes* tranſlated *Iewries Ioyes*
To the *Greeke* Tongue by *Philadephus* Choiſe.
Saint *Paul* and *Luke* divulg'd in *Græcian* Tone
Chriſts Myſteries, yea, and Saint *Iohn* wrought on
His Auditours in *Græcian* Veſtiment,
Fit in that Age to further his Intent.
Greece more to praiſe, ere *Rome* ſaw *Chriſt* his Light,
Some *Greekes* of *Philip* crav'd his *Maſters* ſight.

NO marvell then, that *Greeks*, ere *Latiniſts*
Did publiſh *Workes*, fought in our *Chriſtian* Liſts
With *Infidells* againſt their Rites obſceane.
Towards the Period of the *Second Sceane*,
To celebrate this Age, *Tertullian* roſe
With *Tullian* Phraſe to daunt the *Churches* Foes,

The 3. Age.

False *Heretickes* and *Jewes*, whom he refells;
And but for *Dreaming Fasts* his Part excells,
Whilst he 'gainst *Marcion* makes *Christs Body* good,
Truths Figure, not *Imaginary Food*,
Since *Figures* shew not false, but things indeed.
And in another Place, quoth he, *We feed*
By Hearing on the Word Incarnate blest,
With Understanding chew, through Faith digest.

SAint *Cyprian* him succeeds, who famous made
By *Monuments*, which cannot faile nor fade,
The *Churches Union*, and the *Martyrs Crowne*,
Which since himselfe receiv'd in *Carthage Towne*.
This *Saint* bids us the *Holy Bread* to part,
And breake by *Faith*, not with sharpe Teeth nor Art,
While we confesse: *That, which is broke to Parts,*
Divine-Humane both God and Man imparts.
Out of his Bookes we cull, at *Carthage Towne*
How he did fret, and all the *Councell* frowne

The 3. Age.

To heare, that any should *Romes Pope* install,
The *Bishop of all Bishops Generall.*

NExt after him *Minucius Fœlix* came
In *Roman Robes*, *Cæcilius* overcame
With *Dialogues*, and foil'd his *Heath'nish Dreames.*
So did *Arnobius* by the *Spirits Beames*,
In the like Garbe the *Gentiles* Rage abate;
And shewes the Cause, why *Christians* Idolls hate.
By *Fabian* Bath'd He grac'd this *Centers Age*,
Who first of *Cæsars* wore the *Christian Badge.*

LOng had the *Church* been rackt with bitter woes,
In travell, like a *Woman* tir'd with Throes,
To bring that faire *Light* forth, and *Blessed Birth*,
Which in th'*Elect* shines with *Harmonious Mirth*,
The *Inward Man*, I meane, whose Praise we sing,
Grac'd to that end with Will by *Heavens King.*

The 3. Age.

Through all the *Roman Empire* tortured,
And by fierce *Tyrants* hands sore Martyred
In every Age during her Pilgrimage
Heere in this World, untill *Maxentius* Rage,
Became suppreſt by zealous *Conſtantine*,
She felt what *Dioclesian*, *Maximine*,
And what their *Prætours* could impose of Force
Upon her *Limmes* without their least remorce
She felt, *Christ in his Members* felt againe,
What *Hangmen* could inflict of Hellish Paine,
And what their Predeceſſors could inflict
Upon her *Lambes* by *Proclamations* strict,
(Prefiguring our late *New Christian Fry*,
Whom men professing *Christ* in Flames did fry)
And yet they fail'd by their *Decrees* severe,
Or Wolvish *Decius* them to daunt with feare,
But that in midst of Paine, by *Satan* stung,
They to the *Lambe Allelujaes* sung.
Slighting the *Gridiron* through the *Holy Ghost*:
Now chuse thy *Flesh*, quoth *Lawrence*, Raw or Roſt.

Faire

The 3. Age.

Faire *Theodora* to the Stewes confin'd,
Her Friend holp her to scape in Masked kind,
Stay'd in her place, He thrall'd, she came againe;
Yet did the *Iudge* for *Martyrs* both arraigne.

MAuger all Rackes and Flames Saint *Alban* here
In *Brittaine* first, and Noble *George* appeare,
Who arm'd on Horse-backe with a *Sanguine Crosse*
Leagu'd *Salems* Knights, and oft scar'd *Englands* Foes,
As Ancient Wits conceiv'd their Aiery Signe,
Like that, which meteour'd once to *Constantine*.
Which *Signe* they might more fitly to their *Head*
Impute then with his *Members* quartered.
Their *Crimson Gore* transform'd to Robes of White,
By vertue of their *Faith Beames-darting-bright*.
With *Amphibale* they live yet in our *West*,
And with those *Twaine*, whom of her *Martyrs Best*,
With sacred *Bayes* at *Vsk Carleons Towne*
Saint *Aaron*, and Saint *Iulius* still doth Crowne.

Within

The 3. Age.

WIthin this *Age*, like to th'*Essences Sect*,
Good Men of Life austere did *Cells* erect
Of *Christian Hermites*, or *Anachorites*,
In *Ægypts Desarts*, there, that Convertites
Might solitary dwell, from Passions free,
And from those *Baites*, wherewith we daily see
The greatest Part, ev'n of the *Churches Brood*,
Ensnar'd (a Mystick Point not understood
By *Libertines* in these our Carnall Dayes)
There, cloystred up from foule *Temptations* stayes
Alone and farre from Mortalls Company
The *Holy Saint*, the long-liv'd *Anthony*,
His life sustaining onely by the Fruit
Of one *Palmitoe Tree*, whose *Rind* did suit
And cloath his Limmes, as did the Fruit him feed.
His Patterne then good Saint *Macarius* trac'd,
Whose Presence since the *Nicen Councell* grac'd,
O happy Types! If *Superstition* since
For *Hypocrites* Some came not to convince;

As

The 3. Age.

As *Savoyes Hermite* through Confessions throw'd,
Since Cuckolded the Best of all the Crowd.

ABout the end of this *Third Century*,
When *Diocletians* Rage and Butchery
Did persecute the *Saints*, God raised up
Lactantius to confirme them not to droup,
For now their Time of *Liberty* drew neere,
Which by *Gods Grace* did after soone appeare:
For saving *Philip*, whom Pope *Fabian* blest,
All *Cæsars* hitherto *Christs Flocke* oppress.
The *Church* as yet fixt on no *Constant Formes*
Of *Government*. So grievous were the *Stormes*
Of *Persecution* rais'd by Tyrants Rage,
The *First three Ages* of her Pilgrimage,
That she could not *Correct*, but now and then,
Judge, nor with Tythes reward Industrious men.
As *Lollards* were by our *Lancastrians* curb'd,
And *Huguenots* in *France* by *Kings* disturb'd,

So

The 3. Age.

So her aw'd *Starres* durſt ſcarce a Synod call
By ſtealth, much leſſe a *Councell Generall*,
Where her Chiefe *Watchmen* of the *Chriſtian Race*,
Might Congregate in one convenient Place.
Popes ſtood not then on high Prerogatives,
Glad oft to flye, to lurke, and ſave their lives:
But *Chriſtians* now began to be more bold,
The Time in the *Apocalipſe* foretold,
The two and Forty Monthes being full expir'd
(Monthes counted for Yeares Sabbaths) they aſpir'd,
By the *Imperiall Leave* to ſettle things
In Order without Gall, or Envious ſtings,
As ſhall appeare after *Licinius* Death.
Meane while Ile reſt, ſo to reſume more breath.

THE

The 4. Age.

THE OCCVRRANCES OF THE FOURTH AGE,

From the Yeare of our Lord 300. untill the Yeare 400. being the Second Yeare of the Raigne of *Arcadius* and *Honorius* the Sonnes of *Theodoſius* the *Roman Emperour*.

The Argument.

The Glorious Church, *which* Conſtantine *built up*,
At his Deceaſe, by Arrians *vext doth droupe*.
For Schooles Reſtraint *of* Julian *ſhe complaines*,
Which Riſe againe through Theodoſius *Paines*.

THough I be ſlow *the Strumpet* to unmaske,
Yet I contend to blaze the *New-mans Taske*,
And to performe enough to ſatisfie
My Noble Friends, where the *True Church* did lye

Since

The 4. Age.

Since *Christ* his Time untill our preſent Age,
Mauger *Hells* ſpight during her Pilgrimage:
Becauſe ſhe did on no Foundation ſtand
But *Chriſt*, none ſhall her Name with Errour brand;
Becauſe ſhe built upon the *Living Rocke*,
Which *Peter* voucht, ſhe ſhunn'd the Fatall ſhocke
Of the fierce *Dragons Floud*, in Darkneſſe ſhin'd,
Though to a *Deſart* rude ſhe ſeem'd confin'd.
Becauſe ſhe ſquar'd her *Doctrine* and her *Rites*
According to *Gods Word*, her *Oppoſites*
Can never blacke her *Fame* and *Memory*,
Nor need ſhe feare Proud *Babels Myſtery*,
That *Errours ſpirit* can obliterate
The Goſpels Text, which ſhe enjoyes of late.

I Will make good, that though ſome Curſe & Ban her,
Yet by *Gods Rayes*, or his Saint *Michaels Banner*,
She ſpreads *Chriſts Name*, in *Saints* and *Martyrs* bleſt,
In Dangers oft, and ſeldome times at Reſt;

One

The 4. Age.

One while in Tents, in Warres againſt her Foes:
Another time beleaguer'd, feeling woes,
When ſeeking *Chriſt* in time of *ſuperſtition*,
The *Watchmen* ſmote her in the *Inquiſition*,
As *Salomon* ſung in his *Canticles*;
As *Chriſt* himſelfe by *Scribes Conventicles*,
And *Roman Doome* in perſon felt what Grace
His *Limmes* with Men finde in their *Holy Race*.
By Martyrs Bloud and ſpoiles of the *Old Man*,
Our *New man* firſt his Sacrifice began,
Continues ſtill his *Feaſt*, though ſome conſpire
To marre the ſame, and Our *Good Church* to fire.

ANd yet for all Mens Hate, our *Mother* lives,
Yea, from her *Flames* the *New Man* buds and thrives,
Not much unlike the *Phœnix*, whom they ſay,
That being burnt her Like revives alway,
Though alway not ſo Vigourous or Faire,
By reaſon of the Climate, Food, or Aire,

The 4. Age.

Too high Conceit of her ſplendidious Worth,
Or of the *Keyes* to ſhut the ſtubborne forth;
Or other *Accidentall Lets* ſhe ſeeme
But vile, or lacking *Tythes*, in poore eſteeme,
Nipt with hard *Winters Froſt*, or ſcorcht with Heat;
Courſe Dyet, or with changing Soile or Seate.
Yet at the laſt the *Bridegroome* in extreames
Shewes her the way to his *ſpirituall* Streames,
To pray with Zeale, more cautiouſly to watch,
Leaſt Fiend-like Pride her or her Brood attache,
To feed his Flocke, though they ungrateſull be,
Combining to keepe backe his *Tythes*, her *Fee*.
For whether Poore or Sicke by dankiſh Aire,
She ſleepes not, till ſhe doth to *Chriſt* repaire
With contrite thoughts, and *Luſts* Mortification,
With the *New-mans* and Soules Refuſſitation,
Of whom ſhe begs, and humbly ſues for *Grace*,
Which on her *Teares* ſhe gaines, then ſees his Face,
The ſplendour of his *Spirit* working wonders;
With mildeſt Gales reſtraining *Sinaies Thunders*;

The 4. Age.

And thereupon is throned on a *Hill*,
With large Command, according to his *Will*.
To Bind or Looſe her Childrens Sinnes, to keepe,
To watch, and Feed, but not to Flay his Sheepe,
Like her with *Triple Crowne on ſeven Hills*,
Who with falſe *Fires* now *ſits as God*, and fills
Mens Conſciences with Smoaky Pardons, Wares
Of the *Beaſts Marke*, with Lies and Bugbeare Cares,

ABout three hundred Yeares the *Goſpels Light*,
Had through our *Saviours Bloud* acquired Might
And rooting, when reſtrain'd it faſter ſpred,
Enlightning Soules whom Forged Tales miſled.
When he had foil'd *Maxentius*, *Maximine*,
And to a Nooke *Licinius* did confine,
The *Chriſtian Church* was rear'd by *Conſtantine*,
Moſt Glorious on a Hill, with *Rites Divine*,

The 4. Age.

And decent States, as well from Foes Contempt,
As from home-ſcandalls to become exempt,
Soone as that *Signe* had meteour'd in the Aire,
Which Conquerour him ſtyl'd, he did repaire
The Ruines of the *Church*, recalled home
Thoſe whom late Tyrants had proſcrib'd from *Rome*.

Such Grace *ſhe* found: But ſoone her *Sonnes* forgot
To thanke our *God* the Author of their *Lot*,
Who had inſpir'd th'*Imperiall Majeſty*
With Zeale to ſerve *One God in Trinity*,
And at the *Nicene Councell* to reſtore
By *Publick Acts* what proſtrate lay before,
To build up *Temples* with large Liberties,
There, to ſerve *God* with Vowes and Sacrifice,
To chuſe *Grave Mitred Sires* to over-ſee,
Leaſt *Chriſt his Flocke* by *Wolves* ſhould ſcared be,
And by *Decree* to quaſh all *Idolls* downe
At *Synod* held in *Eliberis Towne*.

This

The 4. Age.

This Courſe he tooke by his Good *Mothers* Lore,
Whoſe *Birth* much Fame to *Brittaine* did reſtore;
And *Helens* Name deſerves to be engilt,
For finding *Chriſt* his *Croſſe*, for *Temples* built.

Five Biſhopricks he rais'd to mighty Height,
Whereof each One poſſeſt a Severall Right;
And None of theſe in one anothers Charge
To meddle, but their owne Taske to diſcharge,
O're-ſeeing their Proper Flockes. The Chiefeſt Roome
He gave the *Popes of New and Ancient Rome*:
The *Third* he granted to *Jeruſalem*:
Then *Antiochs* fell and *Alexandriaes* ſtem.
This ſtinted Courſe they long obſerv'd, and None
Swarv'd from the *Stem at Nice agreed upon*,
But Brethren-like liv'd in true Amity,
Not ſtriving for more *Seates Priority*,
Then *Conſtantine* out of his bounteous *Grace*
Allotted them in their *diſtinguiſh'd Place*.

The 4 Age,

The *First*, that ſithence kickt, was *He of Rome*,
Who at *Bizantiums Councell* would become
The Chiefeſt Prieſt as of Old Rome the Pope,
Sometime the *Empires Head* of ſpatious ſcope;
The which *the Pope of New-built Rome* gaine-ſayd,
And there to hold the *Prime Place* he aſſayd;
At which *Vigilius* did ſo powte and frowne,
He would not meet with them, though then in Town.
Thus they, who ſhould a *Lowly Minde* poſſeſſe,
Began to climbe to *Lordly Loftineſſe*,
Perverting to wrong Sence *the Living Rocke*,
Gods Word, the Keyes, and Feeding of Chriſts Flocke.
That they might raigne here in this World a while,
For a few yeares pufft with a *Princely Stile*:
When they know in their Conſciences they Erre,
That after Death they fall, like *Lucifer.*
But they for *Faith* lean'd unto *Humane* worth,
And ſcatt'red Doubts againſt *Gods Spirit* forth.
They mutined againſt the *Holy Ghoſt*;
Apoſtate Arrians raung'd through every Coaſt.

They

The 4. Age.

They ſoone forgot the *Myſticke Croſſes* ſence,
The *New-mans Vewes*, and the *Words Excellence.*
Their *Plenty* pufft them up, and the *Sunnes* Light
Bedazzeled them, like *Gazing Birds of Night.*
For the *True Subſtance*, *Shadowes* they ador'd,
For the *Creator*, Creatures they implor'd.
The *late Baptiz'd* enur'd to *Pagan Rites*,
To *Saturnalian Feaſts*, and *Idoll* ſights,
Could not away with that *Religions* Forme,
Which typing *Chriſts* their Lives ought to reforme.
Their *Flamines* grudg'd, that the *New-Clergy* held
The Conqueſt over Soules, themſelves expelld.
The *Lay-men* wav'd betwixt the *Old* and *New*,
Like *Æthiops* loath to change their priſtine Hew.
To puniſh theſe, when *Conſtantine* was urg'd,
Not ſo, ſaid he, Mad men ſhould rather purgd
By *Phyſicke* be. We muſt, though *Curres* do bark,
With Gentle Gales to Port bring *Chriſt his Ark.*
This *Prince*, when he *Paphnutius* ſaw at *Nice*,
His *Hollowes* kiſt, whom Foes depriv'd of Eyes.

The 4. Age.

The *Roman Empire* was moſt fortunate
Under his Sway. He rais'd *Romes* falling ſtate
To ſuch a Height, that never Kingdome ſince
His Paralell enjoy'd, nor any *Prince*
Succeeded like to him in *Pieties*
True *Practice*, farre exempt from *Avarice*
And *Crying ſinnes*. His *Palace* with the Poore
Then with *Prætorian Bands* abounded more.
He was not ſerv'd in Gold or Silver Plate,
Though he might ſet on all the World a rate,
But Earthen Veſſels or of Wood he choſe.
He curbd himſelfe, becauſe he would not loſe
His wavering Subjects hearts. And what he ſpar'd
Above the Penſions of his *Souldiers*, *Guard*,
The Publike Troup, and his owne Private Charge,
He yeerely did conferre the ſame at large
To Pious uſe, and *Temples* up to build,
But more *Chriſts Living Temple* to rebuild.
Bleſt was the *Church* while his good *Monarch* raignd
Having Peace, Freedome, Wealth, and Honour gain'd.

But

The 4. Age.

But after his deceaſe by *Arrians* vext,
She like a *Widow* ſtood long time perplext,
But not with Open Force, for *Satan* then
Was for a Thouſand Yeares from *Murthering Men*,
For the *Faiths* ſake begun to be reſtrain'd,
Yet ſo, that *Saints* for Tryall might be Pain'd.

SInce I my Taske for *Conſtantine* have ſpun,
I muſt not leave *Conſtantiaes* Web unſpun.
This zealous *Princeſſe*, whether *Fancies Flame*,
Or to become Corrivall of her Fame,
Who late had found the *Croſſe* in *Calvary*,
Or *Satans Plot* into her *Creed* to pry,
Whether theſe *Tempting Baites* wrought on her Will,
To ſhake her *Faith*, and her Beſt Part to ſpill:
She ſought the *Picture* of our *Saviour Chriſt*,
As if her *Creed* did on the ſame conſiſt.
To bring to paſſe her Project frivolous,
She wrote unto *Euſebius Pamphilus*,

Requi-

The 4. Age.

Requiring him to ſend it her to *Greece*,
To make her happy in that *Graven Peece*.
The *Holy Father* with diſdainefull Eye
Perus'd her Lines; he feard *Idolatry*,
Leſt the Connivence at ſuch Paſſages,
Might blurre the *New-mans* Ghoſtly *Images*.
He therefore anſwer'd her with *Piety*,
In Zealous *Lines*, not without *Majeſty*:
Your *Grace* deſires, *Chriſts Portraiture* to have,
But which of his *Two Perſons* would you crave?
Which doe you meane (quoth he) His *Shape Divine*,
That beares the likeneſſe of the *Firſt* in *Trine*?
Or elſe the *Image* of a *Servants Forme*,
To which for us he did himſelfe transforme?
If you aſpire his *God-heads* Shape to ſee,
Take heed you touch not on *Old Adams Tree*;
None knowes the Father but the Sonne alone,
And none but by the *Father* knowes the *Sonne*.
But if that *Perſons Picture* you demand,
Borne of our Fleſh, you muſt then underſtand,

That

The 4. Age.

That none by Art and Oily Colours di'd,
Can limne *His Bodies Frame now Glorifi'd*;
For ſince that his *Diſciples* could not ſee
His *ſhining Face* at *Tabor*, how ſhall wee
View his bright *Face* and *Perſons Lineaments*,
Which till Doomeſ-day he hath removed hence?
On this Monition the Good *Empreſſe* ſtaid,
And of ſuch Carnall Types became afraid.

WHile Luke-warme Thoughts contended much with Zeale,
Falſe *Arrius* crept into *Chriſts Common-weale*,
Where *Six ſcore yeares* his *Sect* Good Men ſo griev'd,
That in thoſe dayes the Moſt part miſ-believ'd.
Two Councels then the *Arrian* ſide preferr'd,
The *Millaine* ſtray'd, the *Ariminian* err'd:
Yea, *Biſhops* both of *New* and *Ancient Rome*,
Subſcribed, and to *Hereticks* gave roome.
Againſt them all did *Athanaſius* warre,
And therefore may be ſtil'd *That Ages Starre*.

By

The 4. Age.

By his true Zeale and Pen the *Arrians* quail'd,
And *Truth* at laſt with *Victory* prevail'd,
During *Soules* Time of Blindneſſe, *Satans Warre*
Began againe both neere at hand and farre.
Againſt falſe Hearts, not by Blouds violence,
But by ſly Arts to try *Saints* Innocence.
To dim the *Churches* Splendour, he ſent out
His ſlyeſt *Fiends* to compaſſe them about,
Mad *Iulian* he ſtirr'd up, till he perforce
Did yeeld unto the *Galilcans* Force:
Where *Magick Spells*, nor his *Deare Porphiry*,
Could ſtop *Gods Doome* due for his Trechery,
Which unto *Chriſtians* interdicting Schooles,
Made Wits more hot, his *Counſellors* but Fooles.
As bad prov'd *Valens*, ſince to *Arrians* ſold,
But *Gothes* by Fire purg'd his Preſumption bold.

WHat *Iulian* ſpoild, did *Valentinian* raiſe,
And *Gratian* grace. But *Theodoſius* Praiſe

Deſer[illegible]s

The 4. Age.

Deſerves much more. He by *Pope Damaſus*,
And *Millains ſtarre* did *Arrian Tumults* cruſh,
Bleſt be his *Name*, who barr'd for his *Amiſſe*
From *Church* refrain'd, till he gain'd *Ambroſe bliſſe*,
And though a *King of Kings*, yet not withſtood
Checks for raſh Doome of *Theſſalonians Blood*.
O *Godly Prince*! who when he might command
A *Pardon*, yet moſt humbly demand.
Of him One ſung: Each thing with him prevailes:
So Winds Conjurd deſcended to his Sailes:
For him the *Heavens* fought, the Waves went backe,
And *Natures* courſe for all his Foes ran ſlacke.
This *Claudian* blazd with *Panegyrick* ſtraine,
And *Ambroſe* of his Death did much complaine:
I lov'd this Prince, quoth he, *becauſe he car'd*,
More for the Church then his owne Weale regard.

MUch owes the *Church* unto his Memory,
For after he had chas'd *Idolatry*,

And

The 4. Age.

And calm'd the *Arrians* Rage to *Catholicks*
Content, he ſetled *Chriſtian Biſhopricks*,
And leaſt the *Church* for want of Meanes ſhould fade,
Confirm'd the *Act* which Good *Iovinian* made
For *Tythes* to *Paſtours*, which hath ever ſince
Reviv'd the Fame of this *Religious Prince*.
What Good this *Act* hath done in *Ages* paſt,
Till *Mungrell Monkes* the *Churches* Hire defac't,
Encroaching on the *Clergy Seculare*,
For their Support of Sloth and Private Care,
Let Godly *States* obſerve, and waigh what Loſſe
Enſues of *Soules* by ſuch as doe ingroſſe
Impropriate Tythes, while many Thouſands pine
For want of Meanes to ſpread the *Seed Divine*.

THE

The 5. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE FIFTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 400. untill the yeere 500. At which Time *Anaſtaſius* Raigned Emperour of *Rome*.

The Argument.

Prieſts Marriages Confirm'd. Foule *Hereſies*
Burſt out. Falſe *Chriſtians* plagu'd by *Enemies*.
What wondrous *Wits* that *Age* brought forth *Divine*.
Now bloom'd the *Iriſh Church* and *Abiſſine*.

THat Parcell of falſe *Babels Myſtery*,
Broacht at the End of the *laſt Century*
Inhibiting *Prieſts Marriage*, in the *Riſe*
Of this *New Age* returnes to *Hell*, and dyes.

For

The 5. Age.

For while the *Arrians* Heat began to slake,
Siricius made *Romes Clergies* hearts to ake,
When he would them in the last *Age* constraine,
To live without their *Wives* in *Tantales* Paine,
Without their *Plightd Mates*, whom *Christ* had joy'nd
As Type of his *Church-Mystery*, injoyn'd
From *Strangers sheets*, as well with *Holy Seed*
To store his *Church*, as to partake some Meed
For Solace of their *Lives* anxiety,
While they soil'd not Chast Society,
Like *Heathen* Men, with *Wives* Pluralities,
Or haunted *Whores* in surreptitious wise.
But quickly was this Cloud dispersit and gone,
As not by *Mortalls* to be undergone,
When Wiser Men condemned his *Decree*,
And prov'd the *Marriage State* for all men free,
Aswell by Lessons out of *Sacred Story*,
As *Nicens* Warrant to *Paphnutius* Glory,
Who though himselfe had never married been,
Yet he to barre *Priests Marriage* deem'd it Sinne.

And

The 5. Age.

And so the *Councell* held at *Gangren* past,
The like *Decree* for evermore to last,
That *Married Priests* might safely Minister,
And who enacted otherwise did erre,
With thundring Doome accursing every Wight,
That dares maintaine that *Tenets* Opposite.
Saint *Nazianzen* sung that *he was borne*,
The third Yeare since his *Sire* a *Priest* was sworne.

THough this and other *Fire-drakes* choakt in snuffe,
Yet did not Other Clouds leave off to puffe
And poison *Soules*. Each One must have his Guard
Of *Angels* two both Good and Bad, to ward
Or tempt his *Soule*, that the *Sect Manichee*
Might conjure them, but not without a Fee.
To ayde them with *Free-will* and *Merits Charmes*,
Pelagius offers now to lend them Armes.
For these two *Sects* together with the Mists
Breath'd forth by *Arrians* and the *Donatists*,

The 5. Age.

The World then ſuff'red condigne Puniſhments,
In Lives and Fortunes with diſtracted Rents.

THat *Ages Church* was ſo with *Hereſies*
Beſet, and from the *Truth* ſeduc'd with *Lies*,
That though ſhe fled into a *Wilderneſſe*,
To ſojourne there ſafe from their Wickedneſſe,
And damned Plots, yet did the *Dragon* ſpew
A Floud of Filth in hope to blurre her hew.
But miſſing her he perſecutes her Seed,
And ſeekes by Open Force to ſlay her *Breed*.
Which though he fail'd becauſe of his reſtraint,
Yet he prevai'ld her Luke-warme *Race* to taint.
For this great *Warre* he rais'd up Bloudy Foes,
Gothes, *Vandalls*, *Hunnes*, all preſt at his diſpoſe,
By *Rhadagaſe*, *Alaricke*, *Totilas*,
By Him, whom *Ætius* foil'd, proud *Attilas*,
Who had proclaim'd himſelfe the Scourge of God,
To chaſtiſe Mortalls with an *Iron Rod*;

Beſides

The 5. Age.

Beſides the *Vandall Arrian Genſericke*,
Who ſackt at *Auſtines Death* his *Biſhopricke*.
By theſe whom *Rome* had ſometimes kept in Thrall,
God ſuff'red Fiends for Sinne to worke *Romes* Fall,
To let lewd *Worldlings* know, that when they faile
In *Zeale* and *Love*, then *Satan* will prevaile.
Before theſe Stormes, when as the *Church* was like
To periſh quite, *God grac'd her Catholike*
Againe by Meanes of *Athanaſius Creed*,
By *Ambroſe*, *Jerome*, and good *Auſtines* Deed.

BEſides thoſe Foure, how many radiant *Lamps*
Did the *Good Spirit* raiſe againſt the Damps
Of Helliſh Fiends in that fam'd *Century*?
From *Gratians* Time, till *Zenoes Empery*?
No *Age* before nor ſince hath ever ſeene
Such *Lights* to Crowne *Theology* a Queene,
No *Age* more *wiſe*, more *Learned Wits* brought forth,
Since the *Apoſtles* Time of better *Worth*

The 5. Age.

Then thoſe fore-nam'd; then famous *Hillary*,
Theodoret, *Euſebius*, *Gregory*,
And *Baſil* his deare Mate; then *Chryſoſtomes*
Rare *Homilies*, whoſe fluent *Golden Tomes*
Raviſh the dulleſt ſence. Or who can ſhare
With *Epiphanius*? Or for skill compare
With both the *Cyrills*, or with *Emiſſene*?
And Others, who renown'd that *Ages Scene*?
Extirping *Arrians*, and the *Manichees*?
Daunting *Donatus*, and his Complices?
And ſtriving to keepe downe *Pelagians* Pride?
Or for a time to ſtint their ſwelling Tide,
Which but for them had ſooner made the way
For ſale of Soules, and *Antichriſtian* Sway?
Theſe ſhone as *Starres* within the *Firmament*,
And did then *Satan* in that *Age* prevent
From his deep Reach. And we might doe as much,
If next *Gods Word* upon their Stone we touch
Diſcreetly without Paſſion, or ſelfe-love,
Since Men are prone the worſt things to approve

The 5. Age.

Tempted by Fiends, which wheele about the Braine,
To miſconceive the Right for Worldly Gaine.
Such bred in Errour from their Infancie,
Will hardly ſee the *Truths* reſplendencie.

BUt ſoone relaps'd that *Ages Proſelytes*,
They whoor'd againe as did the *Iſraelites*.
On which Relapſe He that for *Abrams* Seed
Could raiſe up *Stones*, a Stony-hearted breed,
Stirr'd from the *North* his Bleſſings to partake,
Which *Chriſtians* ſoil'd. Theſe did in time forſake
Their *Pagan Gods*, and the *True Faith* embrac'd
In milder Climes, which *Hypocrites* diſgrac'd.
At laſt they fell likewiſe through pamp'ring Eaſe,
And with groſſe Sinnes their *Saviour* did diſpleaſe.

SO ſtood where *Cæſars* raign'd the *Churches* ſtate:
But now I muſt looke backe where *Belul* ſate,

The 5 Age,

The *Southerne Queenes Succeſſour, Sabaes Heire,*
Who was Baptiz'd in the Fourth Hundred Yeare.

LOng had the *Church* of th'*Equinoctiall Line*,
Candaces Clime, ſince ſtil'd the *Abiſſine*,
Been toſt on *Nilus* Lakes by Mungrell Windes,
Compos'd of *Iewiſh Rites* and *Heath'niſh Mindes*.
But now thoſe Stormes allay'd, attonements made,
That *Chriſtians* might through *Circumciſion* wade,
And each partake of Others Lawes and Love,
Both leagu'd, both vow'd *Baptized* to approve
The *Chriſtian Eunuches Faith* by *Philip* taught,
And long before to *Ethiopia* brought.
Above Three Hundred Yeares the *Goſpels Spring*
Had cheer'd their parched *Zone*, and every thing
Began to grow with various faire Encreaſe
Of Ghoſtly Gifts and Homilies of Peace
By their *Abunaes* Care, and *Clergies* Toyle,
Onely the Great Ones ſtill did them embroyle

The 5. Age.

With *Carnall Snares* to croſſe their good Attempts.
Like as the *Romaine Cæſars Saints* intents
By Tyranny had interrupted long,
Till *Conſtantine* redreſt the *Churches* wrong:
So likewiſe *Saints* among the *Abiſſines*
Were trod upon, or by ſore Mulcts and Fines,
Oppreſt, that ſome kept cloſe, ſome fled away,
Some as it were in hugger mugger lay:
Others for feare recanted from the Light,
Diſſembling what they knew to be the Right,
As many here gloz'd in Queene *Maries* dayes,
And ſome in *France* with our Reformed wayes;
Untill their Foes were calm'd, and *Liberty*
Of Conſcience ſign'd to the *New Chriſtian Fry*;
About which time *Hells* Rage became allay'd,
Which for Three Hundred Yeares the *Saints* oreſwayd.

BUt now on the Approach of this *Fifth Age*,
By his *Grave Counſaile* and *Abunaes* ſage.

The 5. Age.

The *Emperour* of *Ethiopiaes Land*
The *Gospel* more began to understand,
And rais'd the *Christian Faith* with Publike vowes,
Yet mixt with *Iewish Rites* and *Levites showes*,
And though their *Formes* appeare extravagant,
In *Substance* yet their *Faith* is *Protestant*,
And little diff'ring from the *Primitive*
Which we profesle. Like Ours their *Clergy* Wive;
They Minister the *Cup* unto the *Lay*;
They honour *Saints* with a Memoriall way,
But worship not *Shrines*, nor *Imagery*,
Lest they might fall to flat *Idolatry*.
Sound *Christians*, were it not that they too much
On *Moses Lawes* the Observation touch:
Or else that they for their Dispense do plead,
That to eate *Bacon*, *Hares-flesh*, or the like,
Might make them *Leprous*, and their Bodies sicke,
Their *Climates Sunne* diseasing Bloud and Braine:
That what agrees with us procures them Paine.

Per-

The 5. Age.

Perhaps they ranke their *Circumcisions* use,
And shrowd it with *Indiff'rent* things excuse.

DEvout they are, when in the *Church* they meet,
They spit not there, nor come with durty feet.
Their *Lent* is long, which by their Foes observ'd,
They oft surprize thẽ through their Feasts halfe starv'd.
Some Ancient Bookes among us lost they hold,
Which they esteeme as *Gemmes*, more deare then *Gold*,
The *Oracles* of *Enoch*, and the Booke
Of the *Apostles Canons* they o're-looke,
And the lost *Acts of one of Calsedons*
Old Councells they retaine like Precious Stones.
The *Patriarch* still of *Alexandriaes* Bay
Claymes from Saint *Marke* their Sacerdotall Sway.
These *Negroes* here for *Christians* I assigne,
To shew that *Christ* his *Church* doth elsewhere shine,
And that she might grow strong within the *South*,
When in our *West* she seem'd a *Dwarfe* in growth.

Out

The 5. Age.

Out of the *Christian Church* exil'd by *Romes*
Fierce *Cæsars* for the *Faith* some left their Homes,
And fled for shelter to *Remoter Climes*,
In hope to shun the malice of the Times;
To shun the ten great Persecutions Rage,
Many were forc't their Fortunes to ingage,
Some past the *Bosphors Straights*, som *Gibraltars*,
Others retir'd themselves where Sunne-burnt *Carres*,
Twice yearely touch on both the *Hemisperes*,
That they might live secur'd from worldly Feares.
The like, whilst that mad *Diocleſian* rav'd,
Our *Brittaines* did, and Neighbours succour crav'd,
Who giving them Corporeall Nourishments,
Were by their *Guests* with *Soule-Food* recompenc'd.
A Saint-like Bounty, where both Parties Blest
Partake of *Love*, the Greatest with the Least.)
Among these *Nations*, now my *Muse* invites
The *Reader* to review some Neighbour Lights.

That

The 5. Age.

THat *Humid Westerne* Ile, whose Soile resists twists,
Snakes, Toads, and Moules, whose Wood no Cob-web
Stor'd with true *Saints* a *Saint-like* Stile now gaines,
Trampling *Pelagians* downe by *Patricks* Paines.
For while they skream'd in *Brittain*, *France*, & *Rome*,
He Preacht *free Grace* to reeling *Christendome*;
He Preacht sweet *Peace*, dehorting men from Jarres,
From Crying Sinnes, from Murther, Spoiles & Warres;
Though some of late in *Printed Legends* tell,
That by his *Word* he Thousands packt to *Hell*.
(A strange Narration, that a *Saint* should act
So opposite to *Christ* a Bloudy Fact.)
But after his Decease, *Hybernia* lost
Within few Yeares the Style which grac'd her most:
And then mad Broils her Members prickt like Goads,
Worse than the Stings or Bane of Snakes and Toads.
Yea, *God* with Wolves plagu'd her Back-sliding Fry,
Because they like *Samarians* went awry:
In mingling with *Gods Worship*, *Idoll sights*,
Traditions Flawes, and *Superstitious Rites*.

THE

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE SIXTH AGE,

Chiefly what hapned in the Ile of *Brittaine* after the Arrivall of the *Saxons* from the Yeare of our Lord 500. untill the Yeare 600. being the Sixteenth Yeare of the Raign of *Maurice* the *Romaine Emperour.*

The Argument.

The Christian Church, *which* Greeks *&* Latins rear'd,
In Brittaine *lyes with* Pagan Rites *besmear'd,*
Trod on by Saxons Troupes, *and* Wodens Brood,
But worse by her Owne Natives *sheading Blood.*

FIve Hundred Yeares from *Christ* not fully told,
When *Arrian's* stopt, then stept *Pelagians* bold
With more sly Tricks of *Humane Worth* to boast
Then that *Dull Sect*, which wrongd the *Holy Ghost.*

Where-

The 6. Age.

Wherefore New Broiles infeſted *Chriſtendome*,
To chaſtiſe men for *Schiſme*, as to make Roome
For *Antichriſt* the Head of *Heretickes*,
Which Myſtick wiſe from *Mungrell Catholickes*
Deriv'd his Birth, and will a *Tyrant* grow.
Becauſe Men loved Lies, ſuch Plagues did flow.
Great Plagues indeed; which ſince defil'd the *Eaſt*
With *Carnall Baites* by an *Arabian* dreſt,
And with Soule-tainting Charmes by *Popes* profeſt,
Cookt by *Pelagians* firſt within the *Weſt*,
Confounding *Faith* by Whimſeyes of the Braine
With Fleſh and Blouds Deſires, and Merits ſtaine,
So that Our *Ile* her *Former Glory* loſt;
There was no Roome left for the *Holy Ghoſt*,
Pelagius had her *Motions* ſo engroſt;
And then her *North* to *Humber* all was loſt
By *Scots* and *Picts* uſurpt with diſmall woes.
Becauſe ſhe *Grace* blaſphem'd, *God* ſent her Foes,
Which like a Deluge broke through *Adrians Wall*,
Till Strangers came with Armes to end the Brawle.

Yet

The 6. Age.

Yet ended not her *ſtinke* of *Ghoſtly ſinne*,
Nor *Carnall Snares*, where ſhe involv'd had beene.

THe *Sunne* had run One Hundrid Yeares at full,
Ere *Heathniſh* hands could all her Feathers pull,
Or part aſunder her Old *Seameleſſe Weare*,
Which *Chriſt* his *Font* had dipt with *Reverend Feare*,
In *Dies* ſent her from *Eleutbere* in graine,
And by *Great Helens Sonne* Confirm'd againe;
Plaine without ſtaine, I meane, and free from Pride,
Or that foule *Schiſme*, which did her ſince betide
By her *Abortive Brood*, *Pelagian Crew*,
The Sect that made Millions of Soules to rue.
Plaine Robes ſhe wore without Embroidery,
Or Worldlings Garbe, when Antient *Hillary*
Greeted his Brethren here in *Brittany*,
Thoſe whom *Faith* linkt to *Saints* ſweet Company.
So well had *Damian* and *Fugatius* bore
Chriſts Enſigne here two hundred yeares before,

That

The 6. Age.

That at the *Councell Graue Theodoret*
Rejoyc'd to ſee our *Brittiſh Elders* met.

WIth Pureſt Flowres *Our Brittain Church did bloom,*
Till in *Honorius Raigne, Gothes* ranſackt *Rome.*
She flouriſh'd under *Romaine Legions* long,
But thoſe being gone, ſhe *faded* and went wrong;
And then *Fiends* watcht the Time while *Hereſie*
Poſſeſt weake *Albions* Braine with *Lunacie.*
They ſaw how ſhe coſſeted her Child
Pelagius, how ſhe was by him beguil'd,
They loath to loſe advantage, nurſt the Hate
Betwixt her and her Aydes. Although of late
The Remnant which the *Romaine Cæſars* left
Of Souldiers here to guard this *Ile* from Theft,
Were with the ableſt *Brittiſh Youth* to *France,*
Tranſported there to lead a Warre-like Dance
Againſt *Romes* Foes, where by Warres-caſualties
Few liv'd to ſee their Home-Calamities:

Yet

The 6. Age.

Yet *Brittaines* rather here for *Empire* fought
Then to gaine Soules for their *Redeemer* ſought,
Or rather *Romaine Fry* in *Brittaine* borne,
Their *Factions* made *Our Brittiſh Church* a ſcorne:
Their *Church*, which late with *Twenty eight* did towre
Since counted *ſev'n*, and ebb'd to *Biſhops foure.*
Their *Temples* and *Romes Legionary Townes,*
Were quarter'd out for *Teutons Garriſons*;
Before the *Sunne* had *Forty yeeres* his Race
Run through, ſince *Hengiſt* rais'd *Old Wodens Mace,*
Thoſe *Germains* then did them, like *Wolves*, devoure,
Since Home and Forraigne *Saints* did faile to ſcoure
Their Veſſels cleane from Filth, ſince both did faile
Saint German and *Saint Lupus* to prevaile.

AFter theſe *Starres* declin'd to Natures Courſe,
For Thirty Yeares the *Church* oft fared worſe,
Some times aloft ſhe mounted; other times
She ſtood amaz'd at Change of Worldly Climes;

I Peace

The 6. Age.

Peace ſetled her in a Calme Aire againe,
When *Dubrice* did *Pelagian Blaſts* reſtraine,
About the time of *Great Juſtinians Raigne*,
And then a while Our *Church* rene w'd againe,
When after home bred Jarres and Civill ſtrife,
Our *Petty Kings* choſe *Valiant Arthur* Chiefe
Over their Troupes in *Brittaines* Weſterne Lands
Againſt fierce *Wodens Race*, and *Saxon* Bands,
But ſoone relaps'd the *Brittaines*, proud of ſpoiles,
Not caring for *Devotion*, all for Broiles.
They one another ſtrove more to ſupplant
For Elbow-roome, then *Chriſtian Faith* to plant.

SUch impious Blurres obſerv'd by *Helliſh Fiends*,
They ſow'd Debate betwixt them and their Friends,
Made them ſo ſlight their *Patriarchs* grave adviſe,
That in diſpaire he from *Carleon* flies;
Whence cauſe he brookt not the *Silures* Crimes,
Demetia beg'd his *Crozier*, *Hapre*, and *Chimes*.

But

The 6. Age.

But why didſt thou, *Saint David*, fly from *Usk*,
To ſmell of *Herrings*, when thou mightſt have *Musk*
And *Frankincenſe* to offer unto *God*,
Neerer then where thou fixeſt thy Abode?
Amidſt the *Craggy Hills* and *Foaming Floud*,
So farre remote to doe the *Saxons* good?
Why mightſt not thou beat downe *Idolatries*,
As thou didſt daunt *Pelagian Myſteries*?
Which by *Free-will* had ſtrove *Gods Grace* to rend,
And on Mans owne Poore *Merits* to depend?
Feare caus'd thy Flight, or elſe thy *Clergies* Hate
Brookt not the *Glory* of a *Riſing State*;
Or *Diſcontent* to finde the want of *Love*,
Among thy Flocke procured thy Remove.
Meane while behold thy *Country-men* at ods,
Struggling for brittle Sway, like *Demy-Gods*.

AT the Deceaſe of that brave *Martiall Prince*,
Whoſe *Tombe* was found in *Glaſtenbury* ſince,

The 6. Age.

All went to wracke, like *Alexanders* State,
They parted that which he had gain'd of late,
And by their Strife with fell inteſtine Rage
The *Victours* loſt the *Saxons* Vaſſalage.
While they obey'd *One Soveraigne Generall*,
Nor *Scots* nor *Picts* could work their finall Fall.
Their Foe-men paid them *Tribute*, and the *Eaſt*
Of *Wodens Brood* cring'd to the *Brittaines Weſt*.
But *Suſſex* now out-braves proud *Conſtantine*,
While *Vortipore South Cambria* makes to whine.
Looke how the *Nymphes* of *Dee* and *Severne* grone
To beare the yoak of *Conan* and *Malgon*;
How *Mone* and *Man* with the *Lancaſtrian Laſſe*
Cry out: *Alaſſe*, that they ſerve *Cunoglaſſe*,
Who, though the *Greateſt of the Brittaine Kings*,
Shames *Chriſtians* more then *Humbers Pagan* ſtings.

THeſe leagu'd with *Arthur* late for *States* Defence
Againſt their Foes, now for Preheminence

Contend,

The 6. Age.

Contend, and kill their *Kinne*, like Sheep or Beeves,
And, which to blaze as yet my *Nation* grieves,
More prone to ſmother *Truth* with glozing Cardes
Then heare their *Twuyſogs* Fall by honeſt *Bardh's*:
Two harmeleſſe Youths of *Arthurs Princely Ligne*
Were ſlaine in *Wintons Church* by *Conſtantine*,
That *Corniſh Wolfe*, who had uſurpt their Right,
He ſlew them there in their owne *Mothers* ſight,
Without regard unto that *Sacred Place*,
To *Chriſt his Altar*, or their *Noble Race*.
And as their *Kings*, ſo did their *Iudges* rave,
Sheading Inferiours Bloud, whom *Chriſt* forgave.
They ſit on *Theeves*, themſelves the greateſt Theeves,
Deflowre the *Daughter*, whilſt the *Father* grieves.
Their *Pligbted Mates* they murther or divorce,
And ſpare not *Altars* to profane with Force.

THe Bruit of theſe Miſdeeds inhumane ſtrikes
Such Odiouſneſſe, ſuch Horrour, and Diſlikes,

The 6 Age,

That their *owne Bloud*, whom Britiſh Seas divide,
Gaules Britonants, diſdaine with them to ſide;
And their *Old Friends* of *Patricks Iland* ſcorne
To ayde a wicked State through Diſcord torne;
Nay worſe, inſtead of aide *Gurmundus* came
From thence for Spoiles, and ſoone them overcame,
The *Brittaines* thus forlorne, *Northumbria* gaines,
Mercia ſtarts up, and the *Weſt-Saxon* Raignes,
Which *Laſt* will laſt, and ſhall chalk out the way
In times to come for a *Monarchique Sway*.

NO wonder that rude Strangers gained roome,
And baniſhd them from their beſt *Native* Home,
Sith neither *Dubrice*, *David*, nor ſuch Starres
Could them reforme, *God* ſent them bloudy Jarres;
Not all at once, but by Degrees he ſent
His whips of Wrath whereby ſome might repent;
But all in vaine. No Threats could *Brittaines* tame,
They did thoſe Sinnes which *Painims* bluſh to name.

Hengiſt

The 6. Age.

Hengiſt at firſt did but *Eaſt Brittaine* ceaze,
And Thirty Luſtres paſt ere *Angles* Preaſe
Durſt *Severne* paſſe, and longer Yeares then thoſe,
Ere *Offa* could his *Marches Meeres* encloſe:
During which Terme had *Brittaines* trod the Path
Of Penitence, they might have calm'd *Gods* Wrath,
Exchang'd with Foes the Chain of Thraldomes yoak,
And ſcap'd what ſince they felt, *Bellonaes ſtroake*.

SO ſung a *Swan* of *Claudius Cæſars Towne*,
Whoſe *Birth* fell out that *Yeare*, when *Brittaines* won
The Day with *Trophees* at the *Bathon Hill*,
And did their *Trench* with *Saxon Coarſes* fill.
He not a Ruſh did for lewd *Tyrants* paſſe,
But againſt *Five* ſtood like a Wall of Braſſe.
He ſhew'd what heavy Plagues would them befall,
How they and none but they caus'd *Brittaines* Fall;
Their *Inceſts*, *Theſts*, and their loud Crying Sinnes,
Which to commit they car'd no more then Pinnes,

The 6. Age.

With Tragick *Buskin* and Prophetieke ſtraine,
He fear'd not of their Treaſons to complaine,
Who though but weake againſt the Common Foe,
Divided Kings, at home yet raged ſo
With Bloudy ſpoyles, that through their Tyranny,
They loſt the moſt Part of *Weſt Brittany*,
For all, which they poſſeſt from *Wincheſter*
To *Cornewall*, *Pagans* got with *Gloceſter*.
Now *Suſſex*, and the *Mercian Kings* ariſe
On *Severnes ſhoare* to plant *Dutch Colonies*.
Such *Threnes* of thine, *Good Gildas*, proved true,
As *Chriſtians* felt &q that which did enſue.

THeir *Champions* then to *Woods* & *Mountains* fled,
Where Savage bent, and with ſuch Rancour led
For the *long Knives* Complot, which like a Torch
From time to time did their gall'd Entrailes ſcorch,
Their *Clergy* at no hand would joyne to Preach
The Goſpel, nor the *Saxon Rout* to teach,

Unleſſe

The 6. Age.

Unleſſe they would to them againe reſtore
Their Country back, which they had ſnatch'd before:
Untill at length *Romes* bleſſed *Gregory*
Diſpatcht a *Monke* of Famous Memory
To *Englands Kent*, where ſoone he did convert
Prepar'd by his *Faire Queene King Ethelbert*.
Whence thouſands moe with all their *Kings* became
By *Auſtines* paines Baptiz'd, to *Brittaines* ſhame.
For which neglect of theirs, and Neighbours ſcorne,
Their State all rent, and through Diſſention torne,
Northumbers ſince did to *Weſt-Cheſter* ruſh,
Slay *Bangors Monkes*, and *Brocmaels* Forces cruſh
So deadly, that thenceforth they ſeldome dar'd
To try the Fields Event with *Foes* prepar'd.
And this ſore Blow in Judgement them befell,
As *Gildas* firſt, and *Auſtine* did foretell.

THus ſtood the caſe with *Brittains* Commonwealth,
Becauſe they gave themſelves to Rapines, Stealth,

To

The 6. Age.

To Fraud, Revenge, and chiefly to contemne
Thoſe, whō they might have made good *Chriſtian* men
Without the helpe of more *Competitours*,
Brought from proud *Rome* to build up *Babels Towres*,
For *Auſtine*, when he came, began to ſtrive
With them for *Rule*, and *Romes Prerogative*,
Which compli'd not with *Saints of Chriſtian ſort*,
As an old *Hermite* gueſſ'd by *Auſtines* Port,
Who *Pope-like* ſet diſdain'd to riſe and greet
Sev'n Chriſtian Biſhops with Love-congies meet.
Such harſh Salutes, or *Inhumanity*,
So farre remote from ſage *Urbanity*,
What could they but diſtracted Rents produce?
Ending in *Schiſme*, and Holy things abuſe?
Our *Saviour Chriſt* was meek, all made of *Love*:
The *Devill* proud, and ſo his ſervants prove.
O what adoe they kept? what Coile? what ſturres?
With *Synods* Pleas, with Quillets, and Demurres?
Like *Turkes* for Turbants, *Monkes* for Frizes Hew,
So *Chriſtians* then did one another ſue.

The 6. Age.

The *Eaſters* Time procur'd this Factious Brawle,
The *Romiſh* Claim'd from *Peter* and from *Paul*,
The *Brittiſh* by Preſcription from Saint *Iohn*,
And their *Feaſts Date* the *Greek Church* grounded on.
But nothing could appeaſe the Adverſe ſide,
Till Force at laſt the Quarrell did decide,
Untill Saint *Colman* and the *Scottiſh Clerkes*
For Unions ſake were faine to yeeld to Quirkes.

POpe *Fælix* now ſign'd the *Laſt Unctions uſe*,
Which did in time a *Sacrament* produce,
That by more *Fees Prieſts* might enrich themſelves
For ſacring *Oiled Feet* from *aiery Elves*.
One thing of Note muſt not forgotten be,
How in the Yeare Five Hundred Fifty Three.
Then at a *Councell* in *Bizantium* held
The *Romaine Pope Vigilius* was refell'd
For *Hereſie*, *Judg'd Excommunicate*,
And doom'd to be deprived of his State.

The 6. Age.

For which and murthers prov'd the *Emperour*,
With ſlender diet ſtarv'd him in a Tower,
A juſt reward for claiming all that Scope
Of Liberties due to the *Weſterne Pope*,
Which *Nicens Councell* under *Conſtantine*,
Did long before betwixt *Five Popes* aſſigne,
Betwixt them of *both Romes*, of *Salems* Flocke,
Of *Antioch*, and of *Alexandriaes* ſtocke,
So that our *Popes* in the *Weſt Franchiſe* watcht
The Soules, which *Peters Net* for *Chriſt* then catcht,
Not with *Hells Husks*, *Traditions*, *Dreames*, and *Lies*,
But them to feed with *Scriptures Homilies*.
So wily was the *Serpent* to begin
With our *Prime men* and *Starres*, to plunge them in
The Gulfe of Worldly Pride and Avarice,
That by their meanes they Others might entice,
For when the *Head* feeles Peſtilentiall Flame;
How ſoone puts it the *Members* out of frame?
If, like Saint *Peter*, He that claimes his Place,
Had liv'd, *Romes Church* had ſtood in better Caſe.

But

The 6. Age.

But how ſhould then the Propheſies of *Paul*,
And of Saint *Iohn* beene verifi'd at all?
In vaine the *Man of ſinne*, *Perditions Sonne*,
Long time by *Cæſars* Pompe barr'd in that *Throne*
To ſit as God, and *in Gods Temple too*,
The uſe of Meates and Marriage to undoe;
To wrong the *Church* by Carnall Sacrifice,
Of Soules and Bodies making Marchandiſe;
In vaine *Great Babels Whore the Scripture* hath
Deſcrib'd, if *Rome had kept her Former Faith*:
By thrall'd *Vigilius* mark, that *Popes* were then,
Ev'n for Six Hundred Yeares to Mighty Men,
Eaths Lords, enthrall'd aſwell for Life as State;
Yea, *Chriſt* our Head to *Cæſar* paid a Rate
Both for himſelfe and *Peter* from a *Fiſh*
Without excuſe, Grudge, or repining Piſh,
As they did ſince, which challenge *Peters Chaire*,
Under pretext *Romes* ruines to repaire.
And herewithall let all true *Chriſtians* know:
"As long as men *are kept in aw and Low*,

"As

The 6. Age.

" *At ſome High Powers* beck, whom they doe feare,
" So long they vertuous are, or ſo appeare.
This of the *Popes* may well be verified,
" While they were by the *Cæſars* terrified,
" And ſubject to the *Lawes*, ſo long they thriv'd
" In Goodneſſe, Preacht the *Croſſe*, in order liv'd.
But when they once obtain'd the *Primacie*
Above their *Peeres*, and the *Supremacie*
Above the *Cæſars*, then they wantoniz'd,
Grew *Avaricious*, *Proud*, and ill adviz'd.
But this great *Flame* will not breake throughly out,
Untill th'*Eleventh Age* ſhall wheele about,
When with *Falſe Chriſts*, like *Capernaites Chymeres*,
The *Dragon* more will charme *Great Babels* eares.
Thinke on theſe *Sparks*, yee *States* and *People* all,
From the *Kings Bench* to the poore *Coblers Awle*.

THE

The 7. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE SEVENTH AGE,

From the Yeare of our Lord 600. untill the Yeare 700. in which Tract of Time the *Romaine Pope* got the Style of the Univerſall *Biſhop*, and *Mahomets Sect* began.

The Argument.

What Hereſies *ſprang up ere* Antichriſt
Broke from his Swathes *into the* Church *of* Chriſt.
He growes. but not to full maturity,
Till he hath got the Two-fold Soveraignty.

NExt to *Gods Word*, or *Oracles Divine*,
Contemplating on *Matyriz'd Iuſtine*,
Tertullian, *Irene*, *Tatian*, *Clementine*,
Lactantius, *Euphreme*, *Ierome*, *Origen*,
Euſebius, *Leo*, *Cyrill*, *Nazianzen*,

Oq

On *Epiphanius*, *Basil*, *Hillary*,
Theodoret, *Ruffinus*, *Gregory*,
And their more Ancients *Cyprian*, *Chrysostome*,
With those of *Affrick*, *Asia*, *Greece* or *Rome*,
Whither they in th' *Abissines Libraries*,
Or *Vaticans* inmur'd for *Antiquaries*;
Whether in *Print*, or *Manuscripts* they be,
Musing, I say, on them with insight free,
Who wrote within the First Six Hundred Yeare,
Besides the *Synods* of the *Sacred Peeres*,
Chiefly at *Nice* (to sort New things with Old)
I wish this *Postscrit* set in stamps of Gold:
Those Wits, who can *Grave Epiphanius* scan,
May helpe to fan *Romes Church* from the *Old Man*,
Like Wheat from Chaffe, or Gold from dust and drosse.
I wish this done, but dare not it ingrosse,
Or undertake my wishing to fulfill
Or want of time, of Strength, of Levites skill.

Though

THough while proud *Cæsars* rav'd, some *Christians* (pain'd,
Yet *Pliny* shewes their state when *Trajan* raign'd;
Nor could their *Rage*, nor *Victors* thundring *schisme*,
For *Easters Rites* impeach *Faiths Catechisme*.
Curst were those *Weeds* sprung of *Idolatries*,
Which by *Truths Flame Good Epiphanius* tries:
And Blest the *Flowres*, or *Herballs* of the *Fields*,
For *Quintessence* which *Epiphanius* yeelds.
There, *Millenaires*, and grosse *Monothelites*,
With other Clouds dim the *First Churches Lights*.
There, see wise men then *Fire Drakes* more unsure,
Yet others there more sure then *Cynosure*,
Though *Origen* and *Cyprian* in some things
Have err'd, yet *Saints* by Union Calm'd their stings.
While *Arrians* Rage Chiefe *Rulers* of the Rost,
The *Orthodox* proclaime the *Holy Ghost*.
While *Capernaites Christs Flesh* most grossely take,
True Saints by Faith that *Mystick Food* partake.

The 7. Age.

Where *Ebionites* and *Manichees* taxe *Marriage*,
There, *Gods Elect* dissolves so strict a Carriage.
Where *Montanists* for Merit *Fasts* erect
At Times prefixt, there, *Saints* a *snake* suspect.
Priscillians teach men to Equivocate,
But *Christian Saints* all Double-dealing hate.
Caianes Sect did *Angels Help* implore,
And with fond Vowes their mystick Shapes adore:
As likewise did those doating *Hereticks*,
Whom some in *Austines* Time term'd *Angellicks*.
But *Saints Christs Father serve, that Mighty One*
In Persons Three, and three in One alone,
Not Creatures, nor the Members, but the Head
Of Creatures Life, the Iudge of Quick and Dead.
All others Help they utterly disclaime,
Save that, which they through *Christ his Merits* claime.
Some to *Our Lady* offer'd Sacrifice,
But *Epiphane* blames them of *Heath'nish* vice,
Suites *Womens Cakes* for her Idolatriz'd
With Trash, which to *Heav'ns Queen* were sacrific'd,

Equalls

The 7. Age.

Equalls their Deed to that which snared *Eve*,
Yea, to the *Serpents* which did *Eve* deceave,
And likewise teares the *Vaile* where *Christ* was painted
Forbidding Dead Mens Pictures to be Sainted;
Wherewith by *Letter* lie upon this *Theame*,
Acquaints the *Bishop* of *Ierusalem*,
Advising him not to endure the like
Scandall, or Crime within his *Bishopricke*.
This of the *Veile* at *Anablata* hung
Was then from *Greek* turn'd to the *Latin Tongue*.
Novatus damn'd men after *Baptismes* Breach,
But no Despairing Fate *Mild Christians* teach;
They rather will raise up the *Bruized Reed*,
Then Thunder out what is not in their *Creed*.

Such *Lamps* this *Holy Worke* of Ancient Date
Exemplifies for us to imitate.
Such *Damps* likewise expressed in that *Work*
To warne th'*Elect*, where doth the *Dragon* lurk.

The 7. Age.

There, *Heretickes* in sundry Formes appeare,
There, *Christ his Church* you may discerne most cleare,
And how good *Christians* liv'd in Dayes of Yore,
With what they taught before that *Rome* turn'd whore,
Or which of Either *Church* are growne of late
In *Faith*, or *Manners* more Adulterate,
There, with some Paines we might gaine knowledge more,
Which *Worke* I wish, but want the *Lydian Lore*
To touch, *to try the Spirits*, and apply
The *Extracts* to the *Moderne Policy*.
Let some *Grave Elder* with *Seraphick Love*,
Indifferent, Just, and Mild, *the Spirits prove*.
Let *Usher*, *Hall*, or Learned *Montague*,
My *Mate* sometimes in *Eaton* those renew,
Which, if my Mindes presaging Augury
Faile not, will yet to us more Newes discry;
Or if Affaires afford them not the leasure,
To levy, rate, and draw the hidden Treasure,
Some *Good Professour* of Judicious Braine,
Which wants a Flocke, may undergoe the straine;

The 7. Age.

Or some brave *Spirit* of our *Academes*,
Start up to blaze those sacred *Theoremes*,
Which adding wings to our *Reformed Flights*,
Would serve to guard our *New-born Lambs* from *Kites*
And shew them Gentle *Bathes*, when to the Brim,
Old *Tiber* fill'd cause *Elephants* to swim;
While *Honest Swains* them greet: *God blesse the weak*,
And grant they not their *Christian vowes* do breake,
While *Saints* doe *Saints* salute: *God speed the Plow*,
And make us all content with what we sow.
So that their *Seed* be pure, full well we know,
They with Increase and *Peace* shall reap and Mow.
The *Harvest* great, no doubt but *Christ* enow
Of Workemen will provide, though I be slow.

I now review another *Century*:
About the Sev'nth of *Christ*, the *Mystery*
Of *Ghostly Sinne* began to domineere,
And here-hence-out a *Pilot* false will steere

The 7 Age,

The *Churches Ship* exalted by his *Mace*,
Who durſt uſurpe his *Lords Imperiall Place*,
Bereaving Him, his *Wife*, and *Babes* of Life,
(An *Omen* ſure portending future Strife)
From *Phocas* firſt receiv'd *Pope Boniface*
Inveſtiture of his *Supremeſt Place*,
And to be ſtyl'd, *The Churches Soveraigne Lord*,
Which ſome have wreſted ſince to *Peters Sword*,
Which ſmote off *Malchus Eare*, In the meane while
Hypocriſie did all the World beguile,
For from the Yeare ſince *Boniface* began,
The *Dragon* wrought upon the Braine of Man,
With more ſly Trickes then in the Times before
On *Heretickes*, or Wits of weaker Lore.
Pope Gregory fore-ſaw this Myſtick Cloud,
And *New Romes Patriarch* therefore warn'd aloud:
That *who aſpir'd to be the Soveraigne Prieſt*,
He was fore-runner of Falſe Antichriſt.

This

The 7. Age.

THis *Gregory* fore-told, although himſelfe
Had left his Ship on a ſuſpected Shelfe;
When here in *England* he gave *Auſtine* leave
To winke at *Heathen Feaſts*, to interweave
Their Stuffe with *Faith*, which ſome reſemblance had
With *Chriſtian Formes*, to weane them from their Bad
And damned Garbes, that ſo by Eaſie ſteps
They might aſcend, and not by ſodaine Leapes.
Theſe *Pagan Rites* by *Saints* conniv'd at firſt,
Like tainted Veſſels ſavour'd of the Worſt,
And long retain'd their mixt Religions Taint,
Till the *Laſt Age*, on the *New-mans* Complaint,
Had purifi'd what thē *Good Spirit* knew
Expedient in the *Church Chriſt* to renew.

THat *Monſter*, which ſince the *Apoſtles Age*
Crept *Myſticke-wiſe*, grew big, began to rage,
And Raigne ſoone after *Gregories* Deceaſe,
Under the *Keyes* pretence diſturbing *Peace*,

And shall for *Gold* assume *Iehovahes* Might,
To Thunder, Blesse, or Curse each Mortall wight;
For now henceforth a *Mixt Religion* flowes,
To marre *Good Seed* the *Tempter* Darnell sowes.
With Dreggish Dreames, which here *Pelagians* first,
And *Monkish* Braines had brew'd, they quench their (Thirst.
With *Reliques*, *Shrines*, and *Lies*, *Monastick* Cells
Abound, and *Darknesse* now the *Light* expells.
Foule *Sodomy* instead of Lawfull Flames,
And now our *West* Blacke Superstition shames.
As *Mungrells* of *Samaria* Sacrific'd
Some unto *God*, some *Creatures* Idoliz'd:
Some this besaint, that *Image* they observe,
But really the Most Part *Mauzzim* serve.
On Creatures they the *God-heads Right* conferre,
And while they kneele to Shrines most grossely erre;
The *Sunne's Eclipsd*, The *Gospel* they misprise,
And slight the *Crosse*, the *New-mans Sacrifice*:
The Fiery *Crosse* they slight, and hope by Deedes
And Humane Craft to blot out all Mis-deedes.

Both

BOth *East* and *West*, since *Mahomet* began,
Since *Mecha* roar'd the *Moorish Alcoran*,
Find much adoe their Credit to excuse,
But must confesse the *New-man* they abuse,
While the *Old Man* with his *Voluptuous* store,
Traditions, and his *Trident* they adore;
While *Dust* and *Ashes* they extoll too much,
Gods Word concealing, where they inly grutch
At Him, who did Poore *Fishermen* inspire
With sundry Tongues appearing then, like Fire,
Unlesse they will mad *Iulians* cause support,
Restraining *Light* from all the *Vulgar Sort*,
Who burnt the *Scriptures*, interdicted *Zeale*,
And forbad Schooles to *Christians Common-weale*:
As from the Yeare Six-Hundred Sixty Sixe,
Rome did obscure *Gods Word* to raise her Pixe.
And what more Signe of a *Tyrannick Sway*
Could be, then with One Tongue to oversway

The

The *Christian Church* compos'd of many Sounds ?
The *Catholick* of unrestrained Bounds ?
Within this *Age* likewise the *Agarens*,
By changing of their Names to *Saracens*,
Intruded on the *Right* of *Abrams Heire*,
On *Christs* as *Moses Lawes*, and on the Faire
Possessions of the *Church* in *Siriaes Land*,
With *Ægypt*, which to his *Arabian strand*
Now *Mahomet* doth adde, that by those Three
The *Hornes* in *Daniel* might accomplisht be,
With Hodgepodge-Dreames Cookt for a *Fairy Feast*.
And so himselfe of those *Three Realmes* possest
Dar'd to spue out the most Presumptuous thing,
The *Alcoran*, I meane, against our *Christ*,
Whereby he grew *One of Great Antichrist*
His Chiefest Limbs to *Lord* it in the *East*,
As *Popes* already crept into the *West* ;
And save for *Christian Name*, which they doe beare,
Shall over-match him in our *Worldly Sphеare*,

For

For as the *One* himselfe styles *Lord of Lords* :
So *Ours* shall goe beyond him by lowd Words,
And *Thundring Bulls* accursing men to *Hell*,
Dethroning *Kings*, and seating *Soules* aswell
In *Heaven*, as in *Purgatory-Cells* :
In which Attempts the *Pope* the *Turk* excells.

BUt whether for *Pelagian Heresie*,
Or for her Fraud *Romes* great *Apostasie*
Fell out ? (For though *Pelagius* she may blame,
Yet his Conceptions with implicite Flame
She hugges) Or when she turned *Courtezan* ?
Or when was *Satan* curb'd ? I leave to scan,
Loath to resolve such Questions Scrupulous,
Till Fresher Gales, for their more cleere discusse,
Shall quicken up my gravell'd *Intellect*
From Ancient Scribes the *Truth* to recollect.

I had

The 7. Age.

IHad almoſt forgot here downe to quote
Among theſe Broiles one memorable Note;
Abont the Yeare Six Hundred Sixty Foure,
When *Saraſens* and *Popes* began to rore,
A *Female-Saint* of *Yorke* did Prophetize,
And ſpeake againſt *Romes* New Enormities:
She ſtood againſt the *Shaving of the Crowne*,
Which then the *Romiſh Church*, to know her owne
Falſe Prophets by, as Publike *Mark* or *Seale*,
Had forc'd on *Prieſts* with a lowd thundring Peale.
Againſt the ſame, and *Eaſters Romaine Date*
Good *Hilda* ſpake, but *Popes* ſaid ſhe did prate:
For ſince they durſt the *New-mans Courſe* exchange,
Why might not they all Ancient Orders change?
Adde to the *Church New Sacraments*, as *Lights?*
And alter Times aſwell as *Outward Rites?*
He, that preſumes above all *Counceils*, *Kings*,
And *States*, will do farre more *prodigious* things.

Thus

The 7. Age.

Thus *Popes* have done. Therefore I ſtrongly fixe
Upon the Yeare Six Hundred Sixty Sixe.
When *Gog* with Force advanc'd the *Alcoran*,
When *Magogs wiles* ſet up the *Outward Man*:
Then did thoſe Foes, though diff'ring in their wayes,
Begin with *Filth* to ſoile the *Churches Rayes*.

THE

The 8. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE EIGHTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 700. untill the yeere 800. At which Time *Irene* raigned *Empresse* of *Constantinople*, being the Mother of *Constantine* and *Nicephorus*. About which Time *Ecbert* began his *Monarchy* in *England*.

The Argument.

The Churches Brood *seduc'd with* Monkish Lies
And Mechaes Dreames, *the* Gospel *they misprize*;
Mungrells themselves, *then* Mixt Religions *flow*,
Yet some reclaim'd, their Mothers Voyce *did know*.

ABout the Yeare Six Hundred Sixty Sixe,
Strife dimm'd the use of the true *Crucifixe*.
For *Pictur'd Saints* the *Greek Imperialists*
Began to taxe our *Westerne Latinists*,

Whose

The 8. Age.

Whose Right or Wrong *Serenus*, *Gregory*,
And *Epiphane* did long afore descry.
Some priz'd those *Types*, like Bookes, to edifie:
Some them defi'd, least *Gulls* them *Deifie*.
Some thought their *sight* did quicken much the *sence*,
Whilst others held they dull'd the *Conscience*.
But to summe this: we must our Bodies yeeld
As Mindes to serve the *Lord*, or lose the Field,
We outwardly must to *Gods Rites* attend,
As inwardly on his *Good Gifts* intend,
For what the *Heart* adores, the *Tongue* sounds out,
The *Knee* bowes to, the *Sight* puts out of doubt.
Then, *Agars seed* prevail'd to Tyrannize,
Popes to usurpe, and both to Sympathize
With *Satans Genius*, by false masked zeale
To over-sway *Christs Church* and Common-weale,
Fraud taught them first to crouch and to dissemble,
Then *Fiends* train'd thē to make their Foes to trēble.
Thus darkned stood our *Westerne Hemisphere*,
Till She that's with the *Sun* cloth'd did appeare.

By

The 8. Age.

By *Trumpets sound*, and *Printings Mystery*,
Recalling home her Strayes from *Popery*.
Among which Lures harmoniously *Divine*,
Would I could thrust this *Oaten Pipe* of Mine.

BUt was *Our Church* on Earth invisible
Till *Luthers* Time? No sure. Most visible
She lay to *Saints*, though to some *Romish* hid,
Like *Diamonds* in Mines, yet clearly did
She breath in *Christ*, although not eminent
To Carnall Eyes, or on a *Hill transparent*,
Yet *Catholick*, and through the World diffus'd,
She sojourned with *Holy Rayes* infus'd,
Like a Poore *Pilgrim*, one while in the *East*
She liv'd retir'd. Another while the *West*,
She put in mind of *Jeremiaes Threnes*:
Anon the *Northerne Iles*, and *Isters Fennes*
She visited, and oftentimes the *South*,
Or all at once she wakened from their *Sloth*,

The 8. Age.

Which fruitfull *Greece*, and rich *Arſaces Land*
Could teſtifie with *Ethiopiaes Strand*:
Which *Chams Tartaria* and the *Moguls Ground*
Could blaze how ſhe *Neſtorians* did confound.
Which *Snowy Moſchoes Clime* could juſtifie;
Yea, many in our *Weſt* could verifie,
That ſhe, *Good Soule*, with Teares and Doctrine ſound
Sought to redeeme them in *Hells* Fetters bound,
And on *Chriſts Merits* onely to rely
Without Diſtruſt or Ambiguity,
Tendring her Gloſſe *Chriſts Goſpel* to expound,
But moſt were deafe, or would not heare her Sound,
For either in a Tongue unknowne, by roat,
Or carnally they would her *Dictates* note.
Nay, when ſhe would *indifferent* things to uſe
Permit her Babes, her Love they would abuſe;
And for her Care, her *Champions* they would raze
Out of their Files with *Curſt Anathemaes*.
Yet ſome of better Mould attentively
Gave eare; and theſe I praiſe deſervedly.

Som

The 8. Age.

SOme *Godly Monkes*, and the *Old Saxon Bede*
Shew us what Life a *Chriſtian* ought to lead.
He *dying* wiſht, at *Cutbert* wrote, that Men
Would read *Gods Word*, and humane dreams contemn
To which Good End himſelfe in *Engliſh Tone*
Chriſts Goſpel left according to Saint *Iohn*.
Thoſe *Holy Monks* liv'd not on others ſweat,
Nor idly did by *Strangers Tythes* get Meat,
But earn'd repaſt in *Gardens* by the Spade,
Or in foule weather by ſome Houſhold Trade.
To keep their thoughts frõ ſenſual Plots they wrought,
And on *High Dayes* or Feſtivals they taught
Their *Auditours* what ſence *Chriſts Myſtery*
Beares to imprint his *Paſſions* Memory;
Or Catechis'd the weake and tender Braine
With *Scriptures Text*, and intelligible ſtraine.
But when the *Lumbards* were by *Charlemaine*
Repreſt, then *Popes* rais'd up their *Peacocks Traine*,
With Carnall Sence and Carnall meanes ſupport,
Transforming Rites ingroſſe ſtupendious ſort,

The 8. Age.

And by Degrees transferr'd to *Catholickes*
Traditions hatcht by Former *Heretickes*.
What Wheele is this? what ſtrange Extravagance?
Religious Rome, like *Dina*, gads to Daunce.
Nay more, ſhe paints her Face, like *Jezabel*,
Darkning thoſe Gifts, wherein ſhe did excell,
She that moſt Honour'd was next *Salems Church*,
Spreads *Lying Dreames*, and now lives by the lurch.
She, that was once the *Weſternes ſacred Dame*,
Converting *Heathen Soules* unto the *Lambe*,
Uſurps Saint *Peters Place* with Lofty Style,
Depraves *Gods Gifts*, and reares up *Babels Pile*.
She, that was *Chaſt*, delights to play the *Queane*,
And more then Good to practize Deeds obſceane,
But theſe are Trifles in reſpect of thoſe
Great Sinnes, to which ſhe will henceforth diſpoſe
Her *Whooriſh will*, for wicked *Sodomy*
She will commit, cheat men with *Alchimy*;
She will proud *Nembrod* from *Damnation* free,
And will beſaint falſe *Magus* for a Fee.

The 8. Age.

She will Create *New Chriſts*, burn *Saints*, force *Hell*,
Mew up *Gods Word*, and *Vertue* quite expell.
She *Chriſtendome* will topſie-turvie turne,
Dethrone her *Kings*, and make their *Subjects* mourne.
But here the Comfort lyes: though *Rome* playes falſe,
And *Nero*-like, debauch'd, yet all her Brawles,
Plots, Menaces, and Tortures cannot ſtop
The *Pens* of Some the *Truth* to underprop
With *Learned Workes*, to blaze in every *Age*
Her *Breach of Faith*, and tyrannizing Rage.

THe ſtrong Conceit of the *Seates Holineſſe*,
Saint *Peters Keyes*, and Shrines did ſo poſſeſſe
Remoter Braines, that *Rome* they did prefer
Before all Climes. Thither *Cadwallader*
Our *Britiſh King* for Refuge in Diſtreſſe,
And ſundry Others went for *Happineſſe*,
As they then dream'd: Some for *Monaſtick Reſt*:
Some to become there by ſuch *Merits Bleſt*.

The 8. Age.

And if *Ravennaes* Feare, and *Lumbards* Sway
Had not then blockt them in their *Pilgrims* way,
With dangers by *Banditi* in some Straight
About the *Alpes*, where Theeves for Preyes awaite,
(Such was the Blindnesse of that *Ages* Zeale)
Romes Mart had greater been, more lowd her Peale,
As sithence for her *Marchandize* encrease
Fell our, though to their Losse of Inward Peace.

WHile *Rome* thus vaunted of *Imagery*,
Greece seconded her Sinfull *Mystery*.
And though *New Rome* long struggled with the *Old*,
Yet now her *Keyes* then Ice become Cold:
And so prevail'd damn'd *Error* at the last,
That *Nicens second Councell* made agast
Our *Christian Church*, when that *Romes glorious Head*
She saw Accurst, and yet themselves mis-led
Would-set forth *Acts* for *Images* Adore,
Which their *Greek Church* condemned had before.

Honorius

The 8. Age.

Honorius was most justly Censured,
But *Idolls* use they ill determined.
For *Heresie* the *Romaine Pope* they quail'd,
Yet *Heresie* within themselves prevail'd;
And what the *Former Age* brookt as a Booke,
An *Image* now like to a God they tooke,
And held an *Idoll* in no lesse esteeme
Then *Pagans* did to honour *Dagon* seeme,
This *Ages Griefe* I point at, that the *East*
We may conclude as faulty as the *West*.
None can excuse themselves. Aswell *New Rome*,
As did the *Old*, for *Antichrist* made roome.
Because, like *Rome*, a *Mungrell Faith* they chose,
The *Grecks* their Fame of *Iconomaches* lose.
Yet this stole in but like an *Ague Fit*,
They soone recover'd, and confounded it.

THey did not since so Superstitious grow,
To vow that Service which to *Christ* they owe,

The 8 Age,

They kneel'd not downe, nor crav'd deafe *Idolls* ayde,
As if their *Church* to *Baal* they had betray'd.
They miniſter the *Cup* unto the *Lay*;
Their *Clergy-men* doe Marry to this day;
And in the *Mother-Tongue* the *Goſpel* read,
Not like the *Weſternes Rome* ſo much miſled.

ANd yet no doubt *their Church* went much aſtray
In many points, though not ſo groſſe a way,
As *Rome*. They held, and made apparant Boaſt
Of idle Quirkes about the *Holy Ghoſt*,
That they might ſhare, and be intangled in
The Myſtery of the Lewd *Man of Sinne*.
For which Foule Crime, and Depravation, *Chriſt*
Did then with-draw his *Grace*, and in that Miſt,
The *Dragon* did worke on their Enemies,
As on their Wits, their *Empire* to ſurprize,
And to prey on their *Chiefe Metropolis*,
As *Turkes* ſtill doe. And all for their amiſſe.

Ere

The 8. Age.

ERe I conclude this *Ages Century*,
I muſt not over-ſlip, how *Zachary*
The *Romaine Pope* againſt *Gods Word* gave way
From *Childerick* the *Crowne* to put away,
And to Depoſe the *French Mens Lawfull King*
On *Pipins Plea*, and for no other thing
Then for a ſlothfull Life, and that a *Bee*
Was fitter then a *Drone* to Over-ſee
And Rule a *Realme*, that he tooke all the Care,
While *Childerick* lay ſtill in Pleaſures Snare,
Or lull'd a ſleep, not caring but for Eaſe,
Whereby he did the Common-wealth diſpleaſe.
On this ſurmize, the *Pope* gave his Aſſent,
That the Poore *King* be to a *Cloiſter* ſent
And ſhorne a *Monke*, that *Pipine* weare the *Crowne*,
The lawfull *Heires* from *Native* Right quite thrown.
For this good Turne the *Pope* to gratifie,
The *Franks New King* combin'd to fortifie

Saint

The 8. Age.

Saint *Peters Seat* againſt the *Lumbards* ſtrength,
That he *Ravenna* forc'd to yeeld at length.
The Yeare of *Chriſt* Seven Hundred Fifty Sixe,
When men did much on *Outward Objects* fixe,
Then *Conſtantine* to *Pipine* in the *Weſt*
Sent firſt the uſe uſe of *Organs* from the *Eaſt*,
In imitation of King *Davids Harpe*,
A Godly Uſe, though Some thereat doe carpe,
Which though *Pope Paul the Firſt* did not abhorre,
Yet afterwards he dar'd that *Emperour*
With *Curſes* for oppoſing *Images*:
On theſe *Popes* doated ſo with Paſſages
Of Glorious Shewes, that *Adrian Peter* all
In Silver cloath'd, and *Paul* with Golden Pall.

THus by Degrees *Rome* that was fam'd for Chaſte,
Began to paint her Face, and prove unchaſte.
But though *Popes* daub'd, & were more proud become,
Others went Plaine like *Old Religious Rome*;

And

The 8. Age.

nd in *Our Weſt* will ſo continue ſtill,
ill to adore *Falſe Chriſts*, *Fiends* bane their Will.
l were not Bad; although the *Head* was craz'd,
he *Lord* yet ſome of *Romes* poore Members grac'd.
o doubt, He bleſt ſome of the *Romain Brood*;
iphas was Bad, but *Nichodemus* Good.
hen that *Elias* thought the *Church* downe reel'd,
v'n Thouſand were to *Baal* that never kneel'd.
s in the *Eaſt*, ſo in the *Weſt* there were
houſands which then from *Idolls* did forbeare,
ixing their onely *Faith* on *Maries Seed*,
he *Churches Head*, which ranſom'd *Evaes Deed*.

(I
Now the firſt uſe to *Chriſten Bells* began,
Whereby (I thinke) they *Baptiſme* did profane,
When they deprav'd the *Rites of Sacred Font*,
Wherewith to type the *New-man* we are wont.

THE

The 9. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE NINTH AGE,

From the Yeare of our Lord 800. (About which Time *Charles* the *Great* of *France* after his Conqueſt of the *Lumbards*, was Crowned by *Pope Leo* the Third *Emperour* of the *Weſt*) untill the Yeare 900. About which time the *Danes* ſore afflicted *England*.

The Argument.

Charles *builds* New Schooles, *ſubjects the* Weſterne (Broiles,
And with the Pope *ſhares Faire* Ravennaes *Spoiles*.
Though ſome rare Wits *renowned then that* Age,
Two Monſtrous Deeds *yet ſhame the* Romaine Stage.

BRave *Charlemaine*, like *Romes bifronted Sire*,
Whom *Pagans* at the Former Yeares expire,
And at the Newes Approah renew'd with *Bayes*:
So merited this *Prince* redoubted Praiſe,

For

The 9. Age.

For clozing up in the Laſt falling Age
Our *Weſterne wounds* made by *Barbarian Rage.*
No Fate of Worldly Wheeles, nor length of Yeares
Shall cancell *Martells* Deedes, nor the Twelve Peers
Dimme, nor expunge from *Honours Calendar,*
For their Exploits and Memorable Warre
Againſt the *Moores*, with whom they did ſo cope,
That they quite loſt their proud Ambitious Hope
Of Conqn'ring *France*, as they ſubjected *Spaine,*
But left behinde Two hundred Thouſand ſlaine
Of *Mooriſh Coarſes* for a Pawne or Signe,
That none ſhall *France* but *Chriſtians* make to whine

Charles after Broiles in this *Ninth Age* began
Three *Academes* to found for the *New-man,*
To propagate in *France* and *Italy,*
By whoſe faire *Patterne* Moe did fructifie
In other *Chriſtian Lands*, from whence Some roſe,
Some *Rome* to ayd, and ſome her to oppoſe:

For

The 9. Age.

For though the Head of the *Vertigo* wheel'd,
Some Members yet there were, which never reel'd.

ANd ſurely *Charles* the Name of *Great* deſerves
Aſwell as *Conſtantine*, but that he ſerves
Too laviſhly in my Conceit to prop
Rome with more *States*, when ſhe had need of ſtop.
He *Deſiderius* for her ſake immur'd,
And her with him to ſhare the Spoiles endur'd.
He did to her that *Patrimony* ſigne,
Which ſince ſhe falſely forg'd from *Conſtantine*;
For which henceforth we muſt expect but Force,
Spirituall Rapes, and the *New-mans Divorce*,
Truth crying out, that they the *Lumbards* wrong'd,
And that the Fee to *Irens* Sonne belong'd,
Great Conſtantines Succeſſour, New Romes Lord.
But how ſhould then proud *Babel* be ador'd?

Alas,

ALasse, that such Effects from *Kings* did streame,
To taint the Springs of *New Ierusalem*,
Since what they gave out of their *Love* and *Zeale*,
Redounded to corrupt *Christs* Common-weale,
The more *Rome* had, the more she coveted,
(*Ambition* perkes with reines unlimited)
And never will the *Pope* in quiet rest,
Till he rides on a *Scarlet colour'd Beast*,
Till he Crown'd with a *Triple Diademe*
Shall both his Mates and *Emperours* contemne.
But the *Red Dragon* yet workes covertly,
He spues not all his *Dregges* but lets them ly
At randome, whilst this *Age* amaz'd doth passe
Like to a Dreame; and that the Next an *Asse*
Shall turne, extinct of Light, and *Learnings Fruit*,
Which *Charles* had left for Honours faire pursuit:
Whereby more Roome shall for ambitious *Rome*
Enlarged be for *Soules* abroad to roame.

Abou

About the Yeare Eight Hundred Sixty Six,
Romes Church being growne of late a *Meretrix*,
Chast Marriage more to bring into Decay,
And to promote the *Antichristian Sway*
By *Sodomes Snares* and *Brothelries* accurst,
Consented that *Pope Nicholas the First*,
With *Lucifers* and all the *Monks* applause
Should then enact these grosse *Tyrannicque Lawes*:
That no *Lay-men* receive the *Sacrament*
By *Married Priests*, though with devout intent;
As if *Gods Mysticks* from *John Baptists Sire*,
Or *Peter* savour'd of Profaner Fire;
And that thenceforth no *Priest* should celebrate
Within *Precincts* of all the *Christian State*
Gods Service in the *Vulgar Mother Tongue*,
But in the *Latine*, which did all belong,
As he surmiz'd, to *Peters Government*,
And so to him by reason consequent,
Excepting onely the *Sclavonian Rout*
And *Polanders*, whom he of *Grace* left out,

The 9. Age.

Thus hath *Romes Lord* the *Devils Doctrine* broacht,
And falsely on the *New-mans* Right encroacht.
Where was *Christs Church* the while? gone from that *Clime*
Elsewhere (perhaps a Thousand Yeares) to chime,
That so *Rome* being for her unthankfulnesse
Cut off, the *Gospels Sound* might Others blesse.
But while this Eighth *Centurian* Age did last,
Some *Wits* barr'd Sinne from spreading too too fast.

OF these I praise good *Bertrams* Unity
And *Haymons* Cares, because the verity
Of our late Doubts about the *Sacrament*
Of the *Lords Feast* they quote, and what is meant
By that *Divine* and *Mystick Ordinance*,
Which *Carnall Clerkes* by *Transubstantiate Trance*
Broacht to confound our *Weaklings* Apprehension
For his true Bodies Forme, Site, and Dimension:
Erigena then glosst the *Sacrament*
Like them, from which our Moderne *Popes* dissent.

So

The 9. Age.

So learned *Raban* did, and *Isidore*,
Who held those Points, which *Bertram* held before,

NO *Clarks* then cloy'd *Christs Flock* with heavy Mast
But dresst his *Feast* fit for the *New-mans* tast:
They *Christ* Receiv'd by Intellectuall Trance,
And upwards taught by *Faith Soules* to advance.
They taught their *Flocke* the *Old Man* to deface,
And to embrace the *Holy Spirits Grace*:
The Chaine 'twixt *Christ* and us incorporate,
Christs Flesh and *Bloud* with Ours Regenerate:
The *Sacrament* not taken in One kinde.
(Who would bar *Wine* from Guests but men unkind)
The *Reall Forme* whereof unspeakable
If I describe, the *Saints* will say I babble,
For *Carnall Reason* knowes not to define,
How *Christ* descends at our *Great Feast Divine*.
Upon our *Faith* the *Holy Ghost* alights,
And He with *Christ* our rapt-up Soules unites,

Makes us in Minde and Body Sympathize
With *Christ his Humane Nature* Mystick-wise.

BUt then before this *Century* expir'd,
The *Romish Church* two Monstruous Meteours fir'd,
And by their Dampe gave warning to those Times,
That Vengeance was at hand, unlesse betimes
They would *New Babel* shun with her false charmes,
And damned Plots portencing after-harmes.
The One fell out when the *Whore Moguntine*
In a Mans habit plaid the false Divine,
So blear'd the *Romaines Eyes*, that they for *Pope*
Elected her, to shew how they did grope,
And stumble in re-building *Babels Walls*,
Which they should let, lest they become her Thralls.
A reall Signe, that *Rome* then turned *Whore*
With Carnall soul'd, with *Ghostly* Traffick more.

The

THe Other Prodigy *Pope Sergius* spred,
When he the Corps of *Pope Formosus* dead
Dig'd from his Grave, beheaded him with shame,
And into *Tybers* Streame then flung the same.
How well *Romes Head* deserves the Name by *John*
Fore-told of Old: *The Whore of Babylon?*

BY these two Flaming Brands and Papall Jarres,
Good *Watch-men* may dissever *Fiends* from *Starres*,
And by the Fruit proud *Antichrist* discerne,
If foggy Mists impeacht them not to learne.
His *Empires wound* which long since *Goths* had made
By *Constantines* Remove, had for his Trade
Of Soules beene soone recur'd, yea, *Antichrist*
Been sooner knowne: But *God* that Cloudy Mist
Permitted by degrees the *West* to blinde,
Which grew of wild degenerated kinde,

The 9 Age,

Untill *Romes Cup* of *Fornications* full
Were mounted to the height the World to gull,
That so his *Word* fulfill'd, her fearefull Fall
Amaze them more, who her a Queen install.
While she deferres her *Coronation Day*,
The Next farre duller Age prepares her way,
To climbe above all *Christian States* and *Kings*,
And to invert for *Gold Gods sacred things.*
Marke, *Reader*, but with Feare; and Glory not
In that *Old Churches* Fall, lest that thy Lot
For thy proud *Peacocks* vaunt, of thine Owne Worth,
May hap, like her, from *Grace* to be cast forth.

While thus the *Popes* their Monarchy contrive,
Within the Yeare Eight Hundred Ninety Five:
In imitation of brave *Charlemaine*,
Who founded *Schooles* poore *Students* to maintaine,
And likewise of the *Saxon Sigebert*,
Who rear'd the like in *Cambridge* to convert

Two

The 9. Age.

Two Ages past rude *Wits* from Ignorance:
King *Alfred* built for *Schollers* Maintenance
An *Academe*, or *Universitie*
At *Oxford*, which with Men of Pietie,
Men skilfull in the *Tongues* and *Arts* he stor'd,
Such as could well expound *Gods Sacred Word*,
Whereof himselfe a present Patterne was,
And might be stil'd true *Vertues Looking-glasse*;
Ev'n as our *Iames* was *Learnings Oracle*,
Styl'd *Faiths Defender*, *Brittaines Miracle*;
For as the One clad Part of *Davids Hymnes*
In *Saxon Garbe*, wrote Bookes, and *Catechismes*:
So did Our *King* of Famous Memory
New-clothe those *Psalmes* in Verse, and *Popery*
Convince with sundry Bookes, and *Babylon*,
For which Our Age inscribes him *Salomon*.

IN Turne of Time, as *Faith* did ebbe and flow,
Or as the *Moone* eclips'd, or *Winds* did blow,

Religion

The 9. Age.

Religion wav'd, ſprung up another Fry,
Which grounding *Faith* on vaine *Imagery*,
And their owne *Merits* puffe, for *Penance* ſake,
Or with *Great Rome* to part *Vaine-glories* ſtake,
Took up Good *Alfreds* Taske, to build more Roomes
In the *Oxonian* Towne, upon whoſe Tombes
Faire *Violets* and *Roſes* ſithence grew,
Becauſe they living ſtrove *Arts* to renew.
This moved *Wainflet*, *Wickam*, *Chicheſley*,
And Others with more *Fabrickes* to ſupply
That *Nurſery*; Some brought in Wood, ſome Clay,
Some Stone, aſwell the *Clergy* as the *Lay*.
Hence as from *Sinons Horſe Minervaes Knights*
Came forth, well skill'd in Fences and in Fights.
Hence as from *Saplings* ſhot up *Goodly Trees*,
Hence as from *Hives* came up *Induſtrious Bees*,
Whereof ſome did the *Conſcience* edifie,
The *Common-wealth* ſome Others beautifie.
Hence *Wickliffe* roſe, *Bale*, and laborious *Foxe*,
Who holp to build *Our Temple Orthodoxe*,

Though

The 9. Age.

Though not in *Zeale* to match the *Primitive*,
Yet by ſuch Good Mens Cares through *Grace* wee (thrive,
By *Martyrs Acts* fetcht from *Old Regiſters*
To ſtop the Mouthes of falſe Interpreters,
As by thoſe *Wits* nurſt up with *Food Divine*
On *Oxfords Paps*, which now in *London* ſhine,
And likewiſe by a Thouſand Other *Starres*,
Whoſe *Radiant Rayes* excell the *Sunny Carres*,
At whoſe rare Gifts and Voyce our *Brittains* wonder,
When they ſtrike Sinne, like to the *Sonnes of Thunder*.

THE

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE TENTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 900. untill the yeere 1000. At which Time raigned *Emperour Otho* the Third, whom the *Almanes* call the *Worlds Wonder*. About which Time King *Ethelred* Raigned in *England*.

The Argument.

The Dulneſſe of this Age. The Pope Supreme
In Rule unto the Latine Tongue *binds them*
Who are his Thralles. *Yet to the* Truth *ſome ſtand*
Moſt firme. Th' Electours *now grace* Teutons *Land.*

WHo can count the *Churches* dolefull Teares,
Her Woes, Her Fits, and Manifolded Feares
By *Saracens*, the *Popes*, and *Heathniſh* Bands,
Who forraged, and rackt all *Chriſtian Lands*?

No

The 10. Age.

No sooner had Victorious *Charlemaine*
Parted with *Popes* the *Scepter Soveraigne*,
Adding unto the *Keyes* a *Diademe*,
But *Rome* grew proud of that brave *State Supreme*,
Although as then it was a single *Crowne*,
And not, as since, like *Gerions*, *Triple* growne;
So seem'd to have her former wound heal'd up,
Which *Cæsars* gave by their Remove; her *Cup*
O're-flow'd, her *Mace* renew'd, which *Gothes* had rent.
She frolicks now, forgets her Banishment;
She hopes, that the like Blow shall never light
Upon her Limbs, nor work her more despight.
She stands secure, and builds up *Babels Walls*,
And by *New Kings*, her Tributary Thralls,
Whom she hath train'd with Fetches in to serve
Her Turne, and as their *God*, her to observe,
She stores her *Palace* with the price of Bloud,
With Sinnefull Spoiles vail'd with an *Angels* Hood.
While thus she vaunts of Carnall Dignities,
And slights the *Serpent*, which concealed lies,

Religion

The 10. Age.

Religion goes to wrack: and few there be,
Which will, or dare the *Gospels* Splendour see.
Dumbe are her *Priests*, and muffled are the *Flock*;
Both Honour Stocks more then the Living *Rocke*.
Instead of *Scriptures* now, Traditions strange,
The *Divels Huskes*, disperst. Lord! how those range!
Which though but light at first in Wise mens Eyes,
None fannes them, lest they might disgrace the *Keyes*
Usurping Lord, who, whilst he grac'd those Toyes,
Stopt Strangers murmure at the *Latine* Noise.

O Tyranny, worse than Our *Norman Kings*!
Such was Great *Henries* Spleen, and such his stings
Towards the *Welsh* or *Brittish Nation* bent,
Because they had by their Troupes Ambushment
Neere *Snowdon* Hills defeated in their Woods
And Straights his *Forces*, in his angry Moods
He meant, if he sped in a Victours way
Old *Cambers Tone* quite to exile away,

And

The 10. Age.

And force the Vanquisht from their *Native Tongue*
To learne the *English Tone.* But of this wrong
Consulting with an *Hermite*, when he heard
How hard that Plot would prove, he seem'd afear'd:
That though their Persons he might subjugate,
Yet he could not that *Tongue* obliterate,
Which was so Ancient, but it should endure
Till *Doomesday* came, the Pure from the Impure
To separate, and that this *Sound* among
The Chiefe should vent *Allelujaes Song.*

MUch then hath *Rome* to answer for this wrong,
And they have Cause to waile, who were so long
Barr'd from *Soules-Comfort* in the *Mother-Tongue*
By Rapsodies unknowne, or *Parrats Song.*
Before this *Ninth Centurian Age* began,
Although the *Head* turn'd giddy, the *New-man*
Forsooke not to reclaime the Chiefest Parts
Of the *Church-Body* from the *Serpents Arts.*

Of

The 10. Age.

In all the Course of the *Church-Pilgrimage,*
From the *Apostles* Time untill this Age,
I apprehend no Pleas in that long *Tract*
Of Time, nor reall *Motives* to substract,
(Some *Schismaticques* excepted, and some Few,
Who seiz'd on Rights to their *Creator* due)
From her *Essentiall Worth*, and *Purity;*
But that *Romes Church* leagued in *Integrity*
With *Cyprian, Ambrose, Ierome, Augustine,*
For the Resolve of *Mysteries Divine;*
And that with those, whom I have named last,
We hold *True Faith* in spight of *Babels* Blast,
The *Faith*, which they did *Catholicke* professe;
Yea, and the very same untowardnesse
Of *Factious Spirits*, which they scorn'd, we scorne,
Hating to see our *Masters Rayment* torne.

DId any Famous *Writers* from *Christs Age?*
Or in Eight Hundred Yeares since *Christ* engage

Their

The 10. *Age.*

Their Auditors to credit thoſe lewd Points,
Which with lewd threats *Trents Councel* late appoints
Did either *Popes*, or *Councels* then ordaine
From *Wedlock Bonds* the *Clergy* to refraine?
Did they compell their *Flockes Gods Word* to heare
In a ſtrange Tongue, as if they ſenceleſſe were?
Did they without their Troupe Communicate?
Or let them without *Wine* participate
The *Holy Bread* alone? with curſt intent
So maiming halfe our *Chriſtian Sacrament*?
Did they kneele downe to *Images* or *Shrines*?
Or offer Bribing Gifts? Or pay them Fines?
Did they believe the *Pope* diſpenc'd with *Oathes*?
Or could diſpoſe of *Realmes* to *Franks* or *Gothes*?
Did *Popes* within ſev'n Hundred Yeares exempt
States from their *Kings*, or *Kings* hold in contempt?
Did they beleeve that *Popes* could Pardons ſell?
And ranſome *Soules* from Purgings Flames of *Hell*?
Or do the *Greeks*, the *Eaſt*, or *Abiſſine*
Hold to this day, like *Rome*, their *Rites Divine*?

But

The 10. *Age.*

But rather joyne with us in moſt of theſe,
Holding her Sick of *Schiſmaticques* Diſeaſe?
Did they before the *Councell Popes* preferre?
As though, like Other Men, they could not erre?
No *Romaniſt*, although he loves the *Pope*,
Unleſſe he rackes too much, will prove I hope,
That any *Doctours* broacht that *Doctrine* out
Untill the *Sunne* the *Ninth Age* brought about;
Or till indeed long after by degrees
Popes thundring *Spells* forc'd *Monarques* on their knees
Againſt *Chriſts* Rule, who never grudg'd to pay
Ceſarean Toll, nor *Pilate* did gaine-ſay.
And if they ſhould by *Romes* Type patronize
Thoſe Errours, which the *True Church* doth deſpiſe,
Let them looke backe upon the *Word Divine*,
And ſee if there they can ſuch Points define;
Or if before, or after *Conſtantine*,
Till this *Tenth Age* from Pureneſſe did decline,
They apprehend that *Saints* did Sympathize
With thoſe groſſe *dreams*, which now they dearly prize.

N Onely

ONely ſome *Shrines* in *Auſtins* Time began
To be in ſome requeſt, by their *Old Man*
Devis'd to ſoile the *New*, but not, as ſince,
That they might from *Gods Adoration* flinch,
With an *All Haile* to the *Triumphall Wood*,
To *Martyrs Aſhes*, or Saint *Benets Hood*.
Though in our *Weſt* Some us'd thus to comply,
The *Eaſt* remembred yet Saint *Anthony*,
Who at his Lives laſt gaſpe, Sinne to prevent,
Requir'd his *Friends*, that not with Monument
They would encloſe his Corps, but ſecretly
Conceale the ſame, leſt men might fooliſhly
It *Idolize* in Zeale to doe him grace,
Which would redound at laſt to their diſgrace.
To *Iohn* the Twelfe now *Cæſar* Homage ſwore,
And that the Mid-time of this *Age* did gore.

Of

OF all the *Ages* ſince the *Word* made *Fleſh*
Firſt roſe on Earth none for the *Church* had leſſe
Of *Learnings Light* then this *Tenth Century*,
Dull'd through the Damps of *Hells* great *Myſtery*.
Full Foureſcore yeares ſo Ignorance prevail'd,
That *Knowledge* ſeem'd extinct, the *Goſpel* fail'd.
Who could repeat the *Pater-Noſter*, *Creed*,
And *Ave Maries* oft, though with ſmall heed,
Or gloſſ'd on *Shrines*, or mumbled *Latine Maſſe*,
In *Schooles* he did for a good *Graduate* paſſe.
But if he made *Monaſtick Legends* knowne,
A *Doctours Cap* became his *ſhaven Crowne*.
Whether this chanc'd by *Romes* deep *Policie*,
That none might dive to her *Supremacie*,
Which ſhe had newly *Crown'd*, or that the *Warres*,
Anxiety embroyling Soules with Cares
Prevented *Learnings Growth*, we find ſmall Signes
In that tempeſtuous Time of Vertuous Lines,

The 10. Age,

Or Monuments to move Posterity
Not to accuse them of Impiety.
Such was the Blindnesse of this darkned Age,
That none scarce acted on the *Muses* Stage
Parts to be seene of *Gotams Auditours*;
So busie were *Old Fooles* in building Towres
And strong *Monastick Cells*, where they found Peace,
Or to defend their *Reliques* from the Prease
Of *Souldiers stormes*, which from the *North* did fall,
Norwegians, *Danes*, and *Pirates* robbing all.
Onely some Foppish Tales they left behinde,
Thereby to cheat, not edifie the Minde:
What Miracles were wrought in such a Place,
Which they conceiv'd their *Monkish Haunt* to grace,
How *Dunstan* hookt, catcht *Satan* by the Nose,
With many moe absurder Lyes then those;
Like *Oberons* imagin'd *Fairy Dance*,
Or *Arthurs Knights*, or the Twelve Peeres of *France*;
How *Patrick* kill'd Five Hundred Yeares before
Thousands of *Irish Kernes* by Charmed Lore;

How

The 10. Age.

How *David* did a mighty Mountaine move,
And by his Word the Massy Earth remove.
With such Fond Tales they gull'd the Multitude,
That 'tis no marvell we account them rude.

YEt o're his *Church* the *Spirit* vigilant
Neglected not their Dreames extravagant
To interrupt, by raising up the Wit
Of *Ælfrick* to reforme their raving Fit,
Which worke perhaps not usefull for that Age,
But for our Doubts we doe conceive them sage,
I meane for *Christ his Body* in suspence
With Some, which till this Age in *Ghostly Sence*,
I dare be bold to say, *Saints* ever tooke,
Not Carnall-wise, but by the *New-mans Booke*.
This Revcrend *Clerk* in ancient *Saxon* Style
Describes what Blots the *Sacrament* defile,
And proves the Sence and Manner of the Feast
To suit with None, but with the *Spirits Guest*.

The 10. *Age.*

From the tenth Chapter of the *Corinths First*
He thus compares: The *Israelites* a thirst
Dranke of *Christs Rock* with a *Spirituall Taſt*,
And on his *Fleſh*, though Clouded, brake their Faſt.
As our *New-man*, or zealous *Catechiſt*
Admires *Chriſts Body* in the *Euchariſt*:
So they prais'd God for *Manna* and *Rock-water*,
Types of the *Churches Twinnes*, how he begat her.

OUt of the Forreſt of this *Century*,
Excepting, Rudeneſſe, Broiles, and Butchery,
I apprehend no memorable Courſe
To beautifie my Lines; But worſe and worſe
All things decline. This onely I conclude
Imperiall Otho to extinguiſh Fieud,
And mortall Jarres for Chuſing *Emperours*
On *Sev'n* conferr'd the firſt *Elective Pow'res*,
Eternizing the Period of this *Sceane*,
Whoſe *Former Acts* we count *Rude* and *obſceane*.

This

The 1C *Age.*

This *Otho* by *Pope Gregories* Aſſent
Did to aſſure the *Almaines Government*,
And to content the *Rhines Count Palatine*,
Becauſe he next of *Charlemaine* his Ligne
Deſerv'd that *Honour*, which his Race hath held,
Till Force of late the *Golden Bull* expell'd.
For this brave *Act* the *Authour* got the Praiſe,
To be enſtil'd the *Wonder of thoſe Dayes*,
As they, who do that *Order* violate,
Shall be proclaim'd *Uſurpers of the State*.

FOr an *Appendix* to my *Regiſter*,
I muſt not over-paſſe *Pope Sylveſter*,
Who by *Hell-Charmes*, *Spells*, *Negromantick Lies*,
And *Magick Arts* defam'd the *Papall Keyes*,
Preparing roome by that *Cataſtrophe*
To the Next Age toſt with a Sinnefull Sea.

THE

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE ELEVENTH AGE,

From the Yeare of our Lord 1000. nntill the Yeare 1100. About which time *Godfrey* of *Lorraine* became King of *Ieruſalem*, and *Henry* the Firſt Raigned King of *England*.

The Argument.

Hells *Higheſt ſleights a Thouſand Yeares reſtrain'd,*
Breake out, when Prieſts *the* Scarlet Hat *had gain'd.*
The Clergy *barr'd of* Wives. *The* Maſſes Cake
Turnes Fleſh. The Holy Land *now* Chriſtians *take.*

NOw to glance on the *Churches Darken'd wane,*
Who can deny but *Rome* became profane ?
When *Satan* was let looſe a Thouſand Yeares
After St. *Iohns* Prediction, as appeares

Even

Even till these Times with *Curses*, *Fire*, and *Sword*,
And secret Slights to martyrize *Gods Word*?
Both *Sun* and *Moone* stood then eclips'd of *Light*,
And *Starre-like Men* from *Grace* declined quite.
The *Heav'ns* were mov'd, *Strange Meteors* scar'd the (*East*,
But *Earth-quakes* most appall'd the troubled *West*.
Mens *Consciences* o're-clouded were with *Mists*,
When *Satan* rang'd from his *Confined Lists*,
With leave to prey upon those *Romanists*,
Who had forsooke *Christs Word* for *Antichrists*,
In giving heed unto *Erroneous Spirits*,
Cashiering *Marriage*, and their *Saviours Merits*:
Yoaking their *Flockes*, not of Necessity,
But to subvert true *Christian Liberty*,
(I meane the *Spirits Freedome*, and *Gods Word*,
Not that which *Fooles* do to the *Flesh* afford)
By *Pilgrimage* to *Saints*, *Idolatry*,
With wonders wrought by *Fiends* their *Faith* to try,
By Lies and Dreames bred in *Scholastick Braine*
For *Belly-work*, *Ambitions Ends*, or *Gaine*:

With

With Carnall Sence advancing *Superstitions*,
And spotting *Faith* with needlesse *Mens Traditions*.
With such *Flim-Flams*, since *Satan* was let loose,
And since *Romes Clergy Christ* his Rivall chose,
Were there *False Church* possest; and to this day
Some goe in those strange *Labyrinths* astray,
Not willing to be won, nor to decide
By *Scriptures Light* the Quarrells of their Side.

ABout this Time the *Cardinalls* arose
Unto their Sway, till then a Secret Close,
For though the *Name* were knowne of *Cardinalls*,
Yet were they rankt but *Deacons*, *Principalls*,
Or *Parsons of Romes Parishes* to serve
The severall *Cures*, not *Prelates* to conserve
The *Papacies Resplendent Majesty*,
As since they grew by *Satans* Subtilty.
On each of these his *Holinesse* conferres
A *Scarlet Hat*, to Higher Place preferres,

And

The 11. Age.

And amplifies with *Bishopricks* their State,
Whereby they might live eminent, from Hate
And Envy safe, the better to support
Their *Princely Pompe*, and his Magnifique Port.
At their Install he so much *scarlet* shares
To cloth their *Mules*, that by those Scarlet Wares
Saints may divine where *Babels Whore* abides,
Which on a *Beast of scarlet Colour* rides.

THese Men shut up within the *Conclave* close,
And having by most Suffrages him chose,
Who stands for *Pope*, they then his usuall weare
Pluck off, and in their stead bring glorious Geare:
A Scarlet suit, Red stockings, and Red shooes,
On which, because he claimes that he can loose
Or bind mens Sinnes, a *Golden Crosse* they place,
That some might *kisse* the same whom he would grace
A Girdle red then they about him clap
With *Buckles all of Gold*, and a *Red Cap*

Present

The 11. Age.

Present to him with *Band of Gold and Pearle*,
Wrought and engirt fit for a *King* or *Earle*.
Thus trimm'd, they put him on a *Scarlet Cloak*;
And to puffe up him more with *Glories* Smoak,
Upon his *Head* the *Triple Crowne* they set
With *Carbuncles* and *Diamonds* beset.
At last they mount him, though a mortall Clod,
And on an Altar Throne him, like a *God*,
The *Holy Place*, where their *Masse-God* remaines:
There none of them to *kisse his Foot* disdaines.
His *Chaplaines* now turne *Politick Divines*,
More prone to spoile then prop up *Sions* Vines.

THus every *Age* hath added *Royalties*,
Since first the *Pope* affected *Soveraignties*
In *Ghostly* things above his *Ghostly* Mates,
To scandalize the *Church*. This animates
The *Turks* and *Moores* to counterpoize his *Crowne*
With the like *Tares* by their *Arabian* sowne.

For

The 11. Age.

For when they ſaw *Religion* mixt with Theames
Of *Humane ſtampe*, they forged idler Dreames,
That by ſuch *Carnall Baites* their Sect like thoſe
Of *Chriſtian Name*, might with ſuch Wordlings gloze
As loved Pompe, and by their *Muffty* hope
The like *Soule-bliſſe* as *Chriſtians* from the *Pope*,
Whereby both *Sects* make up the *Antichriſt*,
Turkes openly, *Popes* ſlily croſſing *Chriſt*.
The Former rav'd, and quickly were reveal'd,
The Latter grew by ſtealth, ſo lay conceal'd
In *Myſtick* ſort from Carnall Drowzie Braines,
Becauſe *Gods Word* was hid, none took the Paines,
Or durſt indeed proclaime with open Lippes
The Pope Chriſts Foe, or by th' *Apocalipſe*
Depaint him out in Coulours, leaſt that Hire,
Which *Saints* reapt ſince, they ſhould have felt by Fire.

But who would once ſuſpect within the *Church*
A *Grave Divine* to live ſo by the lurch,

As

The 11. Age.

As to deprave the *Holy Spirits Gifts* ?
And in a *Saint-like* ſhape with *Satans* ſhifts,
Wherewith he tempted in the Deſart *Chriſt*,
To take the place of a *Monarchique Prieſt* ?
And by the *Keyes* pretence for *Gold* to ſell
Mens Soules ? and to diſpoſe of *Realmes*, aſwell
As to encroach upon the *Churches* Ark,
That None ſhould preach of *Chriſt* without his Mark?
Not onely in the *Weſterne Empery*,
But o're the World he claimed Soveraignety ;
And not alone he claim'd this *Maſſy* Round,
But Other Worlds, and the *Abiſſe* profound,
To order there, like *Heathens Rhadamant*,
Soules Torment due for Deedes extravagant.
How on the *Pſalmiſts Clauſe* have *School-men* gloſſ'd?
Thou haſt all things under his Feet diſpos'd ?
As Cattell Living men, as Fiſh pain'd Soules,
As Aiery Foule High *Saints* the *Pope* controules.

Among

AMong the reſt of *Antichriſtian* Blots,
I may not overpaſſe *Romes* damned Plots
About th'inhibiting of *Nuptiall Rites*
Unto the *Clergies Ranke* by *Romiſh Kites*;
That *Divelliſh Doctrine* of the *Latter Dayes*
By *Paul* fore-warn'd now *Babels Strumpet* waighes
In a falſe Ballance by *Hells Oracle*;
Slighting the Type of *Canaes Miracle*;
And, as from *Chriſt* by *Revelations New*
Authentick firm'd, ſhe doth the ſame renew,
Although that Plea Three Hundred Yeares before,
Had ordred been againſt the *Romaine Whore*
By the Sixth *Counceil* in *Bizantium* held,
And by th' *Apoſtles Canons* there upheld:
That Deacons, Prieſts, or *Clergy-men* might marry,
And if they ſhould from this Poſition vary,
The *Prieſt* not with his *Wife* cohabiting,
They cenſur'd him with *Deprivations* ſting;

And if he ſhould his *Wife* repudiate,
They then judg'd him for *Excommunicate*.
But notwithſtanding all the *Councells* Three
At *Gangren*, *Nice*, and This, they would decree
Suborn'd by peeviſh *Monks* to lay that Yoak,
Which they in Younger Yeares could hardly brook.
For quenching of this *Sodomitioque Flame*,
We finde two Workes under *Volusians* Name,
To prove the Weakneſſe of that *Canons* worth,
By *Ausburgs Biſhop Huld erick* ſet forth.
Pope Nicholas the Second of that Name
By this and other *Acts* quite out of frame
Set *Romes* weake *Church*. Ev'n he by *Hildebrands*
Lewd Counſel ſcorcht the *Church* with burning Brãds
And *coram nobis* brought good *Berengare*,
That *Babels Maſſe* might prove as *Market* Ware.

ABout that Time *Rome* fram'd a *God of Bread*
Turn'd into *Fleſh*, like *Him*, whom ſhe had read

The 11. Age.

In *Geneſis Created of Red Earth*,
Unto which *Wight* ſhe Motion gave and Birth.
To this *New God* with ſupercilious Brow
She ſtrictly charg'd her Subjects all to bow,
Her *Courtiers*, and the Multitude confus'd
Obey'd the Charge, but *Gods Elect* refus'd.
Good Men refus'd, and *Berengarius* ſought
With *Monkes* ſupport and *Prelates* underwrought,
To contradict the *Tranſubſtantiate Maſſe*,
Or not to leave it unreformed paſſe.
But *Factious Wits* with Worldly Policie,
Tooke that to clinch and pinch *Romes Primacie*.
Yet this Good Soule, though ſince for feare of death
Enforced to recant, conſum'd his Breath
With Reaſons ſound, and Arguments profound,
Till *Tyranny* his *Patience* did confound,
In oppoſition to their *Sacrament*,
Which derogates from the *Man Chriſts Aſcent*;
And left behind what *Hell* can never blot,
The Sence of that, which ſeemes to Some a knot.

Nor

The 11. Age.

Nor wanted he Applauſes in that Age
Of *Abbots*, *Monkes*, and *Prelates* wiſe and ſage;
And *Hildebert* a *Norman Biſhop* wrot
His praiſe at large, which Time ſhall never rot.

TIs ſtrange to me how *Faction* then prevail'd,
That they had not in Diſputations quail'd,
Aſhamed of their *Ghoſtly Mans* relapſe,
Having been nurſt upon the *Churches* Paps,
As they ſuppos'd, and of the *Spirit* borne,
Yet they the Sence did *Intellectuall* ſcorne
Of that *Bleſt Food*, which *Chriſt* himſelfe fed on
Before his Death, and gave thereof Conſtruction
Spirituall plaine, as all the *Fathers* did,
That *Saints* might finde with eaſe the Treaſure hid.
But what they ſpake by *Oratories Trope*
Rome wreſted ſince her *Maſſe* to underprop.
Sometimes the *Fathers* by *Synecdoche*,
By *Metonymy*, or *Hyperbole*

O 2 Spake

The 11. Age.

Spake to advance the *Sacred Mystery*,
Thereby to print in ravisht Memory
Soules healthfull Cure 'gainst Passions Insurrection
Typ'd by Our *Saviours Crosse* and *Resurrection*.

TOwards this Ages End *Pope Hildebrand*
Attempted by maine Force and armed Hand,
To wrest from *Cæsars Gift* the *Papacies*
Elections Grant, and Paramounting Sway,
Which *Popes* receiv'd from them untill that Day.
At least they tooke their Confirmations Seale
Not sure without the High *Imperiall Seale*,
And so did other *Bishops* in his Land,
Assume their Worldly States from *Cæsars* Hand.
But now the *Pope* by *Romes New Cardinalls*
More pow'refull growne into his Party calls
Aswell the *Lay*, as *Clergy-men* to ayde
Him in his Warres, which *Cæsar* sore dismay'd;
For by his *Balls* he gave his *Realmes* away,
And blockt from him and his the *Heavens* way.

Thus

The 11. Age.

Thus he that tooke himselfe to be the *Head*
Of *Christ* his Flocke claim'd Rule unlimited
Aboue all *Kings*, and Earthly *Potentates*,
And by the *Keyes* would alter worldly States.
The *Emperour* accurst, he sends a *Crowne*
To *Rodolfe* with this *Posie* written downe:
The Rock to Peter gave the Rule Supreme,
And he to *Rodolfe* gives the Diademe.
Upon this Warrant of his *Ghostly* Sire
Against his *Lord* proud *Rodolfe* did conspire.
The *Members* rav'd, and turn'd irregulare,
As if they felt the *Cramp* or *Riding Mare*.
Then, Thousands rag'd with *Frenzies Calentures*,
Till Thousands let them *Bloud*, or tooke their Cures.
This Quarrell made all *Germany* to quake;
With *Rodolfe* Some, with *Henry* more partake.
The *Crosse* and *Eagle* rear'd for Bloudy Signes,
Yet *Cæsar* foil'd Saint *Peters* false Assignes;
And *Rodolfe* in the last great Battell fought,
Lost his *Right Hand*, which to him dying brought

The 11. Age.

He ſhew'd it to the *Biſhops* ſtanding by,
Lo, here the Guerdon of diſloyalty,
That Hand, quoth he, which did to *Cæſar* vow,
I loſt by your Adviſe. Behold it now.
But notwithſtanding all theſe cruell Broiles,
Proud *Hildebrand*, late *Gregoriz'd*, embroiles
Himſelfe againe, will hazard Soule and Body,
But he will prove the *Emperour* a Noddy,
His *Soveraigne* Selfe comparing to the *Sun*,
And *Cæſars* Perſon to his Vaſſall *Moone*.
So long he play'd, till *Cæſar* ſacked *Rome*,
Doom'd him, and ſet another in his roome:
As Others his Succeſſours *Herods Sword*
Drew out ſo oft croſſe to their *Maſters Word*,
That now of late *Popes* odious in their place,
Twice *Burbon* did and *Alva Rome* deface.

ABout this time our *Rufus* to enlarge
New Forreſt, there to have a Chaſe more large,

Pull'd

The 11. Age.

Pull'd many *Churches* downe, But while he plies
The Game, into his Heart an Arrow flies.

ERe I proceed to the Next *Ages* Stemme,
I muſt reflect upon *Ieruſalem*.
Our *Weſternes* now by *Romes Croiſadoes* ſpurr'd
Made a brave League; and like good Brethren ſtirrd
With *Chriſtian Zeale*, they having *Antioch* won
To *Salem* went, and took that Famous *Towne*,
Mauger the Forces of the *Saracens*,
Erected there the *Croſſe* for *Chriſtian* Mens
Encouragement then living in thoſe dayes,
Wherewith the ſight they might, as Star-like Rayes,
Behold a glimpſe of ſome Pathetick *Love*
Home-frozen there renew'd, of force to move
Compunction in their hearts on *Calvaries*
And *Olivets* ſurvey, a *Sacrifice*
Well pleaſing unto *Chriſt*, while they with Teares
Muſ'd on his Griefes, his *Bloudy ſweat*, and Feares,

The 11. Age.

His *Paſſion* undergone for their Amiſſe,
His *Fathers Wrath* for Sinne appeas'd, and Bliſſe
Reſtor'd to them, and to the Penitent
By his Deſerts alone and Puniſhment,
Who without help the *Bloudy Wine-preſſe* trod,
And ſeal'd for us a New Contract with *God*.

THis *Citty* by victorious *Godfrey* gain'd,
When all his *Hoſt* would have him there conſtrain'd
As *King to weare a Golden Crowne*: Shall I
Moſt Sinnefull Man, quoth he, unworthily
Yeeld to be Crown'd with *Gold* in that ſame *Towne*,
Where *Chriſt* was forc'd to weare a *Thorny Crowne*?
Farre be that Thought from me, weak Mortall Clod,
To ſlight his *Croſſe*, my Duty unto *God*.
Such Carnall Pomp *I* utterly contemne:
Pitch we our Thoughts on *New Ieruſalem*,
Where every *Saint* the *Vaſſall* as the *King*,
Shall Crown'd with Bliſſe *Alleluiaes* ſing.

The 11. Age.

The New-mans Complaint in the Name of Our Saviour Chriſt *for the* Romaine Churches *Apoſtaſie and* Adulterate *Religion.*

WHilſt in thy *Name* I vent this juſt Complaint,
Beare with my Song, *O Chriſt, my Soveraigne Saint.*
But thou, *Romes Cauſe of Sinne, thou Dotards Clod,*
Pack hence, or humbly waigh the *Word of God*;
I am *Truths Light*, yet None from *roaming* ceaſe:
I am *the Prince of Peace*, yet None loves *Peace*:
I am *the Hill*, yet None climbes *Sions Mount*:
I am *the Spring*, yet None drinks of my *Font*:
I am *the Shepheard*, yet None heares my Call:
I am *Gods Prieſt*, yet None heedes me at all.
I am *Sinnes Death*, yet None from Sin will riſe:
I am *Soules Health*, yet None me gratifies.

The 11. Age.

I am *the Way*, yet none will tract my Pace:
I am *Lifes Vine*, yet none affoords me Place:
I am *Faiths Quinteſſence*, yet none partakes me:
I am *Soules Manna*, yet aright none takes me.
I am *Moſt true to Man*, None true to me:
I am *Raiſ'd up*, yet None my Forme will ſee:
I am *Mans Baile*, yet None doth con me Thankes:
I am *Hells ſcourge*, yet None hates *Satans* Prankes:
I am *the Golden Meane*, None waighes my Center:
I am *Heavn's Doore*, yet None the doore dares enter.
I am *Gods Word*, yet None will heare his *Word*:
I am *their Iudge*, yet None regards the *ſword*:
I am *Heavens Strength*, yet None ſticks to my *Fame*:
I am *Zeales-Mover*, yet None heedes the Flame.
I am *the Starre* of the *New-Eaſtern Morne*:
I am *the New-mans Head*, yet None's new-borne.
I am *the Thundrer*, yet None feares my ſtroake:
I am *Free-hearted*, yet None beares my yoake.
I am *the Lambe*, None will my Nature take:
I am *the Sunne*, yet None Sinnes Cloudes forſake.

I am

The 11. Age.

I am *Truths Rock*, yet None will now believe me:
I am *Mens Hope*, yet None will ceaſe to grieve me;
But in theſe Times with coulour of my *Rock*,
The *Dragons ſeed* doth perſecute my *Flock*,
And all *Romes Clergy* now doe liſten more
Unto the *Popes Decrees* then to my *Lore*.
No wonder with *Hells Plague* that *Soules* are ſtung,
When ſuch foule *Miſts* riſe from the *Monſters Dung*.
O wretched Man! whom neither *Chriſt his Path*,
Nor *Goſpel* moves, nor yet his *Threatning Wrath*!
[*Nemo*]
Yet if the *Romaine None* thou backward ſpell,
[*Omen*]
I may to thee a *Converts* LUCK fore-tell,
Thou ſoone ſhalt chaſe our Aiery Foes to *Hell*,
If thou by *Faith* ſeekſt in the *Heavens* to dwell,
And by the *Croſſe* the *Old Man* to expell.
Here lyes our Task: think on it, and Farewell.

The

The 11. Age.

The same Complaint reiterated in Latine Measures.

*D*Um novus erumpo vates sub nomine Christi,
Da veniam justæ, Rex Sacrosancte, *Querelæ.*
Sed, Romæ Terrene Senex, *tu causa malorum*,
I procul, aut humili pende hæc Oracula *mente*;
Sum Lux, *sed Nemo Tenebras Latebrasque relinquit*:
Sum Rex Pacificus, *sed nemo est Pacis amicus.*
Sum Mons, *sed Montem conscendit Nemo* Sionis:
Sum Fons, sed potat Nemo de Fonte Perenni.
Sum Pastor, *sed Ovilis adest mihi Nemo vocanti*:
Sum Mystes, *sed Nemo tenet mea Mystica mentę.*
Sum Mors Peccati, *Nemo expergiscitur insons*:
Sum Rediviva Salus, *sed Nemo rependit amorem.*
Sum Via, *sed Nemo sequitur vestigia nostra*:
Sum Vitis vitæ, *sed Nemo hanc Corde reponit.*
Sum Liquor, *at Nemo me spiritualiter haurit*:
Sum Panis Cœlestis, *edit sed Pectore Nemo.*

Sum

The 11. Age.

Sum Fidus, *sed Nemo fidem mihi præstat ad Aras*:
Sum Sursum positus, *sed me vult Nemo videre.*
Sum Datus Obses, *agit mihi Grates Nemo libenter*:
Sum Satanæ Domitor, *sed vitat Nemo* Gehennam.
Sum Modus & Centrũ, *tamen hæc duo Nemo revolvit,*
Sum Pia Porta Poli, *sed Nemo precatur, ut intret.*
Sum Præco, *sed Nemo sacris accommodat aures*:
Sum Judex, *sed Nemo fugit modò* vindicis Ensem.
Sum Cœli virtus, *sed adhæret Nemo vigori*:
Sum Zeli Motor, *sed flammis Nemo movetur.*
Sum Matutinum Sidus, *vatesque Dicit*:
Sum Restaurator Populi, *sed Nemo renatus.*
Sum, Deus Altitonans, *melior sed Nemo fit ictu.*
Sum Mitis, *sed molle jugum fert Nemo modernus.*
Sum Patiens Agnus, *sed me vult Nemo Patronum.*
Sum Sol exoriens, *sed nubila Nemo retractat*:
Sum Rupes Fidei, *sed Nemo fideliter orat.*
Sum Spes sola hominum, *sed Nemo lacessere probris*
Meq; meumq; Gregem Petræ *sub imagine cessat.*
Sic hodie Semen *solet insanire Draconis,*

Ut

The 11. Age.

Vt Papæ Decreta *magis quam* Dogmata noſtra,
Iura Hominum non Iuſſa Dei bibit aure Sacerdos.
Nec mirum; Nubes *ortæ de ſtercore* Monſtri
Inficiunt animas: Eccleſia *peſte laborat*;
O vetule infœlix! qui Chriſti *Calle, nec Aris,*
Nec ſacris Monitis, nec moveare Minis!
Sin nomen NEMO *ſupplex inverteris,* OMEN
Deſtinat; & Chriſto *ſic* Anagramma *placet.*
Aëreos Hoſtes citò profligabis in Orcum,
Si modo rimaris Cælica Clauſtra Fide.
Proditor ille Senex *tunc evaneſcet in Auras,*
Succumbit Chriſti *cum tuo Maſſa* Cruci.
Hoc Opus, hic labor eſt; Perlege, pende, Vale.

THE

The 12. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE TWELFTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 1100. untill the yeere 1200. At which Time King *John* raigned here in *England*, who to be abſolved of the *Popes Excommunications* made himſelfe Tributary to His *Holineſſe*.

The Argument.

The Councell Lateran *confirmes the* Maſſe.
The Canon Lawes *for* Romes *maine Profit paſſe.*
The Pope *mounts up on* Cæſars *humbled Back.*
Schoole-men *now riſe. And* Salem *goes to wrack.*

THoſe whom *Rome* ſtyl'd the *Berengarian Sect*,
Becauſe her *Maſſe* they ventur'd to correct,
Were cenſur'd at the *Councell Lateran*,
As at *Vercelli* the like *Act* prophane

Againſt

Againſt them paſt that *Politician Whore*,
For her *Trades* ſake, in the laſt Age before.
And here likewiſe ſuch *Labours* went to Pot,
As *Joachima Latian Abbot* wrot,
To prove: the *Man of Sinne*, the *Antichriſt*,
And *Babels Whore* jumpt with the *Romaine Prieſt*,
O Valiant man! who for this Myſtick Point
On *Truths* behalfe adventur'd his beſt Joint!

NO better ſorts the *Churches* Pilgrimage
In this obſcure *Eclipſe*, and *Carnall Age*:
Popes ſtruggling ſtill for Worldly Dignity
With *Emperours*, and for *Priority*.
Amidſt theſe Broyles, although *Eugenius* ſtorme,
Yet *Bernard* dar'd his *Popedome* to enforme,
How he in ſtriving Both the *Swords* to hold,
Might loſe them Both for his encroachment bold.

And

ANd ſure if *Popes* had not on *Princes* play'd,
Nor warr'd with Worldly States, but onely Pray'd,
And ſought the Health of Soules by Lenity;
They might have raign'd in long Proſperity,
And by their *Doctrine* linkt with Holy Life
Drawn wrangling States from Faction, Bloud & ſtrife.
Whereas for *Peace* they rather *Quarrels* ſpun,
Not caring by what ſleights they Places won.
So that ſome call him *Pope* a Yeare or two.
And that great *Kings* or *Dukes* doe kiſſe his ſhooe,
Old *Adrian* wreakes not how he came to mount,
Nor by what Meanes, ſo he his Peeres ſurmount.
And yet this Fate with a repenting Breath
This *Pope* perplext lamented at his Death,
And ſaid, that he, who got the *Papacy*
By Murther, trac'd the Steps and Policie
Of *Romulus*, who ſlue his Brother *Reme*,
Alone to weare *Romes* New-found *Diademe*.

The 12. Age.

When that Eleven Hundred Yeares and Ten
Had wheel'd from *Christ* his Birth, a *Bishop* then
Of *Florence* preacht, that the Proud Man of Sinne,
The *Antichrist*, who long conceal'd had been,
Was surely come, and in *Gods Temple* sate,
Pretending Right to sway the *Christian State.*
The *Mystick Let of Cæsars Glorious Traine,*
Which made him hide his head, and did restraine
His haughty Thoughts and Plots unlimited,
Was thrust away, and neere extinguished
By the *Popes* Tumults, Threats, and Stratagemes,
Subjecting Bodies, Soules, and *Diademes,*
Priests Ghostly Charge into an *Earthly* chang'd:
The *Spirits Gifts Simoniously* exchang'd:
The *Words Eclipse: Idolatries encrease*
And *Sodomies*: with want of *Christian Peace*:
These *Hellish Crimes*, or Deedes irregulare,
Demonstrate, who the *Churches Foe-men* are.
When *Pope Paschalis* Second of that Name
Had heard diuulg'd his *Hierarchies* shame,

Most

The 12. Age.

Most Politick to stop the Bruit at first
Of such *New Sparkes*, by his Old wayes accurst,
He sent his *Briefes* at *Florence* to appoint
A *Councell* there to right things our of joint,
As he surmiz'd, where *Coram nobis* brought
The *Bishop* there was forc'd to be new taught,
With *Babels Glosse* to palliate what he knew,
The Cole-black for Snow white, the False for True,
And so to leave the *Pope* in *Peters Chaire*
Chaffring for Soules, till *Saints* disturbe the Faire.

But in the midst of all these brandling Cares,
Which rackt the *Church*; succeeded other Snares,
Soules to subject unto the *Vultures Clawes,*
Renewd with *Glosse Voluminous* of *Lawes*
By *Azoes, Gratians,* and *Accursius* Paines,
That so Mens Wits by such divertive Traines,
In hope of Worldly Fees could might not pry
Into *Sinnes* deep concealed Mystery,

The 12. Age.

But nimbly helpe to execute the *Bulls*
And *Briefes*, wherewith his Thralls the *Tyrant* gulls,
Emptying their ſtore, ſacking their Subſtance dry,
That he might joy at *Clients* Miſery.
And though the One the *Elder Siſter* were,
The *Younger* yet and *Canon Law* did beare
The primeſt Sway, and *Kings* durſt not gainesay
But muſt appeare at *Rome* on a ſet day.
For when the *Pope* enthrall'd the *Emperour*,
Romes Keyes then *Ceſars Lawes* did over-towre.

TO fortifie the *Canons* glozing Gloſſe,
About that Time Our *Schoole-men* then aroſe,
Quaint Wits, who ſpun *Divinity* anew,
And by *Diſtinctions* would the *Goſpel* mew.
Such Knots and Wiles did Curious Wits compoſe,
That they to *Rome* might all the World tranſpoſe,
And ſo heale up, and cloze the grievous Scarres,
Which ſhe ſuſtain'd deſervedly for Jarres.

The 12. Age.

And for her Breach of *Faith* at *Chriſt his Spring*
Vow'd, that to him ſhe 'gainſt the *World* would cling.
But in the next Enſuing Age ſhall riſe
Bald *Friers Sects* to help *Baals Sacrifice*.
To temper, or to ſtint theſe Buſie Braines,
There ſhall ſtart up Men of unwearied Paines,
Who ſeeme to raiſe *Devotion* at a pinch:
'Mong which I ranke Poore *Francis* Sainted ſince,
Who innocent in Life, by Poverty
Would faine reſtore the *Old Integrity*,
To imitate, as much as in him lay,
The Ancient *Monks*, or the *Eſſenees* way,
Or rather *Benets* Rules; but afterward
The *Dragon* brib'd his Mates to be his Guard;
His Sect ſoone ſtray'd, and his Fraternity
With Merits boaſt corrupted Purity,
Peſtring the *Church* and *Chriſtian* Common-weale,
With Dreames adverſe unto the Founders Zeale.

OUt of their Dung did other *Orders* grow,
Austere in Life, of *Sanctimonious* show,
Pretending Holinesse in Outward Sight,
But inwardly in Melancholick plight,
Now spending Dayes and Nights neere in dispaire,
Anon blowne up, like Bladders in the Aire,
With Meritorious Wind, *Pelagian* Worth,
And *Humane Workes* they set their *Doctrine* forth,
They lash'd their *Flesh* to keep the *Old man* downe,
And, like that Sect from craz'd *Montanus* flowne,
They stupifi'd through *Fasts* their Brawny Sides
In hope of *Grace*, and Worldly Fame besides.
Meane while the Bloud of *Christ* they frustrate made,
And by such blasted Buds *Faiths Tree* did fade.
Yet by their Deedes, and seeming Sacrifice
The *Scarlet Whore* thought to redeeme her vice;
And that their *Workes of Supererogation*
Suffic'd at least to win a Prorogation

Of Vengeance due for her high Pamperd Pride,
If not to purge what *Christ* had left untri'd:
Like those who bought, to ransome *Iudas* Sinne,
Blouds Hire, a Field to bury Strangers in.

OWhat a Rabble doth my *Muse* descry
Of *Croakers* from the *Dragons* mouth to flye
Within the space of the Next Ages Rowle!
All bent the Praise of *Babel* to enrowle!
The *Dominicks*, *Carthusians*, *Augustines*,
The *Carmelites*, *Capouchins*, *Iacobines*,
Besides the *Order* of the *Ierome* Crowd,
To whom of late *Castiles* great *Monarch* vow'd
His *Marbled Palace* of th'*Escuriall Mount*,
Whose Structure cost him many Millions Count.
These *Orders*, though of despicable Forme,
In *Beggers* Rags, yet holp they to reforme
Some things amisse at their first shooting up,
Or else the *Whores Abominations Cup*

The 12. Age.

Had quickly been by *Kings* deſcri'd and ſpilt;
Her *Flock* had flinch'd, and ſoone eſpi'd her Guilt.
But the Conceit of theſe Mens Sanctity,
And manner of their Lives Auſterity
Gain'd them Repute of *Wiss Propheticall*,
Whoſe Vowes would ſhrowd Sinnes ne'r ſo Capitall.
Yea, though a man had both his Parents ſlaine,
Romes Pardons and their *Vowes* ſalv'd all againe.

THis blindneſſe laſted long, till *Chriſt* his *Spouſe*
Returned from the Deſart Soules to rowze
From Superſtitious ſleep, and Ignorance,
To brighter Light, and a more Lively Trance.
Like *Ravens*, *Frogs*, *Scritchowles*, and Diſmall Fowle,
Whoſe *Auguries* type Weather Faire or Foule,
So did thoſe *Flying Spirits* of that Age
Scale up Dark Minds a Prey for *Satans* rage,
And on th'*Elect* betoken Calmer Gales
To blow, when tir'd with Old fanatique Tales,

They

The 12. Age.

They ſhould in Time to come *Gods Spirit* ſee,
The *Martyrs* ſlaine reviv'd, from *Sodome* free.

WHile *Canoniſts*, the *School-men*, and thoſe Swarmes
Of *Lawyers* roſe, the *Romaine Popes* with Armes
And Curſes ſtill, leaving the *Lawes* diſpute
To ſpurre their *League*, did *Cæſars* perſecute.
No Treaties, Wars, nor Spoiles the *Popes* could tame?
Till One of them of *Alexanders* Name
On *Cæſars* humbled backe got on his Mule,
As Foot-ſtoole to a a Lord of mad Miſ-rule,
Detracting from *Chriſts Power*: Thou ſhalt tread
On *Baſiliskes*, and bruize the *Serpents* Head.
I doe to *Peter* this, and not to thee,
Said *Cæſar*: Both to *Peter* and to me,
Repli'd the Mounted *Prieſt*; for *Peters* Throne
On Earth I hold, and he and I are One.
O where was then *Romes* Boaſt of Innocence?
Of *Catholick* Conſent, and Penitence?

Their

The 12. Age.

Their Actions shew what *Spirit* raignes in them,
Who durst assume the *Triple Diademe*,
And manage both the Swords with more disdaine
Then *Bajazeth* complain'd of *Tamberlaine*.
But had not *Cesars Sonne* in *Navall Fight*
By the *Venetians* been Captiv'd, such spite
He could not have endur'd so patiently,
Nor let such wrongs long untevenged lye.

NOw for this Age to winde up *Babels* height,
One Thousand, and one Hundred Eighty Eight,
About that Yeare the *Machiavellian Pope*,
To settle surer his *Imperious* Hope,
And to confirme his proud Investiture,
Found out a Plot his Rapines to assure,
And to employ his Neighbours farre from *Rome*,
Lest they more pry into his Arts at home.
By his *Croisadoes* Charmes Cri'd Sanctifi'd
In *Christ* his Name, but by his *Word* untri'd,

He

The 12. Age.

He packt from hence many a Valiant Band,
Under pretence to Conquer *Iewries* Land,
And there to build *Jeruſalem* againe,
Like *Iericho* sometime not Curst in vaine,
And to regaine it back from *Saladine*,
Who late had won the Land of *Palestine*.
But as no Good flowes from a Tainted Spring,
So hence then Losse ensu'd no other thing.

CÆSAR *Romes* Curses thinking to compound,
Took up the *Crosse*, and by the way was drown'd.
Yet could not so the *Fathers* Death appease;
The *Popes* his Sonnes by Curses barre from Peace.
And to redeeme their Bloudy Spoiles with Deedes
Of Merit, they spread Meritorious Seedes,
As that Fond Age then dream'd, they prostitute
To *Moloch* first, and then they institute
The Orders of the *Begging Friers*, so
To calme *Gods Wrath*, which kept such lowd adoe

At

The 12. Age.

At Rich mens Doores, that Superstition more
And more confirm'd *Baals* Power then before.
About this Time my *Learned Country-man*
Archdeacon Girald wrot, by whom I can
Disprove out of his Bookes of *Pilgrimage*
Which he set forth of *Cambria* in that Age,
The Wonders of the *Well* of *Winifride*;
Which *Friers Braines* in After-times discri'd,
When the Fourth *Henry* raign'd, that then, ev'n then
They coin'd those Tales to gull poore Simple men,
To haunt their Cells, and impious *Sacrifice*
Grac'd from the *Pope* with *Novell Liberties*,
And Leave to build a *Chappell* or a *Fane*,
As Men were wont for the like use profane;
And as they did in this Fond Age erect
Most Stately *Shrines* to *Becket* and his *Sect*.

BEcause some *Monkes* Night Apparitions saw,
Which *Knaves* or *Fiends* invented there to draw

Con-

The 12. Age.

Concourse of *Pilgrims*, and Oblations store,
They built such *Shrines*, and noise'd their *Dreames* the more,
But Our *New-man* slights all such *Miracles*,
As derogate from *Scriptures Oracles*,
Not ignorant of the *Old Serpents* sleight,
That he may seeme an *Angel* of the Light.
Because Men loved *Lies* more then *Gods Word*,
And tri'd them not by the *Spirituall Sword*,
He suffred *Satan* to pervert their Will,
That they believ'd what did the *Spirit* kill.
To let our *Blinded Strayes* to know their Crimes,
Derived from the Course of faultring Times,
I warne them to looke back into this *Age*,
And there to waigh what Cunning mixt with Rage
Popes practiz'd then by more of *Councels* store
To raise their Crest then in the Times before,
How many *Councels* did the *Romish Clerks*
Assemble in our *West* for their vaine *Quirkes*
Support? what Age before hath ever seene
Of *Councels* held One Hundred and Fifteene?

For

The 12. Age.

(For just so many did this *Century*
Produce) Some to confirme *Sinnes Mystery*
With *Attributes* of the *Divineſt Style*:
That as the *Head* conſpired to enſtyle
A Wafer Cake a God, ſo they likewiſe,
As *Members* would a *God* him ſolemnize
With Power rais'd above the *Cæſars* farre,
Since he could *Soules* from *Purgatory* barre.
Some *Councells* leagu'd to ſend *Croiſadoes* out
To *Paleſtine* againſt the *Perſian* Rout.
Others were call'd the *Married Prieſts* to curbe;
And ſome were held the *Ceſars* to diſturbe,
Exempting from their *Lawes* the *Clergies Crew*,
Though nere ſo faulty, whence great ſcandalls grew.
Some *Councells* did againſt all *Kings* conteſt
Of *Biſhops* their *Inveſtiture* to wreſt
Unto the *Popes*. And ſome Pluralities,
Of *Popes* reſtrain'd and their Enormities.
And which ſeemes moſt uncharitable, foule,
And *Schiſmatick*, ſome *Councells* did controule,

Nay

The 12. Age.

Nay, put to ſilence the *Reformed Flock*,
Who built their Faith upon the New-mans Rock,
I meane, that *Flock*, which *Lions Waldus* won
From *Darkneſſe* to look on the *Goſpels Sun*.
Such *Acts* above One Hundred *Councells Tomes*
Contain'd to pleaſe the *Popes*, like *Hecatombs*,
Within the ſpace of the *Twelfe Century*;
And all to prop *Great Babels Empery*.

THE

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE THIRTEENTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 1200. untill the yeere 1300. At which Time King *Edward* the First raigned here in *England*.

The Argument.

The Waldois *and* Albigians Rome *oppose*,
Cæsars *with* Popes *for R le conteſting loſe*.
The Granſire, Sire, *and* Nephewes *feele the Smart*.
Pope Celeſtine *is gull'd by Wily Art*.

IN wofull Caſe remain'd the *Church of Chriſt*,
Through Bloudy Broiles, that how ſhe could ſubſiſt
On Earth, while this Age laſted, it might dull
A *Sparkling Muſe*, but that I learn'd at full

The 13. Age.

The Cause of her Retire; the Difference
Betwixt her *Waus*, and her *Lights* excellence,
Her *Catholike*, and her *Subordinate*
Communion, which false *Rome* would faine perswade
That she alone doth owne without respect
Unto her Mates, or Betters growne by *Grace*,
Where none can see her *Universall Face*
Save *God* himselfe. The *World* is large, our skill
At stint: How then know we her Spatious Hill?
The *Waldois* and th' *Albigians* in our *West*,
The *Abissines*, and Others doe suggest,
That they partake her Influence, and her Head,
Ev'n Him that shall dispose of Quicke and Dead.
Peter and *Paul* we know. But who are yee,
Who Meere the *Church* of *Nemrods* proud degree?

POpe *Innocent* in the last puddled Age
By *Canons* strict, but neither wise nor sage,
Our *English Clergy* now did here so gore,
As *Hildebrand* and *Lanfrank* did before,

The 13. Age.

That they without more Shifts, Delayes, Dispence,
Or hopes to calme *Romes* Spleen through bribing pece
Must turne away their Plighted *Mates* to grasse,
Or be Accurst, and to refraine from *Masse*;
A heavy Doome, and not to be recall'd.
This made our *Clergy* winch, when they were gall'd,
And causelessly thus curb'd without remorce
Of that, which *Christ* condemned the Divorce.
Against this Flash *Walter de Mapes* wrot
Oxfords Archdeacon stout; he tax'd the Blot
And Scandall which the *Romaine Church* encurr'd,
He shew'd the Flames, which her poore Guard endur'd
By such unlawfull Acts, those very Flames,
Which *Popes* themselves not without branded Names
Could well avoid in their more youthfull Yeares,
Nor *Cardinalls*, nor any of their *Peeres*,
They did enjoyne for tolerable Paine.
This moved *Mapes* in Old *Romaine Straine*
To gird and nip the *Popes* usurp'd *Decree*,
And to prove *Marriage* for the *Clergy* free.

The 13. Age.

But now my *Muse* more Bloudy Deedes must tell,
Which then the *Church* endur'd from *Fiends* of *Hell*.
About the Yeare Twelve Hundred Thirty One,
The *Greek* and *Latine Church* could not attone
Their Diff'rence new sprung up for *Christian Rites*,
But a sore *Schisme* then chanc'd, for *Romish* Kites
Would rake ev'n to the bone all *Churches* else.
They would yoake to *Romes Soveraignty excelse*
The *Easterne Church*, and force investiture
Of all their *Bishops*, and their *Ghostly Cure*
Under the Keyes pretence to *Romes* proud *Mace*.
But they would not subject, nor so abase
Their *Pastours Staffe*, alleadging *Old Decrees*
Of *Synods* made for ordring of their *Fleece*
And *Liberties* in their prefixed Spheare,
At *Chalcedon*, at *Nice*, and other where:
That every *Patriarch* in their proper Charge,
Should onely deale, and their owne Place discharge,
Not medling with Anothers stinted *Cure*,
But *watching* still their owne *Flocks* to secure,

Not

The 13. Age.

Not striving for high Seates of *Prelatie*,
As *Gregory* then did for *Primacie*.
To this Effect *Bizantiums Patriarch* wrot
To *Gregory* the Ninth, that he could not
Consent to thrall his *Church* unto his Will,
Which, as a *Tyrants Law*, might spill or kill.
At which Resolve *Romes Lofty Prelate* frown'd,
And by his lowing *Bulls* accursed Sound
Anathemated him and all the *East*,
Because they would not bow to his beheast,
And therewithall proclaim'd the *Crosse* to fight,
And to deprive them of *Gods Blessings* quite.
According to his Will false *Christians* went,
And *Martyrs* did with *Cypriots* Bloud augment.

Before this Rupture both the *East* and *West*
Till then agreed, on Union fixt their Rest,
And though for *Clericks Wives*, and *Masses Rites*
They varied, yet *Romes Popes* play'd not the Kites

The 13. Age.

Till then on them, as in our *Weſterne Spheare*,
From whence they rak'd much *Treaſure* every yeare;
They Both agreed, acknowledging *One Head*,
One Chriſt, *One Faith*, *One Iudge of Quick and Dead*,
One Vniverſall Church, *One Bond of Love*,
And that One Spirit ought them all to move:
All Patriarchs linkt in mutuall Amity,
Coequalls grac't with Honours Parity.
But through this *Rent* by *Babels Whore* begun,
A *Bloudy Flag* was for *Both Churches* ſpun.

THis *Schiſme* 'twixt *Eaſt* & *Weſt* obſcur'd the *Croſſe*
And to them both fore-doom'd a two-fold Loſſe,
Of *Worldly States* to *Greece* in time to come;
But Loſſe of *Ghoſtly Gifts* to haughty *Rome*,
Together with the Loſſe of Both the *Swords*,
As *Bernard* to *Eugenius* well records;
When ſhe ſhall ſee how many *Potentates*
Will flinch from her, and free themſelves and States;

The 13. Age.

When ſhe ſhall heare *One* with a Dreadfull Tone
Proclaime the Fall of *Whoriſh Babylon*.

WHen *Babel* ſaw, that her *Croiſadoes* miſt
Ieruſalem to win againe for *Chriſt*,
As ſhe, but in Diſguiſe, ſuggeſted then,
Now ſhe proclaimes them againſt *Chriſtian Men*;
The *Waldois* and *Albigians* feele her Spite,
For againſt them ſhe is reſolv'd to fight.
Some yeeld unto the *Fiery Croſſe*. Some ſtay,
Some ſtray, recant, and Others fly away
With all their Kinne into *Calabriaes* Soile,
Where till of late they liv'd ſafe from *Romes* Broile.
Nor could that Age, nor yet the Ages ſince
Extirpe their *Seed*, nor cauſe their *Faith* to flinch.
Yee *Darkned Ghoſts* of thoſe inveagled Times,
Who merit well Damnation for your Crimes,
Doe what yee can, theſe New-ſprung *Waldois* ſhall
With their good Mates *Albigians* you appall,

The 13 Age.

And ſhall out-laſt your Curſing Thunder-blaſts
Till *Luther* comes and gives you more diſtaſts,
At which appointed Time with lowder Crack
Your *Camerades* ſhall tremble, or fall back
From *Balaams League* unto a *Nobler Head*,
Whoſe *Spirit* them will into *Sion* lead.

WEll neere 300. Yeares the *Popes* have fought
With *Emperours* and *Kings*, their downefall ſought,
Depos'd the *Sire*, and rais'd a *Rebell Sonne*
Unnaturall the *Father* to dethrone.
They poyſon'd ſome, and Others by degrees
They forc'd to cry *Peccavi* on their knees;
And all for worldly Rule. Nay, *Kings* durſt not
Curbe *Homicides* (ſuch was the *Clergies Lot*)
In thoſe Dayes, that if they to *Rome* appeal'd,
They were exempt, and had their Pardons ſeal'd.
While Rebell *Becket* for poore things withſtood
His *King*, the *Pope* his Shield moſt firmely ſtood;

The 13. Age.

And Others of his Ranke hal'd to their Nets,
Two *Engliſh Kings* of our *Plantagenets*,

WHen *Milan* roſe againſt the *Emperour*,
With other Townes, though not to *Babels Towre*
Subject at all, yet did *Pope Gregory*,
Becauſe the *Rebels* ſought his Amity,
Accurſe the Third Time *Cæſars Majeſty*:
And though ſome pleaded then a Nullity,
Yet no ſubmiſſion ſerved *Frederick*,
But he ſtands barr'd from the *Church Catholick*.
About the Yeare Two Hundred Thirty Eight
With the one Thouſand paſt, for his owne Right
The *Emperour* was then compell'd to Fight,
The while the *Pope* all *Cæſars* League did ſmite
With *Thundring Darts* pretended from Saint *Paul*
And from Saint *Peter* to affright them all.
But ſeeing that ſuch *Blaſts* ſmall terrour ſtrooke,
He then proclaim'd the *Croſſe*, and thereby ſhooke

Th'*Imperiall League*, yet not ſo fatally,
But that his *Gibellines* ſtood really,
As with the *Pope* remain'd the *Guelphian Side*,
Which Two did long all *Italy* divide.

HEere ends not all this *Centuries* Complaint:
With farre more diſmall Stirres the *Pope* did taint
Thoſe Cloudy Times. The *Father* dead, he ſhootes
Upon the *Sonne* his Bolts. It little bootes
Him to ſubmit. The *Sonne* alike muſt beare
His *Fathers Curſe*, and ſo to Sway forbeare,
Conradus dead, he doth for *Conradine*
As much and more, for him he doth confine
Not onely from the *Empire*; But his Owne
Of *Naples Realme* with the *Sicilian Crowne*
He gives away for Prey to *Charles* of *France*,
Whoſe *Banners* there *Pope Clement* did advance,
And never left (ſuch was his Chollers Flame
To *Conradine* for his dead *Grandſires* Fame)

Till

Till he and *Auſtriaes Prince* by a ſly way
Were taken and beheaded in One day.
Judge, *Readers*, now, if *Popes* liv'd like to *Chriſt*,
Or whether they reſembled *Antichriſt*.

SO Sly and Cautious were this Ages *States*,
That None for feare to have with *Popes* Debates
For *Seventeene Yeares* durſt hazard on the *Mace*
Imperiall, but the ſame lay for that Space
Still vacant. For *Alphonſus* King *of Spaine*
Had flat refus'd the *Cumbers* to ſuſtaine,
Leaſt of an ancient Friend, his *Ghoſtly Sire*
Become his *Foe*, and ſo his *Love* expire;
He would not leave, he ſaid, *Aſtronomy*
Which he then ſtudied, for all *Germany*.
Th'*Electours* then choſe *Richard Cornewalls Duke*,
The *Romaines King*, but he with ſome rebuke
Was ſince put off, becauſe his *Holidome*
Expected more of Others for that Roome;

And

And thereupon he *Hasburgs Earle* enthrones,
Since *Auſtriaes Head*, with him the *Pope* attones
In Old *Lauſannaes Towne*; but could not get
Him once to *Rome*, leſt that his footing ſet
In that unlucky Place, ſome Jealous Fit
Might nip the *Popes* raſh Braine and crazed Wit,
That he from thence ſhould never more returne,
But periſh there, except he ſerv'd his turne,
As *Ceſars* were before his time to doe
Conſtrain'd, or elſe his Wrath to undergoe.
And to that end the prudent *Emperour*
Rehears'd the *Tale*, how to the *Lions* Bowre
Who fain'd him ſicke, the *Fox* ſaw many Beaſts
To enter in as Complementall Gueſts,
But not the ſteps of any comming back,
And that made him to *Rome* his Viſit ſlacke.

NOw at this *Ages* Period *Celeſtine*
The *Romiſh Pope* was cheated by a fine

And

And Cunning Sleight, the *Popedome* to reſigne
To *Boniface*, himſelfe and to confine
Into an *Hermites Cell*, to end his Dayes
With Prayers, Faſts, and ſuch Religious wayes.
This by a whiſpring Cane or hollow Reed
He acted, and his wiſh did ſo ſucceed.
Thus *Boniface* began. But as ſuch Plots
Thrive ſeldome, ſo entangled in thoſe knots,
Which he for others warp'd, he waged Warres
In *Italy*. In *France* he moved Jarres
Againſt the *King*, with *Fulminating Darts*
Againſt his *Realme*, till ſpite of all his Arts
His Holineſſe Captiv'd, in Priſon faſt,
For very Griefe then he deceas'd at laſt,
With this Memoriall fixed on his Clog:
He came a Fox, Raign'd a Wolfe, di'd a Dog.
But to encreaſe *Romes* Superſtitious ſtore,
Before his Death he coin'd one Cuſtome more,
The *Jubilees great Yeare*, wherein all ſuch,
Who came to *Rome*, were eas'd of *Sinne* and *Pouch*:

Eas'd

The 13. Age.

Eas'd of *Sinnes Paine* from *Purgatories Flame*,
Eas'd of their *Gold* as Ransome for the same.
This *Pope* decreed it first with *Balaams Fire*,
When that One Hundred Yeares did full expire;
But since to Fifty Yeares *Popes* chang'd the Course,
That they might reap more Gaine by *Gulls* recourse;
And *Pilgrim-Visits* of the *Lateran*,
And other *Sainted-Fanes* late made profane,
Since Freedome was proclaim'd by *Romish Sires*
For many Thousand Yeares from *Purging Fires*.
So doth the *Mystick Whore* entangle Soules
To credit *Dreames*, which raise her *Market Tolles*,
And now likewise for her *Gods Adoration*
Popes first Decreed the *Masses Elevation*;
Thus I winde up this *Popish Age*, the while
I warne thy *Wits* to greet, *O Patricks Ile*,
Thy *Prelate Fitz-Raphe*, *Primate Armachan*,
Who 'gainst the Upstart *Friers* playd the Man,
And provd their *Begging Orders* Vaine and False
Before the *Pope* and all his *Cardinalls*.

So

The 13. Age.

So shone that time this *Learned Mans Renowne*,
That when his Death was through *Avinion* knowne,
A *Cardinall* was heard of Him to say:
The Church hath lost a Pillar strong this day.

ANd yet for all such *Good mens Propheses*,
Rome would not quit her *Pedlers Marchandise*,
Which to her use those *Croaking Friers* truckt,
But by their *Lies* she all our *Honey* suckt.
(Their *Legends* wrought such *Superstitious Feare*.)
They saw *Our Lady* here, *Our Lady* there,
At *Mountserrat*, *Lorrette*, *Walsingham*,
Whereby they got, as to th'*Ephesian Dame*,
To *Isis*, *Baal*, and *Moloch* Temples built,
And *Images* with Gold and Azure gilt,
By which false specious Showes, old *Satans* Mists,
Rich Offrings they procur'd to *Romish Priests*.
Then, *Miracles* were rife, of Wise men knowne
For *Ghostly Wiles*, now to a *Proverbe* growne;

That

The 13. *Age.*

That to conclude Some for *Notorious Liers*,
It is enough to say, that they are *Friers*.

THE

The 14. *Age.*

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE FOURTEENTH AGE,

From the Yeare of our Lord 1300. nntill the Yeare 1400. At which time *Henry* the Fourth Raigned King of *England*.

The Argument.

The Fratricells *soone up, and quasht. At* Masse
By Papall Plot then Cæsar *poisned was.*
Pope John *maintaines, he can all* Kings *depose.*
Our Wickliffe *now* Romes Doctrine *doth oppose.*

ABout the Dawne of this *New Century*,
The *Fratricells* of *Anabaptists* Fry
In *Germany* disperst their Arguments,
That *Christians* should not perk to *Governments*;

The 14. Age.

But that all things lay Common to the Poore
As to the Rich. No Creature leſſe or more
Then Others muſt poſſeſſe. Equallity
They taught of *States* and *Lives* Conformity,
Much like to that, which *Plato* Chymeriz'd,
Or the *Utopian Weale*, which *Moore* devis'd.
But their Opinions vaniſh'd into Smoak,
And they themſelves endur'd the *Churches* ſtroak,
Cenſur'd for *Bedlems* of Corrupted Zeale,
Offenſive to the *Church* and Common-weale,
Which without hope of Gaine would ſlothfull grow:
Yet by the Fruit a *Chriſtians Faith* we know.
I wiſh in Wealth a *Meane*, from *Mixers* ſtore
A Miracle extended to the Poore.
O how my Heart doth grieve to ſee their Cures
Neglected, whilſt our *Droniſh Epicures*
Moſt idly waſte what *Guild, Families*
Would ſave from Dearth, and ſerve as *Sacrifice*
To cover Sinnes. We carry hence no *Gold*
Nor *Land*, Eight Foot alone a *Coarſe* will hold.

The 14. Age.

A *Friers Act* yet hapned to his *Liege*,
Great *Luxemboroughs Cæſar*, at the Siege
Of *Florence* more prodigious by the *Popes*
Procurement, which quaſht ſodainely the Hopes
And Life of the *Imperiall Majeſty*,
(Deciphring *Babels* black Iniquity)
By a *Black Frier* with a *Maſſes Cake*
Envenomed, and taen his Heart-ſtrings brake.
And ſo whom Force, nor Flathes could out-brave,
One hallowed Bit diſpatcht him to his *Grave*.

NOr did the Next ſucceeding *Emperour*
Much better ſpeed, for he likewiſe the ſowre
And crabb'd aſpect felt of proud *Antichriſt*.
He *Lewis* dar'd out of the *Church* of *Chriſt*
By Thundring *Bulls* to ſtrut, and made his Boaſt,
That he had Power through the *Holy Ghoſt*

The 14. Age.

Both *Emperours* and *Princes* to diſpoſe,
And at his Will their *Kingdomes* to tranſpoſe.
Thus *John* the Two and Twentieth of that Name
On *Cæſar* play'd, and *Scriptures* did defame,
Untill ſome Grave and Learned Men aroſe
In that Tempeſtuous Age him to oppoſe.

AMong which *Occam* ſtarted up with Quill
Of *Cherubs Wing*, and prov'd that *Doctrine* ill.
He prov'd the *Rule* of all this *Earthly Ball*
To appertaine unto *States Temporall*,
And by the *Light* transferr'd from *Holy Scrowles*,
How *Truth* exempts no priviledged *Soules*,
No not the *Pope* himſelfe from *Cæſars* Doome,
Since *Peter* felt by *Nero Martyrdome*.

SO to the Glory of the *Engliſh Race*,
Who with the Firſt withſtood the *Papall Mace*,

He,

The 14. Age.

He, whom the Godly for his *Learned Workes*
Then ſtyl'd, *The Hammer of the Romiſh Church*,
On *Groſted* I reflect, *Grave Lincolnes Sire*:
He ſtoutly wrot againſt his *Forged Fire*,
Which netled him ſo much, that out of hand
He would have cited him before his Band
Of *Phariſees* at *Tiber* to appeare,
But that admoniſh'd by his *Councell* there,
Sage *Cardinalls*, he was content to paſſe
Him over, leſt the *Biſhop* might ſurpaſſe
Them by his rare incomparable *Lore*,
And winde them in more Mazes then before,
Two Ages paſt had *Abbot Ioachim*
Againſt *Romes* Gaine a *Prophet* been to grim.
O *Glorious Ile*, moſt happy is thy Fate,
Which hadſt the Luck firſt to deſcry thy State,
Thy *Churches* dolefull ſtate by *Babel* torne,
And with the Firſt to be in *Chriſt* New-borne,
To ſhake her Yoak quite off, and to flye out
From her Dark Jaile, mauger her Guardians ſtour.

From

FRom time to time we read in *Antiquaries*,
God rais'd up ſome to ſound forth *Romes* Vagaries.
Before that *Wickliffe* ſtretcht his Lions Paw,
One *Robert Gall* Soule-rapt in *Paris* ſaw
The *Romiſh Church* by Name with *Head* like Death,
And with a *Body leane*, and ſcant of Breath:
An *Angel* then, while this ſight did appeare,
Bad him the *Romiſh Church* mark ſtanding there.

SHe in our *Weſt* was then of ſmall extent,
Perhaps retir'd elſe-where, like *Abrams* Tent;
Or She far'd in that *Antichriſtian Age*,
Like *Babels Jewes*, or *Saints* through *Neroes* Rage.
Heav'ns Path is Narrow, Stiep. *Hells* Broad, down hill,
Good men but Few, the Greateſt part are Ill:
Yet of thoſe Few 'tis hard to know their Scope:
Some ſicke, ſome weake, or of *Potentiall* Hope,

Yet of thoſe Few the *True Church* is compos'd,
And of thoſe Few ſome were, like *Starres*, diſpos'd
By our *Good God* of Dangers to fore-tell,
Whereby the Reſt might ſave themſelves from *Hell*.
So *Petrarch* ſung in two-fold *Latian Style*,
And others did in *Learned Workes* compile
Glauncing, nay Striking at *Romes Antichriſt*,
And drawing Soules from darke *Cimmerian* Miſt.
So *Boccace* had, although with Tales diſguiz'd,
The *Friers* wanton Thefts Epitomiz'd.
As likewiſe thoſe Three *Nunnes* Canoniz'd *Saints*,
Like *Babels Iewes*, or *Sybills* made Complaints:
Good *Katharine*, *Bridget*, and *Hildegard*
Fore-told our *New-mans Armes* of ſafeſt ward,
And that a *New Reform'd Presbytery*
Their *Liturgy* ſhould quaſh and *Popery*.

THus by *Records* the *Churches Race* I try,
And by *Faiths Light* her *Orient Face* deſcry,

The 14. Age.

Like the *New Moone* approaching from the *Wane*,
And ſhine more bright in *Conſciences Humane*.
By which and by *Romes* owne *Hiſtorian Platine*,
I finde how liv'd the *Head* of the *Church Latine*,
By *Simony*, and lewd *Magicians Spells*,
By *Murthers*, *Fraud*, and *Coining* of *New Hells*,
By ſetting all our *Chriſtendome* at ods,
Becauſe they kneel'd not to his *Maumet Gods*.
With *Factious Guelphes*, his hurliburles Aſſignes,
He warr'd againſt the *Imperiall Gibellines*.
Amidſt theſe Broiles and Crimes exorbitant,
Chriſt whiſtled home his *Flock* extravagant.
Some knew his Sound, and to his *Fold* return'd,
Some ſtaid behinde, and *Refractaries* turn'd.
The Firſt he linkt with his *Church Catholick*,
But left the Latter of the *Staggers Sick*,
And for a Prey to *Fiends*, becauſe his *Call*
They ſlighted, and his *Cures Angelicall*.
Such to be gull'd he left by *Aiery Elves*,
But his *True Ark* he ſteered free from Shelves.

Now

The 14. Age.

Now with faire *Light* from famous *Oxford* roſe
Our *Wickliffe*, *Romes Foundations* to oppoſe,
By certaine *Lords* and *Londoners* Support,
Which though ſome croſt, yet gave a lowd Report,
So lowd, that *Huſſe* and *Ierome* heard from *Prague*
The Noiſe, and learn'd to flye from *Babels* Plague,
And left to After-times ſuch Fruitfull Seed,
That the *True Church* now glories in the Breed.

THen *Chaucer* by the Freedome of his *Rimes*
Unſilenc'd ſcan'd the *Darkneſſe* of thoſe *Times*:
(Of ſuch ſtrange Force are *Tunes* of *Raptur'd Wits*,
That they have charm'd and ſtill'd wild *Tyrants* Fits)
He plainely pointed at *Romes Antichriſt*,
Admiring at the *Clergies* ſtormy Miſt,
Which did ſo long our *Weſt* exagitate.
Like them in *Zeale*, though with unequall Fate,

Did

The 14. *Age.*

Did the *Lord Cobham* since, the *Bohemes Husse*,
And those Good Soules in *Brittaines Ile* discusse
Religions state, those whom the *Papists* then
Nick-named for their *Faith* Just and Fast Men.
Whose Manner neere was such as *Pliny* writ
To *Trajan* earst. They, as did *Saints* befit,
Assembled in the Night, sung *Psalmes*, Receiv'd
The *Holy Food*, and with sweet Trance conceiv'd
Christs Mystick Gifts, *the New-mans Sacrifice*,
The *Spirits Flame*, which *Carnallists* despise.
They liv'd as *Brethren*, leagu'd in Unity
With mutuall Love, and Goods Community,
Relieving One anothers Need alwayes,
Their owne *Iust Fast Mens* Need without delayes.
For *Pauls Epistles*, or th' *Apocalipse*
In *English* pen'd, because there *Babels* slips
Were prophesied, they grudg'd not to defray
Five Sterling Marks, a *Scriveners* Royall Pay,
If we regard the scarcenesse then of Coine,
Before *Castile* did *Perues Oare* purloine,

And

The 14. *Age.*

And which is strange, they seldome mixt their *Seed*,
But with their *Mates*, lest they might taint their *Breed*.
Fooles styl'd them then, as they now *Lutherans*,
The *Knowne Men*, or *Wicklevian Puritans*,
The Iust and Fast, or with a Brow more sowre,
Them *Lollards* markt, frō whence came *Lollards Towre*.

IN *Wales*, About this Ages latter end,
The Blasts from *Hell* to *Friers* Braine ascend;
False *Miracles* these *Merit-monging* Crew
Pretended done by *Winifride* did brew
Neere to a *Well* deriv'd from Rocky Lime,
Which *Holy* they enstyld in that Dark Time,
Because the Bloud of that good *Virgin* there,
As they surmizd, was shed, and not else-where:
Lord, how they roamd, like wild *Geese*, on the Fame!
And unto *Baal* with fat Oblations came!
All to enrich the Forgers of the *Bruit*
With what they never toyld for, *Strangers Fruit!*

Before

The 14. Age.

Before which Feat for their *Monaſtick Weale*,
Their *Beggars* Wants they knew not how to heale.
'Tis ſtrange to ſee how ſoon the *World* turn'd Whor
When *Girald* paſt Two Hundred Yeares before
That very Place with an exact Survay,
Yet could not learne what men did ſince diſplay.

The 15. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE FIFTEENTH AGE,

rom the yeere of our Lord 1400. un-
ll the yeere 1500. At which Time *Henry* the Seventh raigned King in *England*.

The Argument.

r Churches *ſlighted ſtate*. Bizantium *loſt*.
e Papacie *in ſtrife*. *The* Huſſites *croſt*
r Huſſe *raiſe War, with* Ziſcaes *Conqueſts crown'd*.
range *Lands by* Gama *and* Columbus *found*.

TH AS I of late *Old Rubbage* diggd, I felt
(With Flaming Force my *Perturbations* melt,
y *Paſſions* curbd, my Outward Man of Might
eprivd. And then I had a *Ghoſtly* Sight

Of

The 15. Age.

Of *Robert Galls Parisian Iack-a-Lent*,
Whereof the *Pope* by Carnall Mindes Consent
Is *Supreme Head* on Earth. But soone I saw
Both *Head* and *Body* burne away like straw;
For Both indeed wore brittle Ornaments,
And so dissolvd to the First Elements,
His Soule descending into *Lower Spheares*
Then those of *Purging*, which he farm'd for Yeares.
Anon I saw with *Intellectuall* Eyes,
From a *Dark Taile a comely Dame* arise,
When seeing me *She* stopt her Modest Pace,
And like my *Saviours Mother*, full of *Grace*,
Thou Mortall Man, *quoth She*, dost wonder now,
Why on Poore Thralls my Favours I bestow,
And not on *Scarlet Robes* in midst of *Plenty*?
I dwell not with the Proud; Not one of Twenty,
That spends the time in Carnall Jollity,
Enjoyes my *Love*, *Heat*, or *Society*;
Which *Caiphas*-like, *Pope Adrian* true confest,

He

The 15. Age.

He saw not how *Romes Scepter* could be blest,
Since He, to whom *Christ* left the *Churches Care*,
Shun'd worldly Rule, Pompe, and *Simonious* Ware.
The *Consciences*, where I frequent me most;
Are styl'd *The Temple of the Holy Ghost*:
And there, no Swine, no Beasts of prey, nor Curres
Dare enter once, nor any thing that blurres.
Notorious sinnes with *Penance* I commute,
But Common slips to *Nature* I impute.
I never sold the *Holy Spirits* Gifts,
But I receive Strayes *gratis* without shifts.
Though I enjoy the *Keyes* to bind or loose,
I seldome *Curse*, nor *Tealding Reedes* do bruize.
Gainst *Hereticks* I warre, but not with *Sword*,
My Fence is Vowes and Teares, my Sword Gods Word.
For my *Chast Faith* to *Christ* I am belov'd,
And by his *Fiery Crosse* I am approv'd.
If thou desirest then to finde me out,
Looke, *I'AUGHAN*, not for me among the Rout,

But

The 15. Age.

But with my *Babes*, which beare a loving Mind,
Wise, Constant, sad. And there thou me shalt finde.
With such I liv d in *Superstitious Times*,
And so proclaime me in thy *New-mans Rimes*.
With such I dwelt by Worldlings scorn'd, the while
My Beldame Foe *Christs Altars* did defile,
With Carnall Sence and *Sacrilegious Rape*
Moulding th'*Immortall* in fraile Mortall shape.

THus stood Our *Church*, though not so faire of Face
As she seemes now, yet by *Elections Grace*,
Christs Merits, and his *Blouds* Prerogative
She breathed free from Sinnes imputative,
And though her *Seed* were not so pure as Our,
Nor Ours, as *Saints*, yet may the *Man-Gods* Pow'r
For their *Faiths* sake *Old Passions* purifie,
When *Doomedayes Flames* shall Bodies change or tr
Or rather at *Deaths* Gaspe to *Paradise*
Convaigh them like the *Theefe*, with *Saints* to rise,

T

The 15. Age.

The *Iudge* will cloth them with his *Robes* of *Grace*,
And them enroule with his *True Churches Race*.
Thus stood *Our Church* most visible to *Saints*,
Ere *Luther* broke into his Just Complaints.
Here in Our *West* she persecuted lay,
While *Rome* made sale of Soules and open Prey.
She in the House of Mourning at the Stake
Lay Patient, while *Rome* forg'd the *Masses Cake*.
How did they her with Racks and Tortures touze
Within their Jailes and *Inquisition House*?
How in Old Times did *Berengarius* fare,
For daring to controule corrupted Ware?
Nay, how in *Spaine* doe they speed at this day,
Who *Christ* alone for Advocate display?

A Thousand Yeares the *Dragon* with Restraint
Of Bloudy Force lay Close. Till then a *Saint*
Possest his *Conscience* free from *Tortures Fire*,
Or *Hells* Constraint. No *Synod* full of *Ire*,

S

Till

The 15. Age.

Till the Fourth *Henry* raign'd, did ſigne a *Law*
By *Maſſacres* poore *England* to withdraw
From preaching *Chriſt*. No *Councell Generall*
Doom'd *Saints* to Flames to end *Religions* Brawle,
Till *Sigiſmond* at *Conſtance* ſuffred *Huſſe*
And *Ierome* to be burnt without diſcuſſe
Of their true Cauſe. Yet *Sautre* firſt
Of *Martyrs* did appeaſe the Bloudy thirſt
Of *Antichriſtian Prieſts* in the Firſt Yeare
Of the ſaid *Henries* Raigne. Next *Badby* here
Thorpe, *Purvey*, *Taylour*, *White*, and *Hoveden*,
With the *Lord Cobham*, Floure of *Noblemen*,
Who did before the *Biſhops* of this Land,
With *burning Zeale* the *Romiſh Church* withſtand,
For the *Faiths* ſake, and the *Wicklevian Sect*
Did by their Bloud, and *Martyrs Seales* erect
An *Altar* up in honour of our *Chriſt*
As Members of their *Head* 'gainſt *Antichriſt*,
How many Soules were forced to abjure
And to recant! No *Saint* then liy'd ſecure

The 15. Age.

In the Three *Henries* Sway of *Lancaſter*,
Who preacht *Gods Word*, as He of *Chicheſter*
Grave Peacock felt, and many moe, that far'd
As bad becauſe they *Babels Whore* out-dar'd.
Kent, *Herefords*, and *Norwich Dioceſe*
Saw men ſtyl'd *Lollards* then with like ſucceſſe
Take up the *Croſſe*, and yeeld for *Chriſt* their Breath,
(So *Prelates Saints* purſu'd with ſpite, and Death)
And not content the *Living* to torment,
They one Degree beyond the *Pagans* went,
For *Wickliffs Bones* from out the *Grave* they tore,
And burnt, which lay there Forty Yeares before.
With ſolemne Pomp and Degradations Maske,
Thoſe *Gotam-Scribes* perform'd that *Gothiſh* Taske.

O Would the *Lines* of this *Epitome*
Could move our Strayes, which haunt the *Romiſh Sea*,
To meditate on *Times Old Monuments*,
And there to marke what Savage Puniſhments

The 15. Age.

One Hundred Yeares, ere *Luther* roſe, were then
Inflicted by mad *Prieſts* on *Chriſtian* Men,
For ſeeking to reforme Old things amiſſe,
And by *Gods Word* to win blind ſtrayes to Bliſſe:
I might then hope ſome would relent and turne
To our *New-man*, and with *New Zeale* would burne,
Not heeding Dreames and Superſtitious Miſts,
Which ſpred abroad by falſe *Maſſe-monging Prieſts*,
And Idoliz'd by haughty *Hildebrand*,
Lay yet on *Rome* an Ignominious Brand;
But noting what the *New-man* put in ure
The firſt Six Hundred Yeares, they hold moſt pure.
For ſuch our *Martyrs* di'd, and ſuch I know
Great Brittaine now extolls, at leaſt in ſhow.

BUt to review the *Churches Hiſtory*,
The Looking-Glaſſe of *Sacred Memory*:

Whilſt

The 15. Age.

Whilſt halfe this *Age* with doubtfull chance embroils,
Which *France* ſhall feel, or *England* Bloudier Broiles?
The *Center* of this *Age* melts into Teares,
And cryes out ſhame upon our *Weſterne Peeres*,
For ſuffring *Turkes Bizantium* to poſſeſſe,
And by that meanes quite to ſubvert the Peace
Of all the *Eaſterne Church*, and there for *Chriſt*
To fiixe a mighty *Limbe* of *Antichriſt*.
Had they in time but ſeconded the *Duke*
Of *Burgundy* when he Thralls a rebuke
With a Check-mate receiv'd in *Hungary*,
The *Ottomans* had not faire *Bulgary*
Subjected, nor the *Græcian Iles* ſince won
To *Chriſtians* Loſſe, and *Mahomets* renowne.
But as with Cunning Plots the *Dragon* rac'd
Our *Weſternes Faith*, ſo then he there defac'd
With Open Force the *Eaſternes* Primeſt Seat,
The City of *New Rome*; in which Defeat
He glories, that the ſame with *Salems Towne*,
And *Antioch* he from Servile *Chriſtians* won.

Their *Sinnes* them ſervile made, that ſo before
The *Iudgement Day* their Fall might Others more
Rowze up from Sloth and Dull Security
To Watch, leaſt they feele more Indignity.

ANd then neere Thirty Yeares were paſt, ſince *Popes*
Branding each Other for falſe *Antipopes*
Copartners, at a *Councell Generall*
By *Sigiſmonds* good Cares they ſtint the Brawle.
At which I cannot in my *Zealous Trance*
Unnamed leave a *Chancellour* of *France*,
Grave Gerſon, whom our *Chronicles* record,
That for *Truths Rights* to be againe reſtor'd
He motion'd to bring back the *Light Divine*,
As in the Dayes of *Paul* or *Conſtantine*.
This he crav'd in the *Councell Generall*
Moſt Zealous, but the *State Pontificall*
Would not aſſent to heare of Reformation,
Leſt they might clinch their *Court* of *Augmentation*,

Like

Like *Politicks*, who winke at *Theeves* or *Stewes*,
At Spoiles or Bribes, at *Barrettours* or *Iewes*,
Encreaſing Sinne, and what to Vengeance tends
For Private Gaine, and their owne Idoll-ends.
This Motion made that *Clerk* Magnanimous
About the Time, when there they burned *Huſſe*,
That *Huſſe*, who ſung, that tho they broil'd the *Gooſe*,
Within One Hundred Yeares ſhould be let looſe
A Swan out of thoſe Flames, as white as Snow,
Whoſe pow'rful Tune wuld make more Eares to glow.
Which *Propheſie* fell true, for the Events
Gamaliels-like ſince anſwered the Contents.
Yet did that *Councell* doe one piece of Worth,
For they depos'd Three *Popes*, and choſe a Fourth.

BUt afterwards the *Cæſar Sigiſmond*
For Breach of *Faith* by deare Experience conn'd,
That though, as Toyes, wrongs *Mortalls* over-paſſe,
Yet *God* will them not unrevenged paſſe,

The 15. Age.

For of the Breach soone as *Bohemia* heard,
The Safe-conduct infring'd, the Cause unheard,
And that the *Councell* had condemned *Husse*
And *Ierome* to be burnt without discusse
Of the maine Points of *Faith*, for which they came
By Safe-conduct sign'd in th'*Imperiall Name*:
And now affronted with this fond Reply,
Or rather jeer'd with a *Priscillian Lye*:
That *Promise*, *Faith*, and *Vowes* to *Hereticks*
Were voyd in *Law*, if made by *Catholicks*;
The *Taborites* repin'd, faire *Prague* laments,
And all *Bohemia* moves with sodaine Rents,
For their late *Prophets* Death, and Guiltlesse Bloud
Shed for no cause, but that they *Rome* withstood.
Then Valiant *Ziska*, like the Sonne of *Nun*,
Heads against *Cæsar*, many Battels won,
And with small Numbers to all the *Papists* Wonder
Great *Armies* daunts, as strook with claps of Thunder.
The *Bohemes* so against their Foes prevail'd,
That they their Losse, and Breach of *Faith* bewail'd;

And

The 15. Age.

And to this day those Rites in *Boheme* last,
Which first to *Husse* from *English Wickliffe* past.

NOr was that *Doctrine* in *Bohemia* close,
And *England* kept alone, but to oppose
The *Romish Side* by Vertue of the *Light*
Deriv'd from thence there daily came more Might.
The *Bishop* of *Croatia* then did rise
By *Wickliffes Lamp*, and did *Romes* Fall comprise
In Measur'd *Lines*, which with *Prophetick Glosse*
Vitelius did for that Dark Age disclose.
Cameracums Good *Cardinall* then wrot,
And laid on *Rome* an everlasting Blot,
As others in those Dayes the like reveal'd
What from Old muddy Pates stood long conceal'd.
So *Mantuan* did and *Savonarola*,
Clemangis, and the *Count Mirandola*
Boldly declaime against *Great Babels* Pride,
Ere *Luther* rose to write against her Side.

For

The 15. Age.

For now had *God* in his appointed Time
Refin'd more Wits the *Gospel* out to chime.

THough for their Sinnes he *Pius* tooke away
The Best of *Popes*, who whilst he liv'd, gave way
Some Errours to reforme, and meant that *Wives*
Should licenc'd be to *Priests*, yet still he lives
For his Good Will enrowl'd in Lines of *Fame*,
That *Silvius* thought to cover *Babels* shame.

FOr like Effect *God* sent the *Printers Presse*,
That with *Good Bookes* we might his *Truth* confesse,
For till this Age faire *Printing* lay unknowne,
And so for want of Workes *Truth* was prest downe.
Gunnes likewise came within this Ages List,
Invented by by a *Frier Alchymist*,

Now

The 15. Age.

ow *Beades* came up, where *Sixtus* was not wary
r *Penance* sake to linke the *Ave-Mary*.
d after him, by the next raving *Pope*,
ho for his Fact was worthy of a Rope,
mes *Stewes* came up, for whom he builded Roomes,
d got the *Whores* to pay him Yearely Summes,
nder pretence *to keep some Women Chaste*,
t more for Gaine, and for his *Priests* unchaste,
though the *Brothels* could Knaves temptings let,
y suffring *Ill*, *Sinne Hidraes* to beget.

WHat now hath *Rome* to plead? what Colour? Shift?
r false Demurre to cloak her wanton drift?
hat she be not indited hereupon
Baud? and styl'd the *Whore of Babylon*,
ot onely *Ghostly*, but a *Carnall Whore*
he stands arraign'd; for, as yee heard before,
Whore indeed, a *Woman Moguntine*
te *Pope* in *Rome*, and acted *Rites Divine*.

If

The 15. Age.

If this be not ſufficient *Evidence*,
Examine well their *Lives* and *Fraudulence*,
What *Paramours Popes* kept? what Bloudy Dance
They led? what Plots their *Baſtards* to advance?
That very *Pope*, which ſhall cloze up this Age,
Can teſtifie with what tumultuous Rage
He rais'd his Sonne and Daughter to great States:
Cæſar made *Duke*, a *Duke Lucreria* mates.
About the Yeare Six Hundred Sixty Six,
The *Antichriſtian Fiend* began his Tricks
And Lullabies to act through *Carnall Eaſe*,
That men might fall to *Scorbuts* Foule diſeaſe,
Or to ſome Frantick Fits. Nor was it long
But at the Time foretold, who did belong
To the *Great Cities Dame*, by Sea and Land
Playd the fond *Bedlems* at their *Heads* command.
Her huge Impoſtume broke out at the laſt,
That in Five Hundred Yeares ſhe made ſuch waſt
Of Ragges for Tents to keep her *Iſſues* running,
To ſerve her ſtill it paſt our *Weſternes* cunning.

The 1. Age.

he *Prince* of *Fiends* ſuch Humours, Spleen, and Gall
venom'd had this *Myſtery* withall,
hat for *Guaiacum* ſhe muſt *India* rifle,
r *Europes* Drugges ſeem'd to her Lims a Trifle.
ho durſt oppoſe her what ſhe went about?
e had the *Keyes* of *Heaven* and *Hell* to boot:
'all the *World* ſhe was *Chiefe Governeße*,
d of what *Chriſt* ſcorn'd in the *Wilderneſſe*.
nly there wanted to ſupply her State
he *Genoaes Map*, and *Iſabellaes Fate*.

Efore her *Wane Gods Glory* to extend,
chanc'd about this Ages Latter End;
hat *Gama* firſt from *Lisbon* tri'd the Courſe,
o paſſe by *Sea* to the *Eaſt-Indian* Shores,
here having found the *Load-ſtone* ſince in uſe,
e *Pilots* did from the *Pole-ſtarre* reduce;
y which and *Printing* was the *Goſpels* ſound
iſpers'd, and *Both* within this *Age* New-found.

Weſt-

The 15. Age.

West-India then was was by *Columbus* seene,
At the Expence of that *Castilian Queene;*
Who pawn'd her *Jewels* for the finding out
Of those *New Lands*, whose *Gold* made *Spain* so sto
That aiming at the *Westerne Monarchy*.
She Musters, Fights, holds *Kings* in Jealousie:
And *Babels Whore* hopes in that *New-found Soile*
By *Mart of Soules* to keep more revell Coile,
And what She here hath by the *Gospel* lost,
That to repaire in *Indiaes Sun-burnt Coast*.
Our Seventh *Henry* might have made his Boast,
Had he but been as prone as *Ferdinand*
To take the tendred *Map* of that *New Land*.
But though the *Tract* was large, yet *Portingall*
And *Castiles King* contended, till the Brawle
By the *High Priests* Imaginary Lines
Umpir'd, they claim'd more then their Right confin
And so *Romes Rites* erected in that *Coast*,
Satan repaires what he in *Europe* lost,
Unlesse our *Ile*, to countepoise his Craft,

H

The 15. Age.

Had lately aim'd into that *North* a Shaft,
Which may perhaps some *Consciences* so wound,
That *Savages* may heare the *Gospels* Sound,
Which others Damps with Superstitious Fire
Have there conceal'd, and hindred to inspire.

THE

The 16. Age.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE SIXTEENTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 1500. untill the yeere 1600.

The Argument.

Where lay Our Church *ere* Wickliffe *first arose:*
By Prodigies Rome *warn'd ere* Luther *rose.*
No Tyrants Plots *could let Our* Churches *Sound,*
But Englands Queene *did all her Foes confound.*

FRom Age to Age I shew'd the *Churches race,*
Her Wane, her Wens, & her *refulgent Face;*
And some I nam'd for *Prophetizing Wits*
In Elder Times against our *Belials Fits,*

The 16. Age.

Who goe about by asking with Proud Sence,
Where was Our *Church*? to chaine *Gods Providence*;
Like to those *Doctours* and *Mosaicall Scribes*,
Who labour'd to suppresse what *Christ* prescribes?
Besides th' *Abissines* under *Pretious Iohn*,
Th' *Armenians*, *Greekes*, and Some in *Babylon*,
Or otherwhere. (For who dares bound our *Gueſt*?
Since we are ti'd likewise to Judge the *Best*?)
And not to bind *Gods free unbounded Grace*
To any certaine *Climate*, *Time*, or *Place*?)
Christ had his *Church*, a *Remnant* sav'd by *Grace*
Alwayes inspir'd in some or Other Place;
Whether our *Scribes* pretend them *Coloieros*,
Nestorians, *Monkes*, or *Saint Iohns Cavalleros*;
Whether they hold of *Persian Iacobites*,
The *Hussites Forme*, or of *Georgiaes Rites*;
Of *Maronites*, or *Coptes* of the *East*,
Or *Catholicks* so craking in the *West*,
Or *Hermites*, *Nunnes*, and *Voluntaries Poore*,
Whose humbled *hearts* then Pomp *Saints* honor more

Because

The 16. Age.

Because they side with *Christ*, beare *Christian Name*,
Though much in Blame, yet I will spare their Fame;
And let our *Weaklings* know, that some were Wise,
And did of *Old* in *Babel Sybillize*;
By speciall *Signes* and *Symptomes* generall,
But most by Sacred *Starres* Authenticall,
Denouncing for her *Slips Gods Wrath*, her Fall,
Unlesse she would Repent her at their Call.
And so things came to passe, as they Divin'd,
Her *Spires* for *Rookes* we now demolisht find,
Some by the Force of furious *Ottoman*,
Some forfeited for what the *Lawes* did scan:
Her *Chappels* turn'd to *Barnes*, or Nests for *Owles*,
Her *Nunneries* first built for harmelesse *Soules*
Lye waste with her Rich Temporalls and Rents;
Yea, and *Gods Tythes*, Our *Church-emoluments*,
By what just Warrant let the *Lawes* dispute,
Some keepe away as yet; and I am Mute,
Because I see sometimes that *Innocence*,
Aswell as *Vice*, dies of the *Pestilence*,

The 16. Age.

An Order laid *Pope Alexander* downe
For the *New World*. But shortly of his Owne
Most wretched States and Life shall be bereft,
And for *Usurpers* an Example left.
For after this usurpt *Partition* made,
His *Bastard Sonne* to try his Former Trade
Of Poisning Those, whom he suppos'd would barre
The Proud Designes of his complotted warre,
His *Motto* blaz'd, the *Hazards Die* is cast,
Cæsar, or Nothing, now by Poisons Tast
He meant to rid Suspected *Cardinalls*
Out of the way, but hereby both their Falls,
His *Fathers* and his Owne, he sodaine wrought,
For he soone as the *Fatall Wine* was brought,
Charged his *Page*, that he the *Bottle* watch,
And when he call'd for *Wine*, that he should reach
It for his *Guests*; the *Pope* came in the while,
And thirsty call'd for *Wine*; the *Page* the *Wile*

The 16. Age.

Not knowing, thought the *Wine* reserv'd was Choise,
And without more adoe, or Answers Noise,
Fill'd him a Cup of the Empoisned *Wine*,
And by just Doome, as writeth *Guicciardine*,
Came in the *Authour*, his accursed Sonne
All thirsty too, and tasted thereupon
The *Cup* which he for Others brew'd, and lost
His *Father* out of hand, himselfe almost
Ran the same Fate, but that by *Nature* strong,
He for that time escap'd to doe more wrong,
Still quarrelling, till he was thrall'd and slaine.
So *Cæsar Borgias* liv'd and di'd a *Caine*.
Pope Julius now to *Tiber* flung his Keyes,
Then fought, and lost by *French* his Enemies.
A Token that *Romes Church* to wrack began
To fall, as you may by the seqnele scan.

THe *Outward Crosse* in *Teutons Soile* appear'd
Of *Martyrs Forme*, and with that *Signe* besmear'd

The 16. Age.

Their Palaces, and Houſhold Ornaments,
Their Windowes, Doores, and Bodies Veſtiments;
A ſigne to ſhew the *Fiery Trialls* Doome
By Factious *Gogs* and *Magogs* Force to come,
Veil'd with the *Croſſe*, the *Keyes*, with *Peters Net*,
With *Ieſus*, with the *Lawes*, or *Mahomet*.
This *Miracle* in *Maximilians* Time
Fell out, not long before the *Goſpels* Chime
At *Wittemberge* with Motions life began
By *Luthers* Zeale, that good *Samaritan*,
Who, when moſt ſhunn'd to helpe the *wounded Man*,
Cheer'd up, and Bath'd *Chriſts Members* pale and wan.

ANd after this another *Prodigy*
Befell to *Rome*, which no Apology
Of *Idoliſts* can cover the miſ-hap;
When little *Ieſus* from his *Mothers* Lap
Was in the *Church* remov'd, and *Peters Keyes*
Throwne from his Pictures hand, Both in a trice

With-

The 16. Age.

VVithout reſpect of Perſons by the ſtroke
Of Thunders Crack and ſacred Sulphures Smoake
Juſt in that *Church*, where One and Thirty *Prieſts*
VVith the *Red Hat* that Day, like *Minſtrelliſts*,
Inſtalled were by *Leo* there with ſtate
In the ſame Yeare, when *Luther* to abate
His Loftineſſe began with greater *Fame*
Then *Cardinalls* ſupport, in *Chriſt* his Name.

OUr *Kings* and *States* of *Weſterne Chriſtendome*
Complain'd and ſought for ſome Redreſſe to come
Of *Faiths* abuſe, and *Romes Impiety*,
But ſtill the *Head* was deafe to *Piety*,
He would no *Member* be, but the *Church whole*,
Himſelfe ſole *Iudge*, and *Church*, without one *Mole*,
Or Sinfull Spot, by which Prerogative
He tyrannized ſo, that none could thrive;
He watcht with *Vultures* Clawes all Stakes to ſweep:
He watcht to ſlay, but not to feed the *Sheep*,

The 16 Age.

Like *Maltaes Iew*, or thoſe of *Lawleſſe* kind,
Who under Maske of *Law* ceaſe not to grind
Chriſts Members, till they feele *Hells* meaſures heapt,
Or till they reape what *Old Maſſe-mongers* reapt.
So blinded were the *Popes* by Doome Divine,
Till a *Poore Man*, a *Frier Auguſtine*,
Since ſtarted up to doe that Glorious Deed,
Which *Gregories*, and *Auſtines* doth exceed,
Which *Kings* aſſay'd, but failed to performe:
Nay, *Kings* durſt not what *Luther* did reforme.
Would *God* that ſome like *Prophet* took the Paines
To bring back *Love* for which our *Church* complains.
This Wonder *God* wrought in our Latter Dayes,
That before *Doome* he might recall ſome Strayes,
That *Satans Pride* he might by *Suckling's* tame,
And by the *Weak* the Worldly *Wizzard* ſhame.

WEll neere upon our *Luthers Sacrifice*,
Grave *Reuclin* did and *Valla* breake the Ice,

As

The 16. Age.

As *London* was prepar'd by *Colets* Flame,
And *Dutch-land* by the *Clerk of Rotterdame*;
As *Swizzer Land*, when *Luther* firſt began,
By *Zuinglius* was ſtirr'd up *Romes* zeale to ſcan.
But none then our *Iuſt Faſt Men* triumph'd more,
Whoſe Race had held full Sixſcore Yeares before
VVith *Faggots Fire*, and *Lollards* branded Paine
Purſu'd till now, and now rejoyc'd againe,
To ſee thar *Faith*, which with the *Huſſites* they
Had long maintain'd, found out an open way
By *Luthers* Zeale, *Stigelius* raviſht *Muſe*,
And by *Melanchons* Flowres with blooming Newes.

BAbel her Fall in *Henries* Time foreſaw,
VVhen *Premunire Englands* ancient Law
Her *Clergy* rackt. But moſt ſhe quakt for Dread
To heare him ſtyl'd the *Churches Supreme Head*:
For by that Style what *Rome* uſurped heere
Of *Annates*, *Farmes*, and Duties every Yeare,

Our

The 16. Age.

Our *Parliament* had on the *King* conferr'd
To aide him in his Warres. Theſe Spoiles transferr'd
From Forraigne uſe to help the *Natives* want:
'Tis ſtrange to mark how ſoone men did recant
Their *Carnall Dreames*, and blind Idolatries,
To celebrate the *New-mans Sacrifice*.

BLeſt be Young *Edward*, Our *Ioſiaes* Name,
Who next commenc'd this Work of *Pious Fame*.
But as the Former *Brood*, when *Conſtantine*
Deceas'd, then prou'd ingratefull, the Next *Ligne*
Of *Cæſars* fell to *Arrian Hereſie*,
And their Old Vomits with *Apoſtaſie*:
So wavering *England* in the *Marian* Raigne
Quickly return'd to *Babels* yoak againe,
Untill ſome *Martyrs Blood*, the *Churches Seed*,
True *Members* of their *Head* in time of Need
Had through *Gods Grace* behind them left a Fire,
As *Latimer* foretold, which would inſpire,

And

The 16. Age.

And never be extinct in *Albions Ile*,
Whilſt that Our *Kings* beare *Faiths Defenders* Stile.

This by our *Virgin Queene* of *Tydirs Race*,
Great Debora, was ſince made good to raze,
And quite demolliſh here *Romes* ſtrongeſt Fort,
And chiefeſt *Nerves*, which did her Pride ſupport.
And ſurely, if *Romes Tributary* Thralls
Would take that Courſe, ſhe on a ſodaine falls.
Her *Lofty Towres* would yeeld ſo loud a Crack
That they, which Court her now, would ſoon go back,
When ſtartled up at the New wondrous Sight,
They ſee a *Church* more *Catholick* of Light:
They would avouch no *Advocate* but One,
And build their *Faith* upon the *Corner Stone*,
That was hewne from the Mountaine without hand,
Male-borne without *Male-Sire* in *Iewry Land*.
They would exalt Our *Church Apoſtolick*
Above their Owne, the *Carnall Catholick*,

And

The 16. Age.

And by *Gods Word*, *Truths ground*, the *Churches note*,
They would conclude what now they con by roat.

ABout the midſt of this ſtrange *Century*,
Iniquities prodigious Myſtery
Began at *Trent*, or *City Tridentine*,
Againe to play upon the *Word Divine*
By *Canons* propt with *Iulians Tyranny*;
More fit for *Moores* then *Councells* harmony.
Leaſt that the *Goſpel* ſhould *Romes Captives* free
From their Old doating Dreames, they did decree,
That all ſuch *Bookes*, which *Proteſtants* had pen'd
To blaze *Gods Word*, they ſhould in pieces rend;
Or if they toucht her *Carnall Copy-hold*,
To *Martyr* them, ſince *Babel* aimes at *Gold*;
And that who did gaine-ſay in Word or Deed,
Or tooke it not as Parcell of their *Creed*,
That the whole *Maſſe* both for the Dead and Quick
Suffic'd, thoſe Men they doom'd no *Catholick*;

That

The 16. Age.

That, who beleev'd not all the *Romiſh Crewes*
Traditions, they were worſe then *Turks* or *Iewes*.
Such *Acts* at *Trent* were laſt determined
By the *Fourth Pius*, *Romes moſt impious Head*,
With *Thundring Threats*. Frō whence aroſe thoſe Jars,
Combuſtions, *Powder-plots*, and Bloudy Warres,
Which ever ſince embroiled *Chriſtendome*,
And will (I feare) untill the Day of *Doome*
Endure, unleſſe our head-ſtrong *Strayes* afford,
While *Time* remaines, more Paſſage to *Gods Word*.

NOne can deny, but that this *Councell* gave
More Liberty for *Papiſts* to out-brave
The *Church Reform'd* by *Inquiſitions* ſtrict
To rack poore Soules, and by ſevere Edict
On Forfeiture of Life and Goods Eſcheat,
If they would not adore the *Papall Seat*.
From hence began the *Civill Warres* in *France*,
Which ended not but by moſt Bloudy Dance.

And

And various sort of *Massacres* and Spoiles.
They ended not for all their *Leaguers* Broiles,
Untill their *Kings*, the *Guisians*, and their *Chiefes*,
Who sided in the Quarrell, di'd in Griefes,
In Anguishes and Bloud. And this the *Starre*
In Seventy Two, which past all *Comets* farre
For strange Portent and *Blazing-bearded Rayes*,
Did then denounce with woes to stubborne Strayes,
For *Belgiaes* injur'd States did thereupon
Incenc'd by *Alvaes Duke*, and *Austriaes Iohn*,
Who would have forc'd to *Masse* mens Consciences,
Breake into warres against *Spaines* Out-rages;
Which last as yet. So likewise *Portingall*,
With her *Sebastian* did in *Affrick* fall,
Enduc'd to fight with *Moores* by *Iesuites* Traine,
That *Philip* by his Death might ceaze all *Spaine*,
Excluding *Don Antonio* and his Race
Quite from the Sway of *Lisbons Royall Mace*.
But to retire to our *French* Leaguers back,
How Fatall prov'd their Plots? They thought to sack

And

And ransack all the *Townes*, which *Protestants*,
For their Defence then held. But in their wants
God aided these, and on their *Foes* return'd
The Tragick Flames, wherwith they would have burn'd
Their Neighbors Roofes. *Guise* arm'd against his *King*,
The *King* 'gainst him, till Both felt Judgments sting,
Both di'd in *Bloud*, yea, which appear'd most rare,
The *King* was caught in the same Bloudy Snare,
Where he in time fore-past had leagu'd the Death
Of *Saints*, whereby *Catillion* lost his Breath,
For in that very Roome the *King* was slaine
By *Friers* hands, where first was laid that Traine.

LOng liv'd Our *Queen* to build things out of square,
A *Virgin* vow'd to *Christ*, of *Dowries* rare,
Excelling in the Gifts of *Tongues* and *Arts*;
But more then all shone her *Diviner Parts*.
Church-Elders She propt up, when Some their Fall,
As if their State toucht not the *Temporall*,

For

The 16. Age.

For Lucre ſake had plotted to deface
Our *Churches Forme*, her *Frame*, and Outward Face,
Whereby her *Sway* had prov'd an *Anarchy*,
Of ſcorned ſtemme, the Houſe of *God* a Sty,
And *Learning* held in vile Contempt for lack
Of *Wages* due; yea, all had gone to wrack,
If this Good *Queene* had not ſupported them,
Who holp to build our *New Ieruſalem*.

IN her Buddes-time, to counterpoize, or let
Our *Churches* Growth, or in her *Tents* beſet
To ruine ſome of our good *Souldiers*, ſprung
The *Ieſuites Sect* with the *Falſe Serpents* Tongue
Diſguis'd with Zeale, and promiſing to Youth
Mountaines of Rules, New *Documents* for *Truth*.
Upon which *Newes*, and Newneſſe of their *Name*,
Degrading *Antioch*, and the *Chriſtian Fame*,
They wan Repute in *Babel*. But of late
Diſcreeter States their *Bloudy Doctrine* hate.

Among

The 16. Age.

Among theſe *Frogs* croakt *Mariana* firſt
Againſt all *Kings*, who were by *Popes* Accurſt,
And by Blacke Rules deriv'd from *Hells* Abyſſe,
Dethron'd them of their States for their Amiſſe,
Yea, and their Lives ſubjected unto *Slaves*.
With ſuch lewd Points, wherein this *Jeſuite* raves,
He *Campians* Braine ſo ſtuff'd, that *Irelands* Realme
And *Deſmonds* Crew he poiſned with the ſtreame;
For which his Plots and falſe Conſpiracies,
Himſelfe became a Damned *Sacrifice*;
As well deſerv'd the *Authour* for his Bookes
Entangling *Chriſtians* with ſuch *Helliſh* Hookes,
But all their Plots of *Piſtolls*, *Poiſon*, *Swords*,
Nor *Romiſh Bulls*, nor *Brieſes* lowd thundring words,
Could ſhorten or impeach *Elizaes Raigne*,
But that ſhe thriv'd in ſpight of *Rome* and *Spaine*,
While they prevail'd with Fatall wound to ſting
One whom they tooke for the moſt *Chriſtian King*;
Which Deed ſo pleas'd *Pope Sixtus*, that he durſt
With *Iudith* ranke the *Malefactour* Curſt.

The 16. Age.

THis *Sixtus* dar'd to Excommunicate
Our Famous *Queene*, her *Empire* to translate,
As much as in him lay, and Leave to gore
Her Person gave, as *Pius* did before.
But all their roaring *Bulls* and *Thunderclaps*
With *Interest* return'd, with heavy Raps
Upon themselves, their Faction, and on those,
To whom they dream'd her *Kingdomes* to transpose
Under his shrowd, who from a *Fishes Craw*
Did Toll for *Christ* and his owne Person draw.

IN the meane time faire *Englands Zealous Queene*,
Like *Char-coale sparks*, contemn'd their flashing spleen.
And for her Zeale *God* blest her brave Attempts,
That she cri'd Quittance for his slight Contempts
Of *Neighbours Love* with the Great *King* of *Spaine*,
Who suffred still his *Inquisitions Traine*,
Under pretext of their *Religions Lawes*,
To prey upon her *Merchants* without Cause,

The 16. Age.

And on their Goods; or sheading of their Bloud;
Or *Galley-slav'd*; or to weare *Benets Hood*.
These wrongs by *Drake* and *Candish* she redrest,
And feat'd not to encounter him at Best
With all his *Navall Force in Eighty Eight*,
And afterwards at *Cales* she shew'd her Might.
Nor went his *Indies* free from her Revenge,
Nor *Belgiaes* Soile, but that she did avenge
Her Quarrell full, by Force of Armes transverse
The *Belgian State*, and free the *Hollanders*
From th'*Inquisitions* Yoake by *Alva* laid,
And sithence train'd their *Milk-sops* by her Aide
To turne brave *Souldiers* both on Sea and Land,
To weary *Spaine*, and on their Guard to stand.

AFter that *Bloudy Feast* in Seventy Two,
When *Sions Church French Herods* would undo,
Besieged *Rochell* with *Munitions* store
By Sea she furnisht, and Reliev'd her Poore.

The 16. Age.

Againe, *France* tasted of her Lenity,
As *Burbon* tri'd and his *Posterity*,
Which but for her good Cares, and Troupes Supply,
Had stoupt unto *Iberiaes Tyranny*;
And *Lorraines League* then mammockt into Parts
Had thrall'd all *France* to *Spaines* Superiour Darts.

SHe planted *Ireland*, civilliz'd the Rude,
Rebellious, Wild, and Kernish Multitude;
And neere her Set by *Valiant Mountjoyes* Cares,
With Triumph there o're *Spaine* she cloz'd her Warres.
So stood our State of *Church* and *Common-weale*,
In spight of *Romish Bulls*, *Spaine*, and *Oneale*,
Secur'd frõ *Schismes*, *Home-broyles*, and *Hostile Traine*,
As long as *Great Elizabeth* did Raigne.

HEreby Our *Strayes*, who taxe the *Gospels* Sound,
May feare how they *Gods Church* do meere and bound
Within

The 16. Age.

Within *Romes Fold* by *Popes Prerogative*,
As if our *Faith* were pinn'd unto his Sleeve.
Here they may see what ignominious Spoiles
Romes Champions reapt for all their Bloudy Broiles;
Whilst that Our *Princes* in set Peace have stretcht
Their Limmes, in *Bloud* their latest Gasp they fetcht.
Not *Austria*, *France*, nor *Rome* with steely dint,
Nor *Marian Fire* could *Christ* his *Gospel* stint,
Nor could they raze the Name of *Huguenots*,
Or *Protestants* for all their Bloudy Plots.
Much lesse could their *School-Doctors* plead her Cause
Against the Brightnesse of the *Spirits* Clause,
Which by Saint *Iohn* had propheſied her Fall,
And likewise her forewarned by Saint *Paul*,
That *she*, whom for her *Faith* Renowned Fame
Then blaz'd, should be at last cut off with shame,
If she continued not, as she begun,
Chast to her *Spouse* the Great *Iehovahs Sonne*.
Gods Charter still goes with a whilest, or If
Thou honour me, I will remove thy Griefe.

The 16. Age.

Not her Decline could all her *Clergy* ſtop,
Nor *Canoniſts* her *Doctrine* underprop;
Not *Gratian*, nor her Beſt, *Panormitan*,
Nor all her Routes of *Thalmudiſts* prophane;
Not *Wolſey*, *Poole*, nor learned *Cajetan*,
Kings-mating Cardinalls in Pomp Humane,
The *Myſtick* Remnant of the *Dragons* Band,
Could vengeance ſtay, nor *Iudgements Lees* withſtand.
Their *Martyrs Urnes* can no way paralell
Our *Holy Ones*, nor can their *Legends* tell
Five Biſhops burnt for their *Religions* ſake,
Where we can name conſumed at the *Stake*
Great *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, *Hooper*, *Latimer*,
And *Ferrar Sainted* in our *Regiſter*,
With many moe, whom the *Force Secular*,
Hells Magogs, hoiſ'd to *Martyrs Calendar*,
Though them they knew to be the *Churches Seed*,
By hearing at their Death their *Chriſtian Creed*:
Which *Creed*, leſt it might move a *Conſcience* ſoft,
Their Torturers have interrupted oft

The 16. Age.

In midſt of Flames, by hurling Staves or Stones,
To wound the more their *Heads* and broiling *Bones*.
O Valiant Men, true Members of our Head!
Who like to *Him* for *Him* to Death have bled!
O Glorious Saints, who left ſuch *Monuments*
Surpaſſing farre the *Seven-fold Wonderments!*
Who to prevent *Soules Dearth* built *Granaries*,
Like *Joſephs ſtore*, inough for *Sacrifice!*
Whoſe *Martyrdomes* refulgent Memory
Puts downe *Romes Palles*, and Shrines Imagery!
Who have, like Starres deriv'd from *Heavens Light*,
Left Spectacles and Torches for our Sight!
God grant they may increaſe *Devotions Flame*,
And dul thoſe *Schiſmes*, which the next Age wil ſhame.
In Brieſe, no Age ſince *Chriſt* ſaw greater Change
Of *Manners*, *Knowledge*, *States*, and which is ſtrange,
Great *Rome* twice ſackt. The Cõmon Foe more bold,
Whilſt our *Chiefe Weſt* wav'd with the *Spaniſh Gold*.

THE OCCVRRENCES OF THE SEVENTEENTH AGE,

From the yeere of our Lord 1600. untill this preſent yeere 1640. Being the 16. of King *Charles* his Raigne over *Great Brittaine.*

The Argument.

Our Church *eſcapes the* Dragons Powder-traine;
And is confirm'd in James, *and* Charles *his Raigne.*
Abroad the Bloudy *Croſſe her Members ſmites;*
In Brittaine *ſome blame* Types, *and* Outward Rites.

THe third Yeare paſt of this our preſent Age,
Our *Sun-ſet* Queen expir'd her Pilgrimage
A Virgin on our Virgin Ladies Eve,
To ſee her Starre *Death* did her hence bereave.

Elizabeth

The 17. Age.

Elizabeth then folding up her Raigne
Of *Forty Foure*, Triumphant over *Spaine*,
The *Popish Side*, *Tirone*, and *Irish Kernes*;
Faire *Englands Crowne* to Him whom it concernes
By Right of Bloud descends, to *Salomon*;
Our *Phœnix Iames*, who like the radiant Sunne
Shot forth his Rayes, of *Kings* the Paragon;
A *Writer* most acute, for *Natives* Tone
Unparalell'd by any *Regall Scribe*,
Next to that *Starre*, the Honour of his Tribe.
Whether in *Prose* or *Measur'd Lines* he steeres,
The *Loadstone* of his Labours still appeares
Directly aim'd unto the *New mans* White.
His *Davids Psalmes* our *Belials* so appall,
None dare them now *Geneva-jigges* mis-call.
This Posthume Fruit hath *Learned Sterline* late
Set forth, the Fainting Soule to recreate.
His Workes endure the *Light*, his *Lamp* the *Night*
Of *Ignorance* repells, and None our *Iames*,
His *Bookes*, his *Life*, or *Raigne*, save Envie blames.

He

The 17. Age.

He *Vorstius* foil'd, restrain'd Superfluous Doubts,
And by his Pen convinc'd Scholastick *Routs*.
While here he liv'd, O how did *Knowledge* shine!
The *Church* renew her Hopes, the *Grave Divine*
Affoord us daily *Manna* for Soule-Food,
And by his *Royall Rayes* all things did Bud,
Yea, his *Rayes* made the Wildest *Red-shanks* tame,
Dri'd *Irish* Bogges, and spred *Virginiaes* Fame.

NOr lackt this *King* the Gift of *Prophesie*,
To pry into the *Jesuites* Secrecie,
Whereby they thought to blow up *Albions* State
With Powder-Traine *Hells* next obnoxious Fate,
For though that *Tressams* Lines seem'd intricate,
Flowing from *Sphynx*, or *Cœdipus* his Pate,
A *Riddle*, darke, and scorn'd by Other Men,
Yet this Wise *Prince* the same did not contemne,
But pointed at the *Mine*, and their Intent,
Which they kept close sworne on the *Sacrament*.

This

THis *Peacefull King* upon the leaſt diſguſt
Among his *Neighbour States*, or *Warres* miſtruſt,
Spar'd for no Paines nor Charge to mediate
A *Chriſtian* End, their *Paſſions* to abate.
How many Treaties hath *Vienna* ſeene?
What *Embaſſies* to calme fierce *Auſtriaes* Spleen?
That without Bloud the *Palatine* might gaine
His Owne, he ſent his onely *Sonne* to *Spaine*.
In hope to ſhunne th'Events, which hapned ſince,
To Dangers he expos'd our Darling *Prince*,
That by that gentle Courſe or *Sacrifice*,
He might prevent enſuing Prejudice.
No Age paints out, nor points at the like Type
Of *Princely Love*, Offence away to wipe.

LIke *Iames* in Zeale came Young *Iehoſaphat*,
Our *Royall Charles*, whoſe ſweet and moderate

Condi-

Condition yeeld us Hopes, that, like his *Sire*,
He will retaine unquencht the *Sacred Fire*,
Which in his *Soule* burnes calmely by the Heat
Of *Heavens Flame*, the *Holy Paraclete*.
Now in his *Raigne* we plant *Virginiaes North*
With *Colonies*, and hope by ſetting forth
The *Goſpel* there the *Savages* to winne
In *Chriſt* his Name from Luſt and Bloudy Sinne.
Our *Drones* turne *Bees* in his Auſpicious Raigne,
Remov'd to *Forraigne Iles* in hope of Gaine.
And by his Famous *Glaſſe*, who built of Old,
For *Tharſus* Ships to fetch thence *Ophirs Gold*,
This *Prudent Prince* prepares a Warre-like Fleet
To ſcowre the Seas, and Force with Forte to meet,
As teſtifie of late his *Admiralls*,
Which forced *Moores* to yeeld home *Engliſh* Thralls.
But more then all, the *New man* he doth grace,
And the *Divine* holds in his *Counſaile Place*.
While *Mars* went on the *Electours* wings to pull,
Againſt the *Charter* of the *Golden Bull*,

Diſtreſſed

The 17. Age.

Distressed *Teutons* Limmes found both relieſe
And Succour of our *Charles*, to eaſe their Griefe.
And while their *Church* with Tortures lay oppreſt,
Her Babes exil'd: our *Brittaine Mother* bleſt
Thrives by the Cares of our *Religious Charles*,
Secur'd from Schiſme, and Superſtitious Snarles.

O Happy *Brittaine*, couldſt thou know thy Good
Where Neighbor-ſtates ore-flow with Spoiles & Bloud!
To calculate who were by Warres extinct
In *Belgia*, *France*, and *Germanies* Precinct,
Or the late Troubles of the *Valtoline*,
The *Griſons* Griefes, or *Rochels* to define,
A *Buskin* craves more then *Poeticall*,
Or *Algebraes* Points *Mathematicall*.
Nay, he that counts the Scarres in *Chriſtian* Lands,
On *Chriſtian Folkes* late made by Tyrants hands,
Shall ſooner tell the Names of *Magogs* Bands,
Which *Iohn* compares unto the *Ocean* Sands.

All

The 17. Age.

All which the *Saints*, though in their Tents beſet
By Fiends, yet them from *Vowes* no Croſſes let.
All which *Gods Church*, though oftentimes ſhe feares,
And vents forth *Angels* Mones, with Patience beares.
Our *King* bewailes their Caſe, ſtands on Defence,
He Armes, and yet not miniſters Offence.
We feele their Griefes, with them we ſympathize,
And pray for Cure, which *Paſſion* mollifies.

WHen *Auſtriaes Cæſar* had with Eagles *Wings*
Aſpir'd, and lift againſt the *King of Kings*
His lofty Head, and muſter'd all his Force
To trample on *Chriſts Flocke* without remorce,
Having begun the *Electours Plumes* to pull
Againſt the *Germane Lawes* and *Golden Bull*:
Ev'n then (O Wonder!) unexpected Aide
Was by the *Lord* from *Swetbens Land* convai'd,
From the farre *North* brave *King Guſtavus* came,
Who came like Thunder, fought, and overcame.

And

And though this *Heros* periſh'd for our Sinnes
In *Battell* late, yet to the *Philiſtines*,
Like *Sampſon*, he full dearely ſold his Breath,
Confounded them, and *Triumph'd* by his Death;
Yea, from his *Cinders* ſince ſprung up a *Flame*,
Which *Tyrants* Threats, and *Turncoats* puts to ſhame.
Long may thy *Trophees* laſt, *Great Macchabee*,
All Terrour to our Foes, untill they ſee,
That they who wittingly ſhead *Chriſtians Bloud*,
Like *Romaine Pilate*, and the *Iewiſh Croud*,
Stand guilty all of *Chriſt* his *Death* againe,
And cannot *Purge*, or waſh away the ſtaine
With Bribes, or Ranſome of *Sophiſtick* kind,
Beſides the Scandall which they leave behind,
That Tearing Bonds of *Chriſtian Vnity*
Confirmes the *Turke* by their Hoſtility
To flout, and them with faigned Leagues to wind,
As ſhortly his *Confederates* may find.
Meane while they waſt a *Chriſtian Monarchy*,
And *Teutons Land* becomes an *Anarchy*.

BUt leaving them with *Fire* and *Sword* to skuffle,
I ſaw Our *Churches Foes* begin to ſhuffle
Strange Gards, in hope by *Arts Legier-de-maine*
To win. The *Stake* is *Soule prodigious Gaine*,
Which *God* avert, and grant that we take heed
Of *Sheep-skin'd Wolves*, who ſacrifice their *Seed*
To *Moloch*, and expect for *Ioviall Nunnes*
To be *Confeſt* by *Romes unmarried Sonnes*.
This *Women* ſtyld the *Ieſuitrices*,
Did lately preſſe, that they by their Acceſſe
To *Ladies* might for their *Converſion* ſpeed,
And work upon their Owne fraile *Sexes Creed*
With greater ſleight, and with more fervency
Then *Prieſts* oft blurr'd for *Carnall Privacie*.
This *Femall Sect*, before it grew to height,
Was by the preſent *Pope*, *Vrbane* the Eight,
Daſht in the *Spring*. A prudent Act indeed,
To ſtint the Growth of *Antichriſtian Seed*.

God

The 17. Age.

God grant him more ſuch *Sparkes*, that as his *Book*
Of Poems bruites his skill, ſo he the *Hook*
And *Fiſhers Net* convert to better uſe
Then Other *Popes* have done to *Faiths* abuſe,
The which he may, like *Peter* or Saint *Paul*,
Soone bring to paſſe by *Councell Generall*;
Yea, and perhaps he may there Reconcile
Thoſe *Worldly Jarres*, which blur Old *Antiochs ſtile*.

FOr what poor things wuld ſome diſguiz'd with zeale
Diſturbe the *Peace* of *Chriſt his Common-weale*?
Some ſtartle at the *Altars* Ancient Name;
Others our ſetled Forme of *Vowes* defame.
Becauſe they want ſome buſineſſe from without,
To make their *Bodies* ſwear, or ſmart, they pout,
And peeviſh grow, not knowing what they aile
Within their *Sickly Braine*, till Fits prevaile;
Like *idle Maids* with the *Greene-ſickneſſe* vext,
They loath what's good, and inward are perplext

The 17. Age.

With brackiſh *Fleame*, with Moodes extravagant,
And *Longings* oft from *Reaſon* diſcrepant.
Becauſe they cannot have their owne *Chymeres*
And whimſeyes of their Will, they waſt with Feares,
Repining at their Neighbours ſtore of *Grace*,
And yet their *Crazed* ſelves will not embrace
The *tendred Forme*, nor joine in the *Soule-Cure*,
As Others do, and with ſweet *Sauce* procure,
Whereby they may with *Underſtanding* Pray,
And not by roar, nor raſhly Vowes repay.
Glutted with *Quailes*, and *Mannaes* precious Fare,
Their *ſtomacks* long for *Onions*, homely ware,
And Simple Traſh, which may the *Bloud* inflame
More then that wholeſome Food, which they defame.
Have we not ſeene more *Pride* in *Courſe Attire*
Then in *Rich Robes*? Yea, ſome, who did aſpire
Under the *Mask of plaine Sincerity*,
Yet afterwards ſtrove for *Priority*?

LEt him, that blames the *Surplice* comely weare,
Looke how the *Saints* in *long-white Robes* appeare
Before the *Higheſt Throne*, and then no doubt
At ſuch a Sight he will no longer pout.
And who is he ſo frowardly ſevere,
That rayles at *Graduates Hood of Minnivere*?
The *Scarlet Robe*? or at the *Corner'd Cap*
In *Academes Matriculated Lap*,
Like *Laureate Wreathes*, borne and produc'd to grace
Induſtrious Wits, the *Churches hopefull Race*?
That with ſuch Types and Tokens garniſhed
The *Bees* from *Drones* might be diſtinguiſhed?
And that by *Vertues Hire*, faire *Honours Crowne*,
Some might, as *Starres*, from *Leſſer Lights* be known?
Much more diſtinct the *Sacred Ranke* had need
From *Vulgar Garbes* of Grave and *Reverend Weed*,
Aſwell to move regard by Outward Hew
Of *Surplices* and *Miters*, as to ſhew

To

To hardned *Romaine* Strayes, that without ſtings
We joyne with them in all Indifferent Things,
And that to ſhun Offence, *Faiths Eſſence* ſav'd,
We can forbeare, and yeeld to them that rav'd
In clozing Rents, for ſome *Traditions*, *Rites*,
And Outward Formes, ſo to renew their *Lights*.
The *Iewes* loſt not by *Aarons Bells* their Hopes:
And what loſe we by *Miters* Sight, or *Copes*?

THus ſtands our *Church* beſet with Schiſmaticks,
And *Romiſh Routes* pretended *Catholiks*:
The Former raiſing Jarres for Triviall things,
The Latter ſeemes to taint the *New mans* Springs.
And yet ſhe ſhines moſt bright, while like a Storme,
The Formers Faction quailes, and may reforme
Their *ſlips* with Eaſe, at leaſt, when mellow Age
Shall by Degrees compoſe their Paſſions Rage.
And there is Hope the Other will renounce
Dependencies on *Saints*, and ſo pronounce:

The 17. Age,

(As did those *Saints* themselves) *Faith Justifies*,
And *Christ his Bloud* alone doth us suffice
Without our Owne, or other *Merits* Boast,
To gaine *Salvation* through the *Holy Ghost*.
For want of Tythes the One a *Sect* contrives:
And *Discontent* tempts *Babels Fugitives*.
THus hath our *Christian Church* by *Grace Divine*,
Past through the *Seventeenth Age* till Thirty Nine;
And Sixteen Hundred Yeares from *Christ* his *Birth*
Are fully told by Mortalls here on Earth;
In spight of *Tyrants*, *Schismes*, *Idolatry*,
The *Dragons Floud*, and *Babels Butchery*.

O would my *Muse* knew wayes to reconcile
The stubborne *Strayes* and *Hot-spurs* of this *Ile*,
That, as We all extoll *One Christian Creed*,
And what were in Six Hundred Yeares decreed
By the First *Synods* of the *East* and *West*,
So we might meet at our *Communion Feast*

The 17. Age.

In mutuall *Love*, without distrust or stings,
To pay our Vowes unto the *King of Kings*,
Like *Brethren* with Harmonious Ravishment
In *Spirit*, with One *Will*, and One *Consent*;
Accounting *Copes*, *Bells*, *Organs*, *Surplices*,
Or *shaven Crownes*, as *Rites*, not *Substances*
To barre the *Faith* or *Conscience* of a *Saint*,
As Some with such Conceits the *Church* would taint.
" A *Christian* should be mild in *Temporall Things*,
" Which breeds not Sin, nor Soul-sick Scandall brings.
" So that *Gods Word* be preacht and *Faith* encrease,
" I will accept what *Outward Garbes* they please.
" Ile kneele, sit, stand, or else in *Sack-cloth* Fast;
" So that I may win Soules, no *Flesh* Ile taste.
" Ile weare the *Sable Robe*, Saint *Benets Hood*,
" Or *Friers Cowle*, to doe our Weaklings good.
" Such shapes I take for *harmelesse Policie*,
" As *Adiaphors* with *Indifferency*
" Expedient for some Persons more then Other,
" So to shake hands, and wrangling Quillets smother;

The 17. Age.

Not like Old *Friers* of corrupted Zeale,
Who rackt ſometime the *Romiſh Common-weale*,
And wanting Wit to chuſe *Frize*, *Black*, or *Gray*,
Or *White*, at laſt they made a Bloudy Fray.

ABout ſuch Outward Formes the *Fiend* of late
With Bloudy Broiles thought to enwrap our *State*.
But He, that left at his Departure hence
Againſt *Hell-Plots Gods Spirit* for Defence,
Inſpir'd our *King* with *Mercy*, to forgive
Them for whoſe Faults he more then they did grieve.
When Some for *Fame*, and Others for their *Hire*,
When ſome for Spoiles glad of *Combuſtions Fire*,
And ſome for Doubts with ſwelling Spleen did hope
In Savage Fight with *Martiall Troupes* to cope:
Our *Charles*, though ſtrongly Arm'd, extended then
In *Chriſtian Love Grace* unto *Erring Men*,
Like Him, who rather choſe One *Citizen*
To ſave then Slay a Thouſand *Hoſtile Men*.

By

The 17. Age.

By this rare Act of *ſacred Clemencie*
He paralells, nay, gets *Precedencie*
Above all *Kings* that ſway this *Worldly Spheare*,
Whoſe *Subjects* more their Frownes and Rigour feare
Then honour them for Ballanc'd *Equity*,
Or Reall Deedes ſurmounting *Quality*.
Had *Theodoſius* ſo his *Paſſions* ſquar'd,
He ſurely had the *Theſſalonians* ſpar'd,
And not been warn'd by *Ambroſe* to refraine
Fró *Millains Church*, til *conſcience* wrought ſome Pain.
O *Happy Prince*, that knew'ſt thy *Saviours* Will!
O *Happy Land* where *Soveraigns* feare to Kill!
Now, yee that vaunt of *Albions Albanact*,
Or of *Fergusius* Sway, applaud this Act
With thankfull Layes ſet forth in *Charles* his praiſe,
Who when he might deſtroy forgave your Strayes.
But O what dolefull *Newes* buzze in my Eares?
That Diſcords Flame, late quencht, againe appeares?
We ſhall, they ſay, *Have Warres, and bloudy warres*,
New Muſters, Taxes, Toile. Our *Wizzards* ſtarres,

And

And *Malt-Worme Braines* inculcate like Bug-beares,
In Luke-warme Breasts effeminated Feares.
My Censure now of our late *Vulgars* Bruit,
Who blinded in their Owne would seeme acute
In *Heavens Affaires*, is this: that if Our *God*
Smite them or us, who can resist his Rod?
Some Ranke of Ease require *Phlebotomy*:
Some Craz'd: Some Leane, like an *Anoatmy*:
Their Sinnes are great, and we excuse not Our.
Our Feasts, Rich Robes, Law-suites, and Humors store
Bloud-letting need, and purge of *Hellebore*.
But, if as oft as Men offend, *God* powre
The Vialls of his Wrath and Vengeance downe,
Who now had liv'd to have his *Mercies* knowne?
Whether we dye at Sea, or on the Land
By *Famine, Plagues*, or *Blowes from Butchers hand*,
That *Three-string'd Whip*, which doth us here atten
For *Temporall Revenge*, or *Trialls End*,
Gods Will be done. Yet whilst his *Church* on *Earth*
Stands firme, I feare no *Wars*, no *Plague* nor *Dearth*

Fo

For Worldly things (so *Fates* have weav'd the Plot)
Rowle, reele, and squierme like *Eeles* within a Pot.

HOw shall we then weare out these Worldly Broiles?
So voluble of Course, so full of Toiles?
Just as some dealt with a tumultuous Crew
Of *Leaguer'd Goats*. When first the Quarrell grew,
And *Shepheards* met with mind to trounce them all,
A *Swaine* did thus their sodaine Doome recall:
What shall we doe with these bold *Animalls*:
Which pill our *Plants*, and spoile our *Vegetalls*?
Which gathering into *Whoords* care not for words?
Nor with their *Valiant Tuppes* doe feare our *Swords*.
As if they would out-bear'd, they threaten us,
That *Cats* enrag'd may turne as perilous
As greater Beasts. Some thinke them to immure,
Lest other Beasts to Follies they inure.
They *Custome* claime, and *Native Liberties*,
To pill our *Bark*, and brouze on *Grafts* of price.

But

The 17. Age.

But what bald *Custome* can their *Bucks* inferre
(Not in their *Rutting time*, for then to erre
VVas *Frenzies Fit*) the *Peace* to violate?
With Skreames to scare our *Melibœan State*,
VVhen *Prudent Pan* with Countenance severe
Assay'd by *Law* the *Mutineers* to feare?
What shall we doe with this *long-bearded Kind*
Of Cattell, which presume to rend the *Rind*
And Beauty of our Woods without controule?
Slighting our *Writs* like a vain Blank or Scrowle?
These Out-rages are great. Yet *Policie*
With *Pitty* mixt warnes our *Vicegerency*
Over *Gods Creatures* to provide some Course,
That *Beasts* of *Gaine* may thrive, not fare the worse.
Fire and Blood-letting are the last of Cures:
So, to be Mild hurts not, but us secures;
And though it seemes a while, like to a *Block*
Contemn'd of *Frogs*, yet lasts it like the *Rock*.
The *Oxe must not be muzzled*, nor these *Goates*
Depriv'd of Food, nor *Horses* rob'd of *Oates*.

Wha

The 17. Age.

What *Forrests* are reserv'd for straggling *Deere*,
Which retribute small Profit in the Yeare?
We foster greedy *Hounds* and swilling *Swine*:
And shall we now lesse hurtfull Beasts confine?
What Cares take we for *Drones* more then for *Bees*?
And yet to *Kiddes* grutch a few *Sapling Trees*?
If we hemme in their *Dammes*, Both dye of Dearth,
And so we lose some of the Best on Earth
For Profits Breed. They rough and hardy are
In *Aires Extremes*, content with simple Fare:
(A Gift which many Beasts, nay men do want,
A Gift which lessens Crimes exorbitant.)
A little them sustaines. And yet their *Does*
Yeeld store of *Milk* to countervaile some *Cowes*.
They doe bring forth two or three *Kiddes* a piece
Within the Yeare; their *Milk* doth cordialize,
Nature'd like what they eate. Feed them with *Spurge*
Or *Lettice*, then their *Milk* doth Humours purge.
The *Male-Goats Bloud* refines the *Diamond*;
breakes the *Stone*, and makes the *Gravell'd* sound.

When

The 17. Age.

When it is bakt, or into Powder done,
And ſtrew'd on *Liquid Food*, it Cures the Stone
Sooner then *Leeks*, or *Aliſanders Broth*,
Which ſeemes with it compar'd but skummy Froth.
A *Hivers Paſty* taſts like *Veniſon*;
The *Buffe* defends from Froſt as from the *Sunne*.
I skip the Stuffe wrought of *Goats ſtately Beard*,
Leſt not a *Goats-haires* worth be what I heard;
Nor mention I *Borrachoes Spaniſh Caſe*,
Which *Pilgrims* vow with *Healths* to *Bacchus Grace*;
Nor yet their *Fleſh*, which *Portingalls* do dreſſe
And lay with Salt for *Indiaes Voyages*.
So uſefull are theſe *Goats*, that none for want
Of them in wild and New-found Lands can plant:
Which is the Cauſe that *Brittaines Colonies*
Thrive not there like the *Spaniards Progenies*.
Now for my *Vote* or Cloze particulare,
Which I ſubmit to your more *Silver Haire*:
It is not ſafe the moody to conſtraine;
Tread on a *Worme*, and it will turne againe.

The 17. Age.

The *Fits* o're-paſt: we may cull out the *Bad*,
Divide their Troupes, and Cure in time the *Mad*.
If we permit the *Weanelings* of their *Flocks*,
Their tender *Kiddes*, which cannot ſhift on Rocks
For ſtronger *Food*, to champ on weaker *Boughes*;
And their *Moone-ſick* on *Plants* ſometimes to brouze:
Both theſe will, when their Conſtitution growes
To abler *Nerves*, eat *Hay* in time of Snowes,
And be right glad to taſte of ſtronger Food
Aſwell to our Content, as for their Good.
And let the reſt live in their Craggy Soile,
In hope they will no more keepe revell Coile;
Leſt if we thence provoke their *Wilder Whelpes*,
They may turne mad with Tupping and with Yelpes,
Unleſſe in the *Mid-Summers Moone* we chaine
Thoſe whom we finde moſt *Crazed in the Braine*.
Twere well we could their Teeth with ſafety file,
And not our hands with Streames of Bloud defile
If they disband, and of their Crimes repent,
And will with *Griefe* redeeme their *Puniſhment*,

The 17. Age.

Let's ſuffer them to ſpend their windy Breath
Upon the Rocky Hills and Barren Heath,
That it may be ingroſſ'd in After-Rowles:
We left them there, where buſtling *Boreas* cooles
The hotteſt Spleen, in hope that they would grow
More uſefull farre then we doe finde them now.
When Riper Time ſhall Humours purifie,
They will conforme themſelves, at leaſt their Fry.
Since *Forraigne Coaſts* to *Beares* & *Wolves* ſubmit,
I thinke we may leſſe harmefull *Goats* admit
To their Old Haunts our *Dairies* to encreaſe,
So that henceforth their *Buckes* from Tupping ceaſe.
Let us not then root out theſe *Beaſts with Beards*,
Weakning our Stock (an Honour to our *Heards*)
Leſt we give Cauſe of Jeering to our Foes,
Who, if our Stock decayes, may worke us woes.
They pill our Barke: that's it you now will ſay;
So did our *Iron-men* and *Tanners* play:
So Others have by cauſeleſſe Brawles and Fees,
And *Heathniſh Spoiles*, fore'd men to ſell good *Trees*.

But

The 17. Age.

But here one whiſperd him: Touch not that Noat,
Leſt you be term'd a *raſh-promoting Goat*,
Incurring Scorne with hoobubsand out-cries,
For glancing at our *Modernes Robberies*.
The *Swaine* abaſh'd, his Face to *Crimſon* di'd;
And the *Goat's* Cauſe lies in ſuſpenſe untri'd:
Where though Great *Pan* an Higher skill relies,
Yet ſcornes he not a *Ruſticks* poore Supplies,
In all Extreames on this I ſet my Reſt:
Of Ills to chuſe the Leaſt, of Good the Beſt,
And if I miſſe the *Latter* to attaine,
Yet I will hope the *Golden Meane* to gaine.

COncerning other Points of *Faiths* abuſe,
As *Purgatories Paine*, falſe *Idolls* uſe,
Courting of Saints, to *Chriſt's* apparant wrong,
Gods Sacred Word kept from the Vulgar Tongue,
Additions to the *Maſſe*, the *Papall Keyes*,
And *Prieſts* debarr'd of *Wives*: Let him that waighes

The 17. Age.

The Dreames of *Balaams Prieſts*, this Paſſage know:
Pride made the *Pope* a *Simon Magus* grow,
And then he chang'd the *Spirits Gifts* for Gaine.
For after the Deceaſe of *Charlemaine*,
Who Sceptred *Popes*, in the enſuing Yeares,
They to maintaine their Pomp, the *Chriſtian* Meeres
Of Modeſty tranſcended, got elbow roome
To ſpread the *Divels Huskes* in rampant *Rome*.
Which to reforme, as we of late have done
In *Brittaines Orbe*, by *Wickliffs* Cares begun
About three Ages paſt, ſo let all them,
Who hope to ſee the *New Ieruſalem*,
Looke backe upon the firſt Sixe *Centuries*;
Or if that ſeeme too tedious to reviſe,
Let them the next Sixe Ages well review,
And they ſhall finde *Romes Faith* then patcht anew,
That by Degrees the *Popes* by *Phocas* firſt,
And by Great *Charles* ſince rais'd, became accurſt;
And that Our *Church* the very ſame of Old,
Which was at *Nice*, and *Chalcedon* enroll'd

The 17. Age.

For *Orthodoxe*, is *Catholick* and True,
Onely, becauſe new-ſcour'd, enſtiled New.

LO here, *Deare Countrey-men*, in *Pithy Phraze*,
What ſome have whirl'd about with winding Maze,
And ſome, I hope, theſe ſhort *Analyſes*,
Will reliſh more then long Remonſtrances,
Since *Subſtances* yee like, I ſimply ſhew
Where lay our *Church Pure*, *Catholick* and *True*,
Before we tooke the Name of *Proteſtants*
At *Auſpurg* late, which Our *Extravagants*
By *Tranſmarine* and falſe exotick *Gloſſe*
Would ſoile, like *Pitch*, with *Appellations* groſſe
Of *Huguenots*, or *Luthers Hereticks*;
While they uſurpe the Name of *Catholicks*,
Like *Hagars Brood*, which *Moores* terme *Saracen*;
Like *Hypocrites*, who paſſe for *Godly Men*.
For why ſhould they alone be in our *Weſt*
Call'd *Catholicks*, when Thouſands in the *Eaſt*,

The 17. Age.

The *Abissines* and Others doe contend
For the like Name in Substance, Use, and End?
Why should the Parts above the Whole presume?
One *Sister Church* the *Mothers Stile* assume?
The *Catholick*, which spreads in every Coast
With Mutuall Gifts powr'd by the *Holy Ghost*?
Why should the *Beames* against the *Sunne* compact?
The *Branches* from the *Oakes* Good Name detract?
Our *Churches* are (waigh the Comparison)
As Boughes or Beames: *Christs Spouse* the *Oak* or *Sun*.
And for Our *Church*, more yet I could relate,
To manifest her *Wane*, *Eclipse*, and *Fate*
In *Popish Times*, but that each *Novice* knowes
What meanes the *Desert*, where *she* powr'd her vowes
During the *Raigne* of that great *Mystick Whore*,
Which preacht *False Christs* by the *red Dragons* Lore.
But mauger *Constance*, *Trent*, and *Lateran*,
The *Night* is past of Skreeching Ignorance,
And we embrace the *Spirits* Countenance,
Which at this day shines bright in *Brittaines Ile*,

The 17. Age.

And may doe long, if we shun *Hate* and *Guile*.
Not *Ecchius*, *Moore*, *Poole*, *Fisher*, *Possevine*,
Not *Dowayes Fry*, nor Copious *Bellarmine*
Can match our *Calvin*, *Zanchius*, *Bullinger*,
Frith, *Jewell*, *Foxe*, *Fulkes*, *Raynolds*, *Whitaker*,
Andrewes, *Usher*, and those whose *Melodies*
Mount up to *Christ*, like a *New Sacrifice*,
With many moe in our *Great Brittaines Orbe*,
Surviving yet, and able them to curbe:
Whose Praises *Web* more Curious if I spun,
I should then *light a Candle in the Sunne*;
Or undertake *Saint Michaels Warre* to pen,
A Taske more fit for *Angels* then for *Men*.
Yet by that *Mystick Type Saints* may discry
The *Battels Issue*, and our *Victory*:
For such a *Palme the Fiery Crosses Signe*
Hath gain'd, as in the Dayes of *Constantine*.
But now in Embers clozing up my Fire,
I silently into my Thoughts retire,
Oft looking backe to *Babels Mystery*,

The 17. Age,

Oft muling on Faire *Sions Victory*,
Where first Six Hundred Sixty Six I fixe,
One Thousand then Six Hundred Fifty Sixe,
Times Pedegree from *Mans Creation* cast,
Till *Fatall Showres* for *Sinne* the *Earth* defac't,
I ruminate in Mind, least sodainly
While I deferre my Duty to supply,
The last great *Trumpets Sound* concludes the Day
To *Worldlings* woe, and Sinners sore Dismay,
Warres in Faiths House proclaim'd, and Babylon
Discover'd shew great Doomes-dayes signs neer gone:
From which Extreames, *Lord*, save our *Church* aswell
As thou *Elias* didst from *Iezabel*,
That with the *Spirits streame* she quench her Thirst
Untill that *Day*, while *Babel* lies accurst.
As long as *Sun* and *Moone*, or *Raine-bowes signe*
Shall last, preserve our *King* like *Constantine*,
Assigning us from *Stewarts Regall Ligne*
Good *Stwards* still to over-see what's Thine.
Remove not hence our *Churches Candlestick*,

While

The 17. Age.

While firmely we to *Thy Sonnes Pledges* stick,
But for his Sake who paid the *Costly Price*
In Judgement due for our Enormities,
Whereas some led by *Fiends* as yet do stray,
If they *Repent*, reduce them to thy way,
That *Ismaels Brood* henceforth no *Christians* flout
For *Lutherans*, or the *Wicklevian* Rout,
For *Huguenots*, *Novatians*, *Schismaticks*,
For *Puritans*, or Mungrell *Catholicks*.
When these with *Peter* vouch *Gods Living Sonne*
With *Paul One God*, *One Advocate alone*
Exploding *School-mens* Dreames, Hypocrisies,
Soules-Marchandize, and winding Fallacies,
We then shall soone for Other Points agree,
Without recourse to *Edens curious Tree*.
This Fruit the *Church* reapes by her *Childrens* Pe
When they from *jarres*, then *Foes* from *jeering* cease